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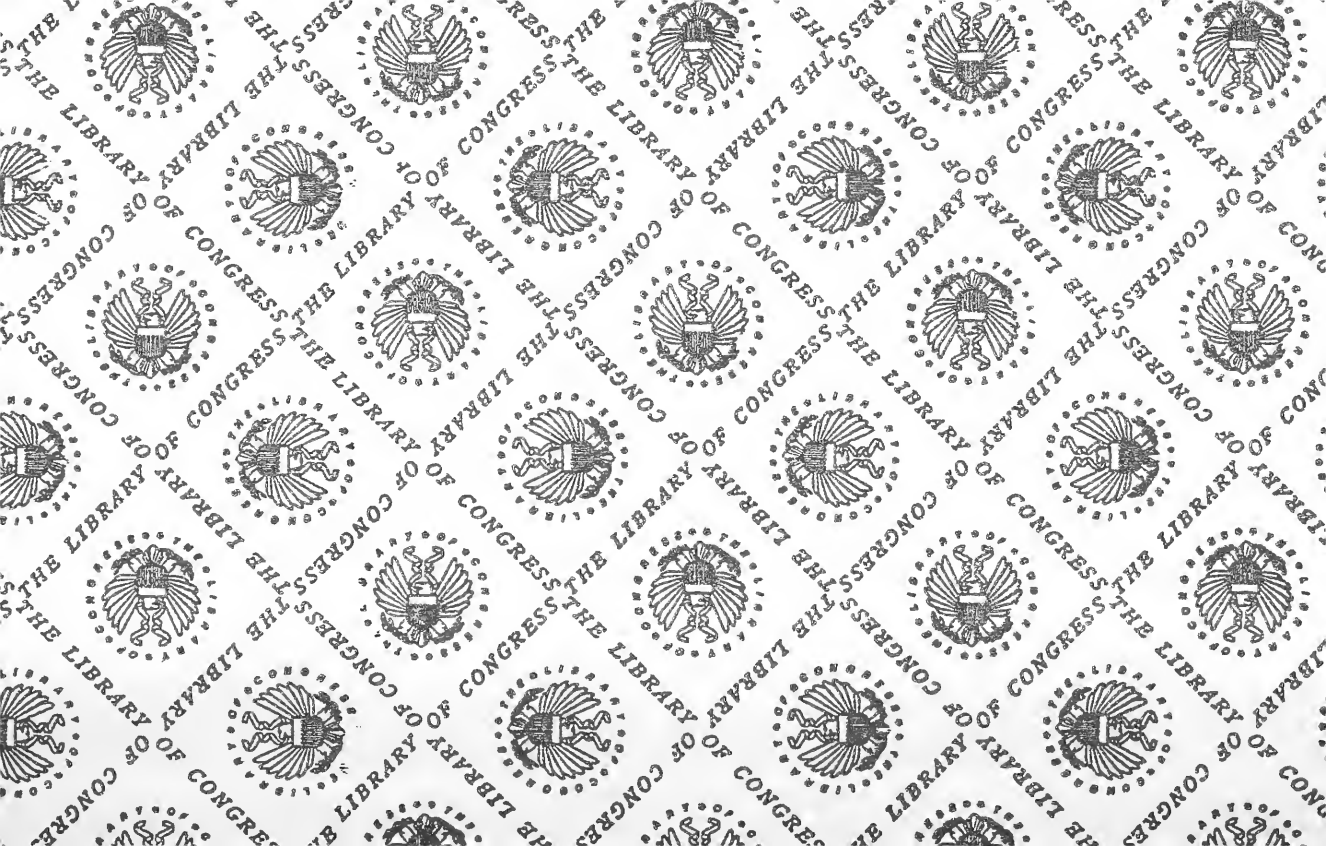
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ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES

IN

NORTHERN EUROPE

BY

CHARLES F. KING

AUTHOR OF THE "LAND WE LIVE IN," ETC.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
1898

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PREFACE

The Cartmells are natural travellers. They love to see the beautiful and the wonderful, at home and abroad; they are willing to put up with inconveniences, and they rarely worry over accidents or grumble at delays. Mr. and Mrs. Cartmell began to make short excursions, taking their children with them when quite small. Before going to Europe, long trips were made in America, and described in the volume entitled "The Land We Live In." Pleasure and education are the great objects of their journeyings.

Miss Gray, the governess, usually accompanies them to look after the children, and to give them instruction as occasion permits. Frequently Mr. French, an old friend, joins the Cartmells, with his new yacht, the Verbena.

As Great Britain is so closely connected with the United States by language, history, and ancestry, the Cartmells find much to interest them there, and spend nearly a year in sojourning within its borders. Even then many well-known places are not visited, and are in many cases not mentioned in the text.

Every effort has been made to have the information given correct and up to date, so that the book may be a safe guide to all travellers crossing the Atlantic. The illustrations are nearly all made from photographs obtained largely in Europe. The Cunard Company has been very courteous in lending photographs and cuts. A list of poems connected with the places described, which can be read profitably as the chapters are taken up, is given at the end of the book.

Following the poems will be found a list of the best books used in the preparation of this volume, which can be consulted for more detailed information. The author hereby acknowledges his great indebtedness to these books for valuable facts.

Great assistance has also been given him by Mr. M. T. Pritchard, Master of the Everett School, Boston; Miss Emma L. Merrill, Roxbury; Mrs. Mary F. Freeman, Dorchester; and Miss Gratia Cobb, Philadelphia.

THE AUTHOR.

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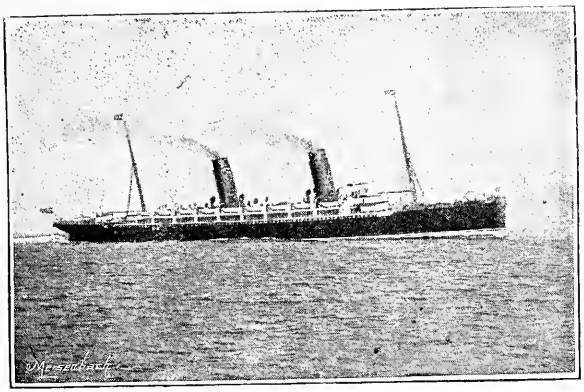


NORTHERN EUROPE

CHAPTER I

A EUROPEAN TOUR

"I HAVE a delightful surprise for you," said Mr. Cartmell one evening in early April, as the family gathered around the pleasant wood fire in the library, which the belated spring made extremely agreeable.

"What is it, papa?" chorused the children.

Mrs. Cartmell smiled brightly.

"I know! I know!" cried Florence; "you are going to take us all to Europe."

"You are a witch indeed!" laughed Mr. Cartmell. "You find out all my secrets. I see that I may as well tell you at once. You are right. I have arranged for an extensive **European tour,** and we shall leave New York in May. Mamma must set about her preparations at once. As for you children, I shall expect an immense amount of studying for the

next few weeks. Miss Gray will have her hands full, I am sure."

From this time on everything was bustle in the Cartmell home. As this was to be longest journey yet undertaken by

General Route in the British Isles.

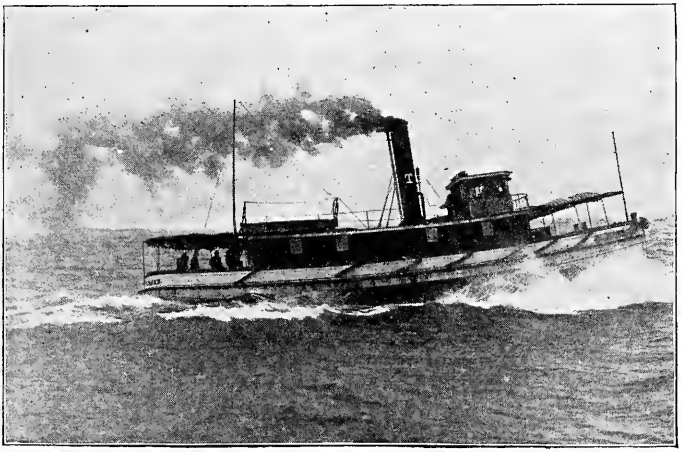
the family; there were countless arrangements to be made before leaving.

Finally everything was in order, even to the careful pack-

ing of the camera; and on a beautiful day in late May, the family found themselves on the docks in New York, ready for sailing.

Mr. Cartmell had taken passage on one of the swiftest Atlantic liners to Liverpool, in order that the children might become familiar with the latest remarkable feats accomplished in steamship architecture and equipment. As the giant craft lay alongside the dock, it afforded a good opportunity to compare her length with objects on shore. Her exact measurement was 620 feet, nearly an eighth of a mile.

As the sailing-hour approached, the scene on the dock became more and more animated. Heavy drays loaded with



Tug under steam.

merchandise hurried to discharge at the different gangways, where huge cranes were rapidly swinging the last of the cargo on board. Mail-wagons, with hundreds of sacks of European mail-matter, carriages filled with travellers and weighted

with trunks, busy truckmen threading their way through the crowds, fruit and flower venders calling their wares, the gay good-bys and the sad partings of friends, all contributed to make up a novel and interesting picture.

At last the warning cry "All ashore!" and the deafening noise of the whistle, bade every one not ocean bound leave the ship. The great hawsers were slipped; and the ship, assisted by two tugboats, turned her prow seaward.

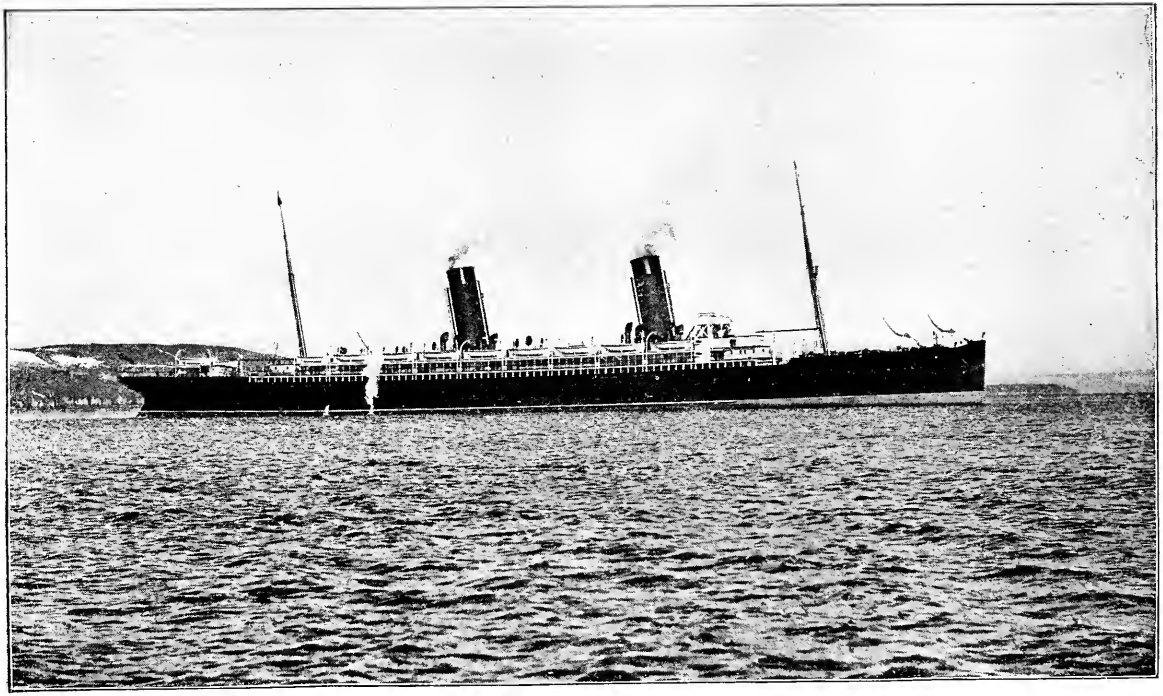
On the way down New York Harbor, the party noted the colossal statue of Liberty, the quarantine station, the quaint little fort on Governor's Island, and other points of interest.

Mr. Cartmell called attention to the low, sandy shores of the bay, curving out from the New Jersey side into the point called Sandy Hook, the outermost land of the harbor.

At Sandy Hook the pilot, whom every steamer must take down the harbor, left the ship, and the voyage was really begun.

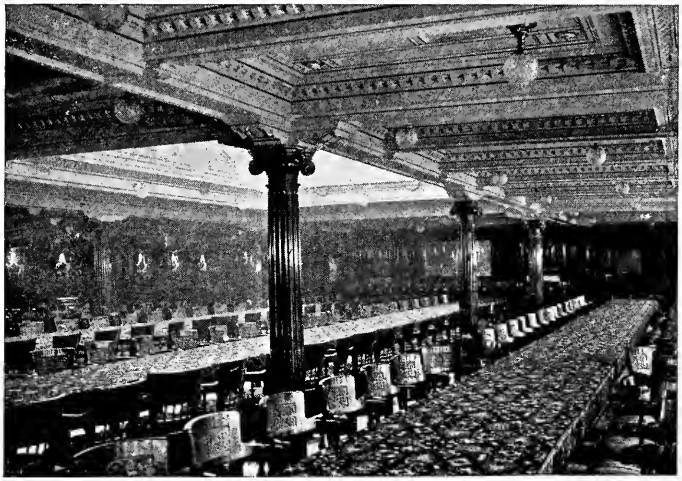
Although the children desired to stay on deck till land entirely faded from view, Mrs. Cartmell, as a more experienced ocean traveller, insisted that their staterooms should at once be arranged for the voyage. As there were several hundred passengers on board, it was desirable to be settled as soon as possible. Before an hour had elapsed, the wisdom of this suggestion was apparent. Papa meanwhile had attended to the seats at table, and the bringing out of the deck-chairs and warm rugs.

The family were glad to find their rooms conveniently near the main stairway. The beautiful decorations, and the many arrangements for the travellers' comfort, were a pleasurable surprise. The long corridors, spacious saloons, and broad staircases, with the troops of white-coated waiters, made it difficult to realize that so great a hotel establishment could really be afloat on an ocean voyage. By the advice of Mrs. Cartmell, no attempt was made to explore the ship till the



A Cunard Steamer. "Campania."

next day. The evening, though a beautiful one, saw but half the party on the deck. The long swell of the ocean, and the jar of the machinery, caused the majority of the passengers to retire to their staterooms early.



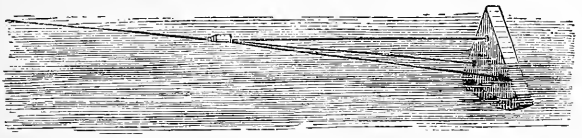
Dining-room, Lucania.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, with the sea smooth, and the air light and cool. Notwithstanding the good weather, but a small proportion of the passengers appeared for breakfast in the dining-room, and the row of chairs on the decks showed many vacancies. Mrs. Cartmell did not feel well enough to leave her stateroom, and all were more or less affected by the motion; but Mr. Cartmell was urgent for fresh air, and finally succeeded in establishing Florence and Nellie in their chairs on deck. Tucked up snugly in shawls and rugs, they soon felt decidedly better.

"Papa, what causes seasickness?" queried Florence, as she rearranged her pillows.

"There are many reasons given," returned Mr. Cartmell. "It is my theory that the trouble comes from the eye and the brain. The eye is strained by the unsteadiness of objects, and the brain fatigued. The ensuing dizziness produces nausea. However, do not dwell on your feelings too much. You will soon be all right. You will see plenty of things to interest you."

The noon hour brought several novel incidents, besides the cheering cups of hot bouillon carried about by the deck steward. The first was the throwing of the log to ascertain the speed of the ship. George and Fred had made friends with one of the officers, who kindly explained the working of the device.



Ancient Log.

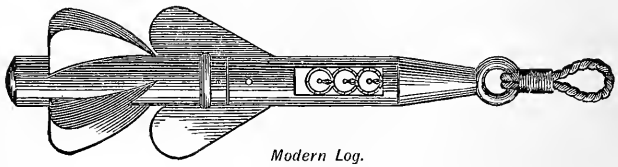
"The **log** itself is, as you see, a small triangular piece of wood five or six inches wide. One edge is curved and weighted with lead to keep the log upright in the water. It hangs square by two cords knotted into holes, the ends fastened to the log-line. When the log is used, a man holds the reel over his head, and throws the chip well clear of the wake of the ship. An officer with a sand-glass "turns" at the right moment, and when the sand has run out, calls "stop." By the number of knots in the log-line which have run out, the speed of the ship is estimated. The word knot is used to designate a nautical mile, which is somewhat longer than the ordinary mile, being about 6,080 feet."

"This is a very ancient device, is it not?" asked Mr. Cartmell, who had been listening to the officer's words.

"Yes; the earliest mariners used something of the kind. Every ship, however, carries one or more of the modern logs. One of these is a long brass cylinder with registering dials, fastened to the rail of the ship. The line remains overboard for twelve or twenty-four hours. It has small screw flanges at the end, and these keep the line twisting and pulling at the dials. The electric towing-log is also one of the modern inventions."

"How many knots an hour does this ship make?"

"As you know, perhaps, this is one of the fastest ships ever built. We expect 21 knots an hour of her in good weather. The first Atlantic steamer made only 8. If you and your sons would like to see the machinery which pro-



Modern Log.

duces this great speed, I shall be happy to take you about to-morrow morning."

Mr. Cartmell thanked the officer, and said they would be only too happy to accept.

Meanwhile, from their comfortable chairs, the girls had been watching a seaman take the temperature of the water. A canvas bucket of water was drawn up over the side, and a thermometer plunged into it, and the result reported to an officer.

On the bridge, high above the forward deck, they saw the captain and first officer busily engaged in taking an observation, to ascertain the ship's position. It was announced that the result of the reckoning would be posted in the main saloon at one o'clock.

"It seems very mysterious to me," said Florence to Miss Gray, who had come up on deck. "I don't see how they can ever tell where we are with those little telescope things."

"Well, you may be sure they can," said Miss Gray, looking upward at the bridge. "The practical demonstrations of the science of navigation are always impressive to a landsman. The modern sextants, quadrants, chronometers, and the many other things which go to the equipment of a ship like this, are instruments of extreme accuracy. There is no haphazard sailing for the ship of to-day. She is expected to make her voyages with safety and despatch, and she must make them *on time*. The voyages of this ship from New York to Liverpool seldom vary from the scheduled time of about six days."

"The compass is a very old instrument, I know," said Florence. "Are the new ones very different from the old?"

"As it was many centuries ago, the compass is still the chief reliance of the sailor, and is practically unaltered since its invention in 1307. But come, let us take a walk around the deck. I am sure you will feel better. We can soon walk a mile."

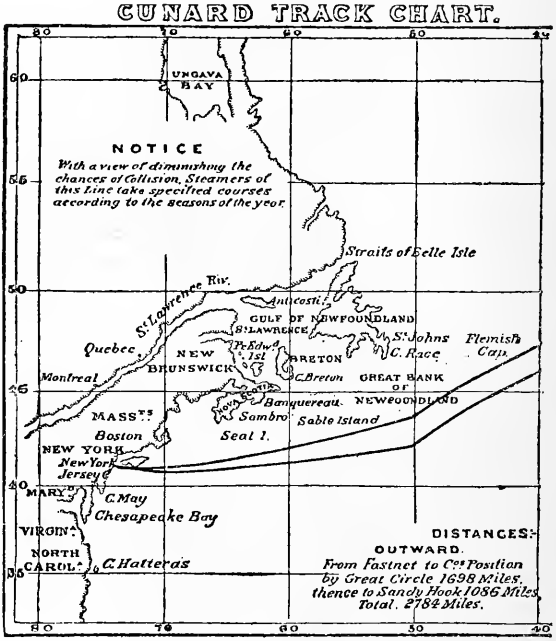
Coming from the dining-saloon after luncheon the next day, every one was much surprised to find the weather quite changed. The bright sunshine had vanished, and a cold, gray mist shut in the ship. It was difficult to see from one end of the ship to the other. The fog-whistle began to send forth its dreary tones every few minutes.

"I suppose we must have reached the Newfoundland Banks, have we not?" asked George of a fellow-passenger who was walking up and down the deck. "The chart in the saloon shows that we have run 936 miles."

"Yes, these are the Banks," said the gentleman, pulling up the collar of his mackintosh. "There are always rain and fog in this locality."

"It must be very dangerous."

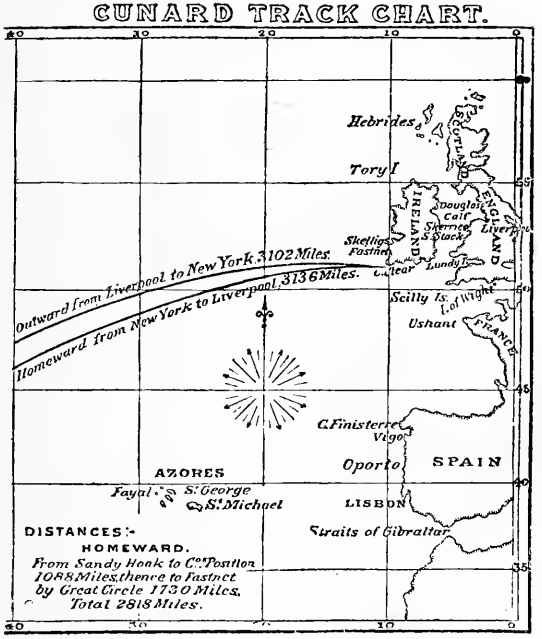
"Of course the greatest danger is from collision. Every care, however, is taken, and the whistle is kept constantly going. The lookouts in the bow have been doubled, as you see; and there are two men in that queer little arrangement called the 'crow's nest' on the foremast. Some fogs lie low



on the water, and it often happens that the men in the crow's nest can see the masts of ships or steamer-funnels or lights directly over the fog."

"What is the reason for the constant fogs on these banks?" asked George, seeing that his companion was ready to give information.

"That is an interesting question. To be brief, the Newfoundland fogs are caused by the meeting of the Arctic current called the 'Cold Wall,' which sweeps downward from the north, and the warm current of the Gulf Stream, which comes upward from the Gulf of Mexico. The Gulf Stream rapidly parts with its heat, causing vapor to rise. You have

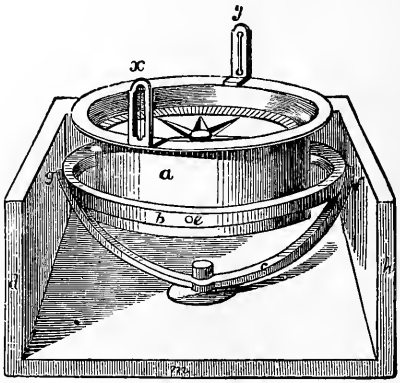


probably seen the same thing on a smaller scale on the shore in summer, when a cold day follows a season of heat, and the water is warmer than the air."

"These ocean currents are very curious," said George.

"Yes, and of far-reaching effect. Take the Gulf Stream, for instance. It originates from the great eddy in the Atlan-

tic, such as all oceans have, and starts northward from the Gulf of Mexico, a sun-heated river, deep and strong, flowing six miles an hour. By the time it reaches the island of Nantucket it has spread out widely, and has slackened to three miles an hour. Here we find it battling with the icy Arctic



Ship's Compass.

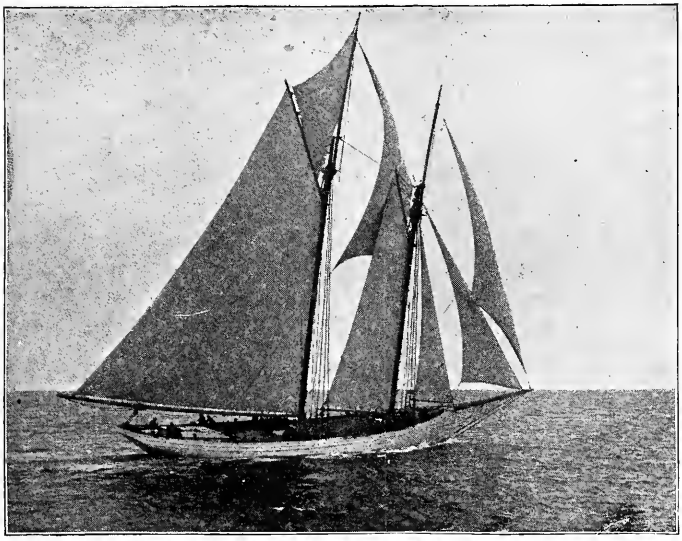
water; and from here it passes over to the British Islands, to give them a far milder climate than would be their lot without it."

"I suppose this 'Cold Wall' is the current that brings down the icebergs into the Atlantic."

"Precisely. Icebergs, as you know, are gigantic pieces broken off from the Arctic glaciers when they run down into the sea. The force of the waves is constantly breaking off these great pieces of ice, which are sometimes carried far to the south. These bergs show only one-eighth of their bulk above the water. The lower parts are often weighted with large stones and quantities of gravel. As the berg melts, this is dropped to the bottom of the sea. It is supposed that these banks were formed in this way."

"Shall we see any icebergs on this voyage?"

"I scarcely think so. It is too late in the season. I have seen several of them when crossing in the month of April. Sometimes they float far south, but most of them ground in the shallow water of the Banks and Newfoundland shore. If Newfoundland and Nova Scotia should disappear, so that the shore from Greenland to Massachusetts would be nearly



Fishing-Schooner.

straight, we should have plenty of icebergs in Boston Harbor and an almost Arctic climate."

At this point came a shout from the lookouts in the bow, and every one rushed forward to see what was the matter. The ship was now at half speed. The hoarse voice of the whistle seemed to meet a faint echo from out of the fog. A

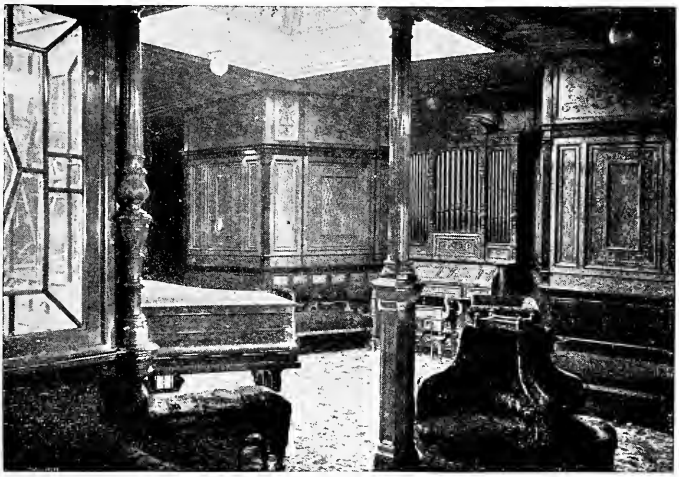
moment more and the shadowy outline of a fishing-schooner was seen, only to be again lost in the mist.

"That was a 'near thing!'" said George's companion. "These Banks fishermen have a dangerous calling, and many a ship has been lost here. The business still goes on, however; and the great catch of codfish in this locality, which largely supplies the American market, shows no signs of giving out."

CHAPTER II

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Meanwhile Mr. Cartmell had joined mamma, Miss Gray, and the girls, who were comfortably ensconced in one of the spacious drawing-rooms indoors. A cheery coal-fire, such an unusual luxury on shipboard, made one forget both illness



One Corner of the Drawing-Room.

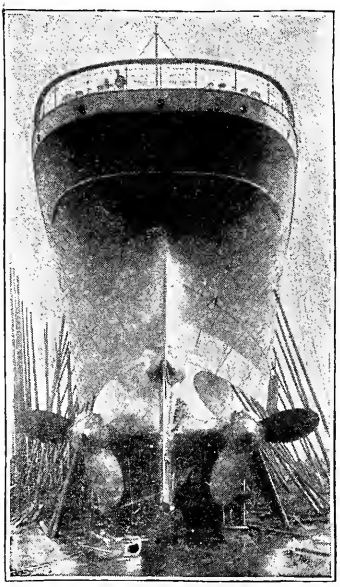
and bad weather. Some of the passengers were reading, some writing, others playing games or doing fancy-work.

"It is difficult to realize that we are **at sea,** is it not?" said Mr. Cartmell. "I have just been into the library, which I find well stocked with standard books. Here is something

relating to Newfoundland, which Miss Gray will read to you; it is about the first Atlantic cable."

"When was the cable laid, papa?" asked Nellie.

"The first cable was laid, and messages transmitted, in 1857. It then ceased to work. A second cable was laid in 1866, between Cape Clear, Ireland, and Heart's Content, Newfoundland, about 2,500 miles. It was a great step in our progress as a nation. Since then there have been several cables laid. The French cable runs from Brest to St. Pierre, a small island near Newfoundland. But you will like to read about it yourself."

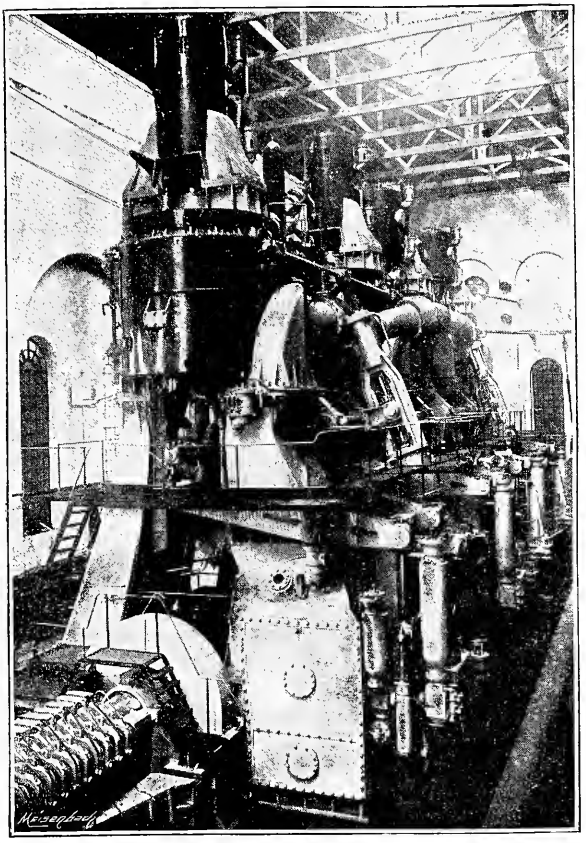


Twin Screws.

The weather continuing cold and unpleasant, the Cartmell party went early to their rooms for the night; but sleep seemed impossible with the incessant noise of the fog-whistle. At ten o'clock next morning Mr. Cartmell, George, and Fred were all ready for their exploring-trip with the officer who had previously extended an invitation.

After a hasty inspection of the kitchens, pantries, etc., and of the accommodations for the second-class and the steerage passengers, their guide ushered them down several iron staircases to the **engine-rooms.** Here they saw the bewildering mass of complicated and powerful machinery which was forcing the great ship through the ocean at almost railroad speed.

"Here is one of the engineers," said their conductor to Mr. Cartmell. "He will be glad to explain the workings of the machinery."



Triple-Expansion Engine.

"We shall be greatly indebted to him, I am sure," returned Mr. Cartmell. "I am particularly anxious for these

boys to see and appreciate the triumphs of modern steamship mechanism. To me it is marvellous."

"In the first place, sir," said the engineer, as he wiped a bit of the glistening brass-work, "this is a 'twin-screw' ship; that is, it has two shafts and two propellers instead of one. Should one shaft break, the other will carry the ship along. Steam is generated in 12 boilers, each about 18 feet in diameter and 17 feet long.

"There are 102 furnaces. The main boilers will bear a pressure of 165 pounds to the square inch, and some of the plates are 20 feet long. Each set of boilers has a funnel. The top of the funnels is 130 feet from the bottom of the ship.

"The coal-bunkers and the boilers are in water-tight bulkheads, completely shut off from the rest of the hull. Here we have the great condenser and the pumps for lifting the water. The engines are what are known as 'triple-expansion,' and produce something over 30,000 horse-power. We use over 300 tons of coal a day."

"How do you obtain your fresh water?" asked Mr. Cartmell.

"From these four great evaporators, which are capable of producing 30 tons of fresh water a day."

"There are also engines for the electric lighting, I suppose?"

"Yes; we supply power for 1,350 lights, and the current is distributed through the ship by 50 miles of wire. We have machinery for refrigerating purposes also, and we even supply power to drive the hair-brushes in the barber shop," said the engineer, smiling. "Other engines hoist the cargo in and out, and control the rudder, which in ships of this size is entirely under water."

Seeing their interest, the engineer explained some of the machinery in detail; and two interesting and profitable hours were spent.

The weather remained unfavorable for the noon-time observation; but at one o'clock the chart was posted as usual in the saloon, with a run marked off of 517 miles. It was of little use to consult watches and clocks, as an hour was gained every day by the passage eastward. Many of the passengers kept their home time as a matter of interest.

During the afternoon several porpoises and small whales were noticed, their black backs showing for a few seconds as they rose to the surface of the water. Mr. Cartmell explained that these whales were not the sperm or right whales, which are hunted for oil and whalebones. Quantities of seagulls were also to be seen in the wake of the ship, and the passengers amused themselves by throwing pieces of biscuit to them. They appeared to have the most voracious appetites. It was strange to see these birds so many hundred miles from land following with no apparent fatigue the rapidly moving ship.

Miss Gray had found some interesting chapters on the North Atlantic Ocean in the book Mr. Cartmell had selected, and was able to give all kinds of information on this subject in answer to the questions of the girls. "How deep is the deepest part of the Atlantic?" asked Florence, as they paced up and down the deck.

"It varies very much. The bed of the ocean presents the same irregularities as the land. I believe the greatest depth found in the North Atlantic by the exploring-ship Challenger was 3,875 fathoms, or over 4 miles. The average depth is about 2,000 fathoms. There are high peaks, like the Azores Islands, and deep valleys or depressions. The Atlantic cables are laid over a comparatively level surface, called the 'telegraphic plateau.' A peculiarity of the Atlantic Ocean is the absence of coral islands so abundant in the Pacific. The Bermuda Islands are the only islands of coral formation in the Atlantic."

"What gives the color to the sea?" questioned Nellie, looking far out over the dark green billows crested with foam.

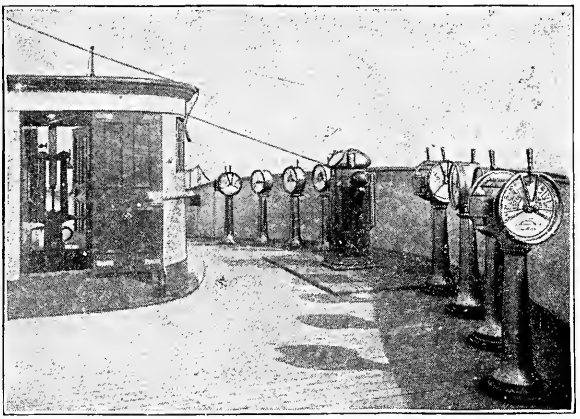
"Scientists say it is due to different animalculæ, to the color of the soil, the color of the sky, and to different marine vegetables; but it is a vexed question, as is also that of the saltness of the sea. The saltness of the ocean is very uniform; but it is always less salt in the neighborhood of ice, and for some reason the southern ocean is more salt than the northern. The most civilized nations of the world are found on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, and it is the great commercial highway of the world. Its coasts are better charted, better provided with beacons, and its winds and currents better known, that those of any other ocean."

That evening the passengers who remained out on deck were treated to a beautiful sight in the brilliant display of phosphorescence which surrounded the ship. Indeed, she seemed to be ploughing her way through a sea of liquid silver. A knotted rope trailed overboard produced a beautiful appearance; and the surging, boiling wake looked like a fairy river of silver. It was difficult to realize that this beautiful spectacle was caused by countless masses of minute animals.

The fourth day brought a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine in the mid-Atlantic. The Cartmell party were on deck early enough to see a boat-drill and a fire-drill, which the officer may call at any time, and which keep the men alert and active in case of an emergency. There were twenty large lifeboats, ten on each side. These could be all launched simultaneously if required.

Shortly after breakfast, the captain, who had been conversing with the Cartmell party at table, invited them up on the bridge to inspect the wheel-house. From this lofty point they obtained a fine view of the whole ship. On the bridge

was a double row of large brass-bound instruments, looking like clocks, set on a series of heavy posts. These were the instruments for directing the complete staff of seamen forming the watch of the ship, a telegraph for communicating with the engine-rooms, and for replies to signify compliance with orders. There were also telegraphs to the deck machin-



Wheel-House.

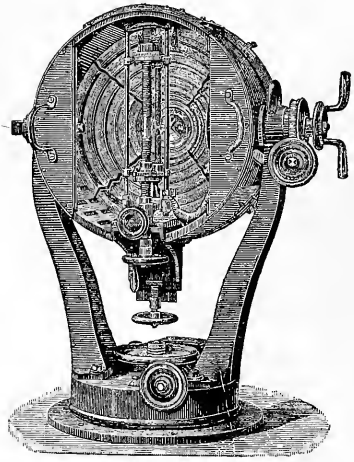
ery, warping-capstans, windlass, etc., so that when the ship was in motion, the men in all the different departments were under the direct control of the commander on the bridge. An instrument called a telemotor in the hands of two seamen operated the steering-gear at the after end of the ship.

The captain explained that, as the ship was built with the understanding with the British Government that she should be used as a cruiser in case of war, certain points were especially looked after in her construction. The most important of these was the steering-gear, which is all placed below the water-line. The bulk of this gear was of cast steel, and

weighed 45 tons. The rudder, worked by twin engines, could turn the ship in her own length.

"And these two small towers," asked Mr. Cartmell, "what are they?"

"That is something very new in ships," replied the captain. "Those are for the **search-lights,** one of the most serviceable appliances for navigation. These lights have projectors 16 inches in diameter, and each produces a light equal to 2,000 candle-power. The lights are especially useful on foggy nights, and when entering a harbor in the dark. By flashing them along the surface of the water, it is an easy matter to find the buoys."



Search-Light.

"How many men do you carry for a crew, Captain?"

"All told, they number about 425 men. They are divided into three groups, — the sailing, engineers', and stewards' departments. You can see that these, with the several hundred passengers, are a good many for whom to cook," said the captain, smiling.

"I don't see how it is possible to keep so much food in good condition," said Florence.

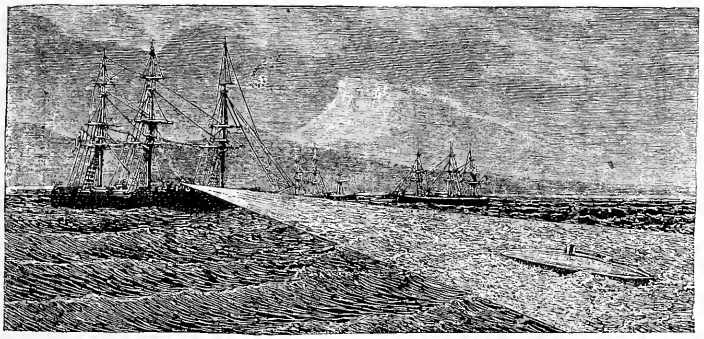
"It could not be done if it were not for our great refrigerating-rooms. I cannot begin to tell you of the immense amount of stores the head steward lays in for a voyage; but I know that he usually starts a trip with about 20,000 pounds of beef, 10,000 pounds of mutton, 1,500 chickens, some 30 tons of potatoes, and 18,000 eggs."

"The mail-matter is no small item of your cargo, I suppose," said Mr. Cartmell.

"It seems to increase every month. We average about two thousand large sacks, and it often requires two trains between Holyhead and London to convey them."

"Those look like pretty big anchors," said Nellie, looking out towards the bow, where two large anchors were secured.

"They are, indeed. They are the heaviest ever cast, and



Use of Search-Light.

weigh ten tons each. But I must leave you now, and go down to my chart-room."

Mr. Cartmell thanked the captain for his courtesy in explaining all these interesting matters, and as the time, four bells, or ten o'clock, rang out, suggested that they all go down for a game of shuffle-board on deck, a favorite amusement with the passengers.

"I shall never understand those bells," said Florence, "and that way of keeping time."

"Yes, you will," said Fred. "I can remember it now perfectly. You see, they divide the twenty-four hours into three

parts, in order to arrange the watches of the men to best advantage. At eight o'clock, twelve o'clock, and four o'clock, they strike eight bells; then begin again with the half hour, — one, for half-past eight; two for nine, etc. It is very easy. We have breakfast at one bell, half-past eight; luncheon at three bells, half-past one; and dinner at five bells, half-past six."

A game of shuffle-board occupied the rest of the morning. At one o'clock the ship's run was found to have been 495 miles, and the track-chart showed the coast of Ireland quite near at hand.

During the afternoon a ship of the same line on her voyage out was sighted. Signals were displayed on both ships. A second steamer was seen a little later. This proved to be, not a regular Atlantic liner, but a freighter, or "tramp" steamer, — a ship which goes from port to port as a cargo may be obtained.

"How can sailors tell so easily the different lines of ships, papa?" asked Nellie.

"With steamers it is generally by the color of their smoke-stacks. Some steamers have their funnels red with black bands, some cream color with white bands, etc. Moreover, a captain usually knows at about what time he is likely to meet certain steamers. To avoid collision, the ships of this line take a northerly route going east and a southerly route going towards America. This is why we have not seen more steamers. But do you realize how nearly our voyage is over? By to-morrow afternoon we shall see land, I expect; and if all goes well, we shall sleep in Ireland to-morrow night."

"What is the first land we shall see?" asked Florence, gazing earnestly out over the ocean.

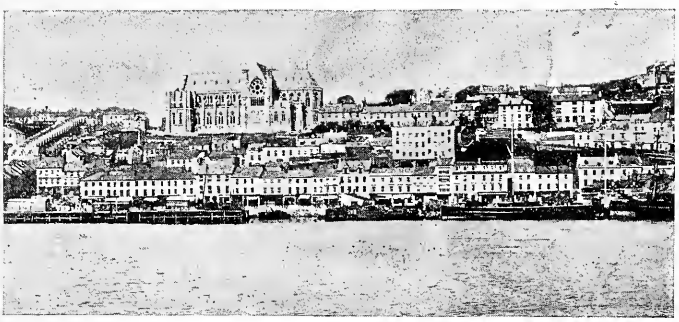
"The lighthouse on the Fastnet rocks," replied her father. "It is a picturesque stack of rocks off the coast of Kerry in Ireland. From Fastnet it does not take long to run up into

Queenstown Harbor, where we shall land. The arrival of the ship is cabled from Fastnet, both to New York and Liverpool."

"It is a wonderful thing to cross the ocean in five days and a half," said Mrs. Cartmell, who had joined them. "I believe the Great Western, the first vessel to cross, in 1838, occupied fifteen days in the passage, did she not?"

"Yes; and it was a great day when she entered New York Harbor. She was a paddle-wheel ship of 236 feet length and 1,340 tons, and her horse-power was only 450. As compared with this ship, whose horse-power is said to be about 30,000, she was small indeed."

From the breakfast-hour next morning all was excitement to catch the first glimpse of land. Every one expecting to land at Queenstown was also busy in packing up for shore. The one-o'clock bulletin showed a run of 496 miles. To a



Queenstown, Ireland.

trained observer of the ocean everything showed that the land was near. The temperature had grown perceptibly warmer, and the sea much smoother.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the cry came down from the lookout in the "crow's nest," "Land

ho! On the port bow!" But what the eagle-eyed seaman could see was not visible to landsmen for some time yet. At last the tiny speck on the horizon grew into a rocky islet crowned by a picturesque lighthouse. A while longer, and in the last rays of the setting sun, which shed a rich pink glow over the ocean, the beautiful green shores of Ireland drew close at hand, and the voyage across the Atlantic was ended.

Not only the Cartmells, but many other passengers, left the great steamer at Queenstown for a tour through the **Emerald**

Queenstown Harbor.

Isle, "home of the saints." The ocean steamer did not enter the harbor, but was met outside by a small transport steamer called the "tender," which conveyed both passengers and immense quantities of mail to the Queenstown dock, or "landing."

"Does all that mail go to Ireland?" Florence asked.

"No," replied Miss Gray; "all the mail is removed here, because by shipping it by the railroad to Dublin, and across to England by a fast steamer, and then from Holyhead to

London by a fast train, this mail will reach the latter city a few hours sooner than by going to Liverpool in our steamer, and from there to London."

At the dock our friends found many young girls, men, and

The Landing at Queenstown.

women dressed for a long voyage, evidently ready to leave in a short time on some ocean steamer. Upon inquiry George learned that these poor people were about to sail on a steamship for America. They made up the ordinary group of emigrants, such as Ireland sends out every few weeks to the United States, Australia, or Canada.

"Did you know," asked Mr. Cartmell, "that so many persons leave this beautiful island that the population is decreasing from year to year, rather than increasing? In 1841 Ireland had 8,000,000 people, now it has about 5,000,000."

Beggars and peddlers soon surrounded them, and nearly

drove them wild with their persistent entreaties. Breaking away from these, Mr. Cartmell procured a carriage, and drove for a short time. He and his family learned that the town stands principally upon a green island facing the coast. Its white houses are mostly built in terraces upon the slope of the hill. In some places, as on the street called

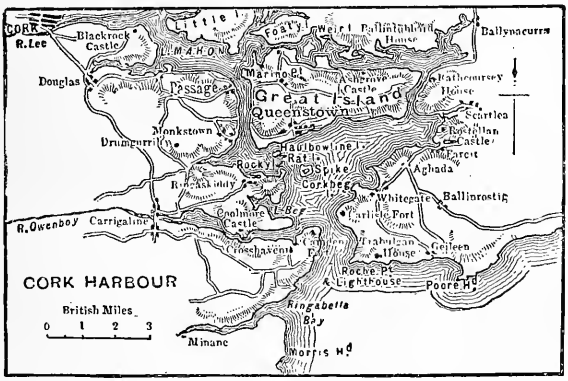
The Esplanade, Queenstown.

"The Esplanade," the view is quite extensive. It was formerly only the Cove of Cork. It received its present name when Queen Victoria visited the place in 1849.

CHAPTER III

THROUGH IRELAND

In the forenoon of the next day Mr. Cartmell took his family to **Cork,** going up the river Lee in a small steamer. In this pleasant trip they saw on the banks many small-sized bathing and fishing villages. The captain of the boat pointed out in one of these small villages the ruins of a castle built



Cork Harbor, showing Queenstown on an Island.

by a woman two hundred years ago — "for one penny." Her husband went away on business for a long voyage. She wished to surprise him on his return; so she opened several stores, and paid the men who worked for her husband in goods, upon which she made a handsome profit. The profit on these goods covered the cost of the castle except one penny; hence the castle was always called "Penny Castle."

About six miles before reaching Cork they passed through a large inland sea. In this vicinity they noticed many fine suburbs with white villas and green lawns.

In the afternoon the Cartmells drove about Cork. They admired its commodious harbor on the river Lee, the hills and dales about the city, the abundance of trees, and the vel-

Seaside Village near Cork.

vety green grass everywhere. Miss Gray thought the city justified in calling itself "The Beautiful City."

"Did you know," asked Mr. Cartmell, "that the name of this city is not taken from the name of a stopper in a bottle, but from the Irish word 'Corrock,' the old name of the swamp on which a part of the city now stands?"

Leaving the carriage, the children and Miss Gray climbed a steep ascent called "The Sunday Well," from which they saw below them a magnificent view of the lovely river and the varied landscape for miles around.

After the children returned to the carriage, the party drove first to the Shandon church, of which the poet sang, —

"The bells of Shandon
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee,"

and then over the bridge at the end of St. Patrick's Street, near which they saw the bronze statue of Father Mathew, "The Apostle of Temperance."

"I have," said Mr. Cartmell, "very great respect for that man. He began to travel in this island in 1838, preaching temperance, and forming total-abstinence societies, and asking the people to take the pledge. In the short space of two and a half years he prevailed upon two and a half million persons to sign the pledge, and the country was wonderfully changed."

Irish Jaunting-Car.

"Papa, when can we ride in a jaunting-car?" little Nellie suddenly inquired.

"This very forenoon," replied her father.

"Where can we go?"

"Anywhere you like."

"Let us go, then," said Mrs. Cartmell, "to the Groves of Blarney, which —

> "'Look so charming,
> Down by the purlings
> Of sweet, silent brooks.
> Being banked with posies
> That spontaneous grow there,
> Planted in order,
> In the rocky nooks.'"

When this Irish carriage drove up, the children saw that it was a peculiar two-wheeled affair, in which the seats face the outer side of the vehicle, so that the people sit back to back. The disadvantage of the arrangement is that the rider sees so little on the opposite side.

Blarney Castle, near Cork.

They were all delighted with the beautiful appearance of the grounds around the castle. A small river flowed by, trees afforded shade, and the birds sang sweetly.

"For what is this castle noted, Miss Gray?" Florence asked.

"It contains the famous Blarney stone, which, if you kiss, is said to confer upon you all the gifts of eloquence and persuasion."

"Let us find it at once," said George.

When they went into the castle, and asked the guide where the wonderful stone was, he pointed out a stone in the

Route in Ireland.

outer wall, to which a person must be lowered by means of ropes.

George expressed his disappointment, whereupon the guide showed him a substitute stone inside, within easy reach.

Mrs. Cartmell told him she thought one stone was just as beautiful as the other.

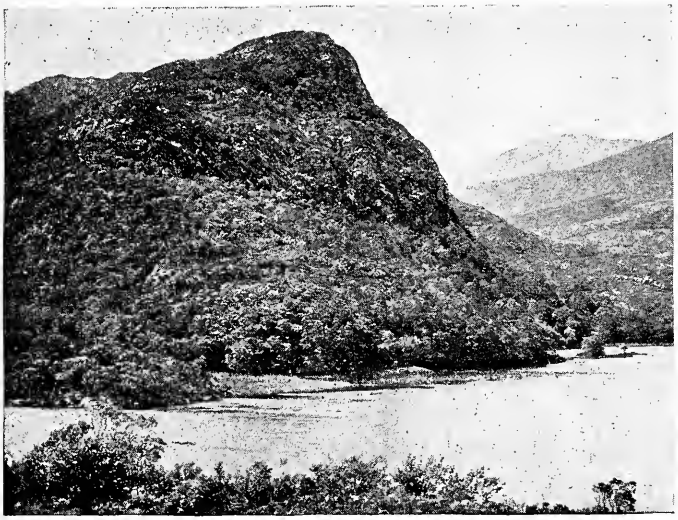
Mr. Cartmell selected, as the best route from Cork to **Killarney,** what is called "the southern route." This led them through Kinsale, noted for its fisheries, up the valley of the Bandon, well-wooded and fertile, and through the little port of Bantry.

After passing through another sea-coast town, the route

Gap of Dunloe, Killarney.

rose to the height of 2,000 feet. The rain fell, and then suddenly the clouds lifted, and the sun came out, revealing a wonderful picture of mountain-chains and numerous lakes,

which gleamed in the sun like molten silver. From the sides of the hills, streams swollen by the rain rushed down through valleys and deep ravines, on their way to the Atlantic. Now turning directly northward, away from the coast, the Cart-



Eagle's Nest, Lakes of Killarney.

mells soon reached Windy Gap, from which can be seen the Killarney mountains; behind these were hidden the lakes.

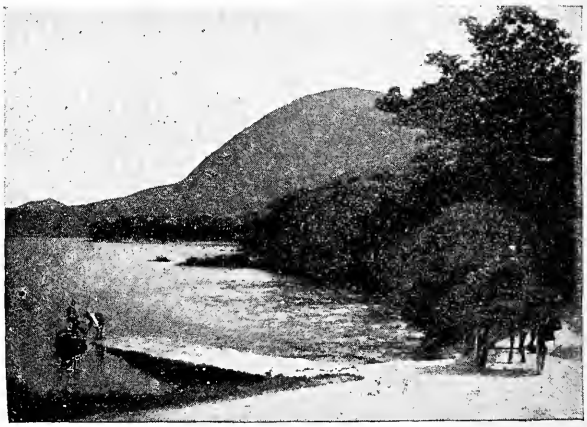
When they reached a fine forest, after several hours' ride, Nellie inquired, "Shall we soon see the lakes, papa?"

"Yes; I think we shall see them very soon."

A sudden turn in the road revealed the three Lakes of Killarney far below them. In view of this great loveliness, the party descended to the town of Killarney, where they spent the night.

In the morning of the next day they rode for several

miles beside the lower of the three celebrated lakes, and then through the Gap of Dunloe, a romantic cut between high and steep mountains on each side. The driver told them that one of these mountains was called the Purple Mountain, from the mantle of heather which covers it from base to summit. He pointed out a small river flowing through a lake, in which, he said, "St. Patrick drowned the last snake found in Ireland." When they reached the highest point of this gap, they had a fine view, in one direction, of the Kenmore Mountains, which



Middle Lake, Killarney.

they had crossed the day before, while to the right lay the Black Valley, dry, lonely, and forbidding.

"In this valley," said the driver, "are brewed all the storms of the country."

After a sudden turn in the road, Nellie cried out, "See!" And there lay before them the three lakes, shut in between high mountains, each lake dotted with many islands clad with trees, and looking like so many emeralds set in silver.

When they reached the Upper Lake, the carriage was exchanged for a large boat, and the trip upon this beautiful body of water began. The first lake was very long and narrow, but so indented that a stranger could with difficulty find his way from one end to the other. In one place rose a pyramid-like mountain, two thousand feet high, covered with hollies, juniper, and arbutus. The granite summit was bare, and the boatman told the boys it was a good place for the golden eagles to make their eyries; hence the name of the mountain was "Eagle's Nest." Then he told about the wonderful echo there, and exhibited its powers.

He played a few notes upon a cornet, and these were repeated in a variety of ways over and over. He directed a cannon to be fired; and the sound was multiplied till it seemed as if a thousand cannons were discharged at once, then in rapid succession, and then at irregular times and places.

This lake was full of islands. Fred asked the boatman how many there were; and he replied, "Nobody ever succeeded in counting them."

Forester's Cottage on Island in Middle Lake.

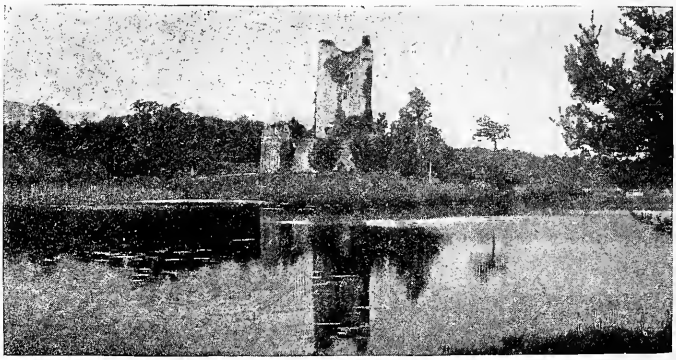
Entering the Middle Lake by passing under a bridge where the current was very swift, they stopped for a short rest at a little island, and were surprised to find that here free entertainment was hospitably provided for all travellers. They found that this lake was not nearly as lovely as the upper one.

Mr. Cartmell said, "Thackeray was once asked which of

these lakes was the most beautiful, and he replied, 'The finest is the one on which you find yourself.'"

Passing into the Lower Lake, they were delighted to see so many large and very lovely islands. The largest one was called Ross Island. It was a great park, open to the public, filled with deep thickets, clumps of azaleas, rhododendrons grown into trees, and lawns covered with asphodels. From numerous coves on the beach they caught splendid views of the lake.

The next island was still more lovely. It was called Innisfallen.



Ross Castle, Killarney.

"Did you ever hear, Mrs. Cartmell," asked Miss Gray, "the saying, that Ireland is the jewel of the West, Killarney is the jewel of Ireland, and Innisfallen is the jewel of Killarney?"

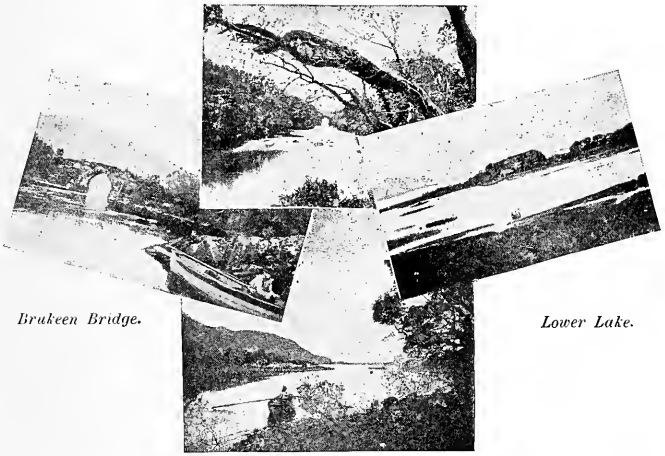
"No; but I remember Thomas Moore's lines: —

> "'Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
> May calm and sunshine long be thine!
> How fair thou art, let others tell —
> To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.'"

Mr. Cartmell pointed out that the beauty of this spot was largely owing to the alternating hill and dale of its surface,

Old Weir Bridge.



Brukeen Bridge.

Lower Lake.

Lower Lake.

Killarney Lakes.

the attractiveness of the small rivers and harbors, the loveliness of the vegetation, and the grandeur of the surrounding mountains. "The Irish speak," continued Mr. Cartmell, "of this part of the lake as 'a diamond set in emeralds.'"

Not far from the scenes of all this loveliness in nature, Miss Gray and the boys, in their evening strolls, discovered many poor cottages, occupied by those whose riches were largely a few pigs and chickens and many children.

CHAPTER IV

NORTHERN IRELAND

THE next day the Cartmell party bade adieu to lovely Killarney, and proceeded by train to Dublin. Mr. Cartmell secured a compartment in a first-class carriage, and found it very secluded and comfortable. The children were greatly interested in the remarkable difference between the English system of steam-car travelling and our own. "The Irish **railways,**" said Mr. Cartmell after they started, "are very different from those in the United States. The stations here may be rather poor, but in England and Scotland we may expect to find many of them very charming and beautiful, with flowers and plants about them. The peasantry are too poor to travel here very much, and the rival railroad companies are always quarrelling."

Cottage at Killarney.

Florence noticed that the cars were divided into several cross sections, usually called compartments, containing six or eight seats, arranged so that half the passengers ride backwards. Mr. Cartmell told her that many English people prefer the seats facing the rear. These compartments were not connected, but the officials passed along the outside

of the carriages and examined tickets before reaching the important stations. In the small places the tickets were collected at the stations as the passengers went out into the street.

"Why, papa," exclaimed Fred, "there seems to be no way in which to warm the cars! There is no ice-water to drink, no water-closet, no newspaper boy. What do they do?"

"This is not a first-class train, and hence has not the comforts and advantages which we may reasonably expect in other parts of Great Britain. In England there are now trains called corridor trains, with dining-cars, after the American pattern of vestibule trains, and they are quite common. Wonderful improvements have been made in the railway system within a few years. On only a few lines have the English yet introduced our admirable system of checking baggage; but they send one car in a train to a certain part of the country, and another car to a different section, as is so commonly done in the United States."

"Mr. Cartmell, are you going to Limerick?" Miss Gray inquired.

"No; we cannot spend the time. I am sorry, as I wished you all to see the Shannon River, the longest river in Ireland, where they catch the famous Irish salmon. Look on this map, children, and notice that the river descends so moderately it spreads out into several large lakes. After the third lake, it narrows for a few miles, and then joins the sea by a noble estuary sixty miles long, and in some places ten miles wide."

"For what is Limerick noted?"

"For the making of thread lace in the houses, and fish-hooks from steel wire. I have been told that most of the people in that town have dark complexions and dark hair, showing that they are largely descended from the

Spaniards who were rescued from the wreck of the Armada, and who settled there afterwards."

As they journeyed on towards Dublin, Miss Gray read to the children about the beautiful Vale of Adare, which is situated not far from the town of Limerick. Four lines were: —

"How shall I tell the thousand charms
Within thy verdant bosom swelling,
When, lulled in Nature's fostering arms,
Soft peace abides, and joy excelling!"

Then Mr. Cartmell told Nellie and Fred that the **western part** of Ireland consisted largely of mountain ranges, barren and rocky hills, wild moorlands, and broken river valleys. The part, however, along the Shannon River was quite fertile. These mountains (he explained, pointing to the map) extended to the very coast; and the shore was very steep, many of the western cliffs being 1,000 feet high. The coast was worn, and consequently very irregular; caves were abundant, and the islands off the shore were the homes of countless sea-fowl. Only a few small fishing-towns were to be found on this coast, with the exception of Galway, which was the principal western seaport. Even this place contained only 15,000 people. Many of these folk were so poor they felt obliged to go over to England every summer to work on the harvest, and thus earn money enough to pay their rent.

Beside the track the children saw many cabins made of rough stones fastened together by mud or sea-sand, with a door to enter by, and a hole in the roof for the smoke to go out.

"In one of these," said Mrs. Cartmell, "I suppose the pig and the fowls and the family will all herd together at night."

They noticed from the train a good deal of wet, low, swampy, or morass land. This led George to remark, —

"How much worthless land there is in Ireland."

"Would you consider land containing coal worthless?"

"By no means."

"Well, in many of these marshes, or bogs, is found a kind

Irish Peasants.

Irish Cabin.

of soil containing so much decayed vegetable matter that when it is dried it will readily burn. It is called *peat*, and, in the absence of wood and coal, is quite generally used for fuel."

"Papa, what is meant by shamrock?" Florence inquired.

"The shamrock, much like white clover, is the national flower of Ireland, just as the thistle is of Scotland, and the

Custom-House.

Sackville Street.

Dublin.

rose of England. If you will notice the British coat-of-arms, you will see these three flowers growing from one stem."

Several days were to be spent in **Dublin**, Ireland's former capital. George and his father went out to walk about eight

O'Connell Bridge and Statue, Dublin.

o'clock the next morning. They were surprised to notice that the shutters were closed, and the streets and horse-cars quite empty. The stores were opened about ten o'clock. As everybody called the street-cars "trams," Mr. Cartmell made some inquiries, and found out that the name came from a Mr. Outram, who invented them. His name was shortened; and they were soon called "Tram-cars," then "Trams."

A ride about the city was proposed for the afternoon. In the ride they learned that the city was built on both sides of the river Liffey, and that this river poured its muddy waters into the beautiful and spacious Dublin Bay. The Cartmells rode through a part of Sackville Street, but which everybody seemed to call O'Connell Street, because at the head of the bridge called after the great liberator stands an imposing monument, crowned with his own colossal statue in bronze.

They drove to the College Green. On one side they saw Trinity College, modelled after the great English universities. They were told that its inside arrangements were very fine. The halls, lecture-rooms, student-rooms, etc., were separated by large court-yards, beautiful in lawns and trees. In one room they saw the organ which Philip of Spain sent in the Spanish Armada to celebrate the victory he expected to win over the English. But the English ships overcame the Armada, and the storm drove the remaining ships and contents upon the western shores. From the wreck the organ was saved.

At the gate of the college they saw statues of Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, and Henry Grattan, three of Ireland's great men.

On the other side of the Green the Cartmells found the Bank of Ireland, occupying the building formerly used by the Irish Parliament. The custom-house, on the banks of the river, they thought a fine building.

The next day Mr. Cartmell drove to Phœnix Park, which,

he said, is one of the largest parks in the world. They found it to consist of undulating land, woods of splendid elms, copses of pink and white thorn, meadows carpeted with golden-eyed daisies. On these meadows they saw feeding cows, gray sheep, and fallow deer, almost tame. Lakes and lovely gardens were abundant. Mrs. Cartmell remarked as they left, "This park contains everything but pedestrians."

High Street. *Royal Avenue.*

Belfast.

"Where is Swift's monument, Mr. Cartmell?" Miss Gray inquired.

"We will drive to it on our way back."

They found it in a very old church called St. Patrick's Cathedral, over which Swift was once dean.

"Did he write 'Gulliver's Travels'"? Fred asked.

"Yes, and other books."

Not far from this cathedral they rode through a very poor section of the city. The houses were tumble-down and dirty, with old petticoats hung up in place of curtains. The pavement seemed to be the market-place. Pawn-shops were plenty. Ragged girls in clogs and straw hats were selling the afternoon papers. The dress of the women was beyond description; it seemed to be composed mostly of rags.

"Notice, children, that nearly all the women go barefoot; but it would be considered a lasting disgrace for them to go bareheaded."

From Dublin the Cartmells proceeded to Belfast, which they found to be an interesting place of 200,000 people. On their way to this city in the train, they saw many fields of the pretty flax plant. They learned that most of the people hereabouts were employed in the manufacture of linen and cotton, and that here also many ships were built.

In this section of the country small villages were frequently seen. The people seemed better off than farther south.

One or two excursions were taken from Belfast to places near by. In the sleepy little town of Antrim they saw a beautiful castle, surrounded by extensive grounds. Not far from this castle is the largest lake in Great Britain, twenty miles long and fifteen wide, about the size of the Lake of the Woods. Not a ship or boat was seen on its vast surface. It was never frozen over but once, they learned.

On this trip they saw for the first time one of the famous *round towers* seen in certain parts of the island. This one was about 93 feet high. A bell formerly hung in the top. Why it was built no one seems to know.

"When do we go to see the Giant's Causeway, papa?" Fred inquired.

"We will start in a day or two, my boy."

"How do we go?"

"We will go first by rail to the eastern coast, and then by carriage."

At Larne the Cartmells left the train, and hired a carriage to carry them northward. They were delighted with this ride. The road was a constant marvel of engineering skill, winding in and out, now high above the level of the sea, now cutting through solid limestone rock, now nearer the water. On the left were overhanging cliffs, and on the right the open blue sea, as blue and bright as the Mediterranean.

Round Tower near Antrim.

As they rode along, Mr. Cartmell pointed out the opposite coast of Scotland, and said, "From that section the invaders came over, and drove the native Irish into the inland bogs, and colonized this seaboard with a population which remains largely Scottish, both in names and characteristics, to this day."

In this **northeastern part** of Ireland they found the land well cultivated, even when near the sea. Fields of oats waved on every bit of level ground; potatoes flourished in nooks of the cliffs near tidy cottages; bright-eyed children were seen everywhere; fowls were numerous; and the cows equalled the goats in the power of climbing in this thriving community.

Cliff, Northeast Coast of Ireland.

The driver, upon being questioned, told them, "Most of these farmers are well off; they pay their rent, and the masters are very kind to them."

The Cartmells went into a farmhouse to get some milk to drink. They saw mahogany furniture dark with age, pictures on the walls, hens and chickens on the floor, and several dogs before the turf fire. Yet the place was quite tidy, and the milk very good.

"Papa," George asked, "what are some of the peculiarities of these people?"

"The Irish people are quick-witted, splendid at repartee, happy, jovial, progressive, generous, energetic, and ready to take responsibility. The best part of the Irish life is its youth. They marry very young; they are virtuous, healthy, and strong."

The nearer the Cartmells came to the northeastern corner of Ireland, the more evident the basaltic nature of the stone.

"You will find, children," said Miss Gray, "that this sheet of basalt, on this part of the coast, is from ten to one thousand feet in thickness. It is a volcanic lava, poured out ages

ago. All the promontories in this part of Ireland are composed of enormous pillars, which sometimes slope gradually down to the sea, and perhaps extend under the sea, to the opposite coast of Scotland; for the islands of Staffa and Iona have similar formations."

At last the Giant's Causeway was reached, and the carriage dismissed.

"Why, papa, is this place so called?" Florence inquired.

"The people say it was so called because years ago it was built by Fin McCoul, an Irish Giant, out of politeness to a Scottish giant, whom he wished to come over and fight him 'without wetting the soles of his feet.'"

The Giant's Causeway, they found by exploring, was made up of three distinct tongues of rocks, running out into the sea, each with a distinct slope. The largest one of these tongues was about 120 yards wide at its base, with a length of about 230 yards. It gradually narrowed, until it was lost beneath the sea. The next tongue was nearly as wide, but much shorter. It was called, from its appearance, "Honeycomb." The third tongue was very small.

Mr. Cartmell led the children to the centre of the great slope, and then called their attention to the shape of each column. The children soon learned that some of the columns were three-sided, some five-sided, and so on up to nine-sided. Most of them were pentagons and hexagons. The columns were not formed of a single piece or block, but of many pieces, from one to two feet high, piled on one another, and wedged firmly together. George found out that these columns fitted so closely that a piece of paper could not be put in between them, and that there were supposed to be 40,000 or more different columns in that one place.

When the children had seen all they wished, Mr. Cartmell placed his family on board the electric railway, and they rode a short distance to Portrush. This railway skirted the sea so

closely that they could see the waves dashing among the rocks of black basalt, streaked now and then with white limestone. Everywhere the rocks took on strange forms. Caves and archways were common; through these the ever-restless waves came pouring and boiling.

The train carried them back to Belfast. Reaching the hotel, the whole Cartmell family were greatly surprised to find in the office Mr. French, who was with them so much the year before in California.

Wishing Chair. *Lord Antrim's Parlor.*

Giant's Causeway.

After a few moments of mutual congratulations, Fred asked, —

"Mr. French, where is the steam-yacht, the dear old Verbena?"

"Down in the harbor, my boy; I came over in her. The yacht is again at your service, Mr. Cartmell. Wherever you wish, she will go."

"Oh, what fun we can have then!" exclaimed all the children in chorus.

"How very kind of you!" said Miss Gray.

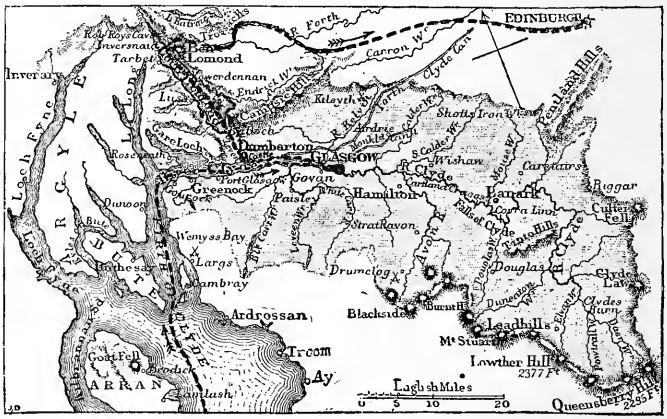
"We shall be most delighted," said Mr. Cartmell, "to have you join our party in northern Europe, and we may be very happy to avail ourselves of the use of the Verbena."

Thus it was arranged that the Cartmells should go on board the Verbena the next day, and sail through the Irish Sea to Glasgow.

CHAPTER V

IN AND ABOUT GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

After a good night's rest the Cartmells rose early to take a look about **Glasgow,** their first Scotch city, and after a delicious breakfast, which included hot scones and Scotch marmalade, hurried out-of-doors. The hotel, of whose situation they obtained but a slight knowledge the evening previous, was found to stand about midway between the old and the new city; the former sloping downward towards the



Map and Route near Glasgow.

water-side in steep, narrow streets, lined with dull gray stone houses, and the latter rising through a handsome residential district, broken by pretty parks and gardens, to an emi-

Broomielaw Bridge over the Clyde, Glasgow.

nence crowned by the magnificent pile of the University of Glasgow.

Of course the older part claimed first attention, and a unanimous vote was given for a visit to the ancient cathedral as by far the most interesting of the public buildings. This was the first really historic foreign cathedral the children had seen; and they were much impressed, particularly George, who, seated on a stone tomb in the dim crypt beneath the church, read aloud from his pocket edition of Scott's "Rob Roy" the scene of the chieftain's appearance in the cathedral.

Coming out into the sunlit square once more, the party walked on for a while in silence, the spell of the place yet upon them. Even Nellie's busy tongue was idle. Glasgow, they soon saw, was not only a very large, but a very busy city, with many industries, and a decidedly wide-awake appearance. The shops vied with each other in attractiveness, particularly those displaying the rich and glowing Scotch plaid goods, and the jewellery set with amethysts, topazes, and other stones of which the Scotch make so much use. The prices, too, seemed much lower than in America; and this gave papa an opportunity to explain the questions of "free trade" and "protection," and how prices were affected thereby.

As Mrs. Cartmell and the girls were anxious to make some purchases, and also to see the Kelvingrove Park in the upper part of the town, it was arranged that papa and the boys should spend the time among some of the famous shipyards on the river-bank just below the city. They were fortunate in their visit.

"The word **Clyde,**" said Mr. Cartmell, as they walked down into one of the building-yards, "is derived from the old Welsh word *clyd*, meaning warm or sheltered. The valley of the Clyde, or Clydesdale, was early celebrated for its crops, which ripened better than in other parts of Scotland. Along the banks in this vicinity the broom-plant was especially lux-

uriant. The name is kept in the Broomielaw Bridge, which you saw in the city, one of the busiest centres in Glasgow. This is the same broom-plant, by the way, which the Romans called the *planta genista*, and from which the English race of Plantagenets took their name."

On the Clyde, near Glasgow.

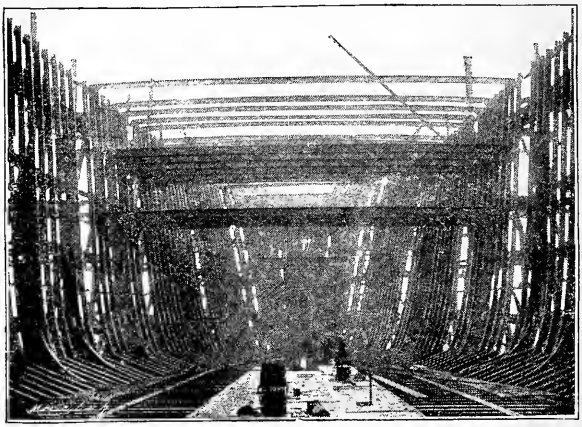
"The river was once very shallow, was it not?" asked George.

"Yes; I understand that within the memory of men now living, it was so small a stream at this point as to permit of wading across at low tide. Millions of pounds have been expended in deepening and widening the channel; and now, as you see, even large ocean liners can reach their piers at all but lowest water."

"How long has the Clyde been so famous for its ship-building?"

"Since the very earliest times," replied Mr. Cartmell.

"The river-bank is especially well adapted for this industry, being well sheltered, accessible, and with coal, iron, and wood close at hand. "Since the introduction of steam, yard after yard has been added, till now, as you see, they extend for miles. Our own Hudson saw the first steam-vessel, Fulton's Clermont, and the honor of the discovery has always been his. The Clyde, however, was the first European river on which the steamboat was used commercially. David Napier and James Watt, the inventors of the steam-engine, made all their early experiments here, and gained their celebrity largely in connection with the ship-building industry."



Building the Campania.

By this time the party had been joined by one of the foremen of the yard, who courteously offered them the privilege of inspecting one of the huge **Atlantic liners** which was nearly ready for launching. The noise of the busy steam-hammers at work on the giant hull made conversation next to impossi-

ble, but by close attention the boys were able to hear what their conductor had to say.

"Ship-building has indeed become an art," observed Mr. Cartmell, as the party stood beneath the enormous mass of the steamship.

"Yes, both a science and an art," replied the foreman. "One of the recent chairs founded in Glasgow University is for the study of the principles of ship-building. Scotland always means to lead the world in this industry."

"Will you tell us why wood has been given up in the building of steam-vessels?" questioned Fred. "Iron doesn't seem to me as good."

"First," said the foreman, "because ships constructed wholly of iron are much lighter than those of the same tonnage made of wood, and consequently they can carry larger freights. The larger the freight capacity, the more money for the ship's owners."

"These ships are built of steel, are they not?" asked Mr. Cartmell.

"Yes. As iron took the place of wood for ships' hulls, so steel is supplanting iron. Steel, as you know, possesses greater strength than iron, and is much lighter. The modern steamship must be fast; and builders have been quick to realize that, as lightness is essential to speed, it is better to use steel than iron. There is practically no iron about this ship. All the early Atlantic steamers, however, were of wood, and, like the river-boats, were propelled by paddle-wheels. One of our most important industries to-day is the production of steel. We have immense plants in and around Glasgow, and make what is called "mild steel." This is used for boiler and hull plates, and is shipped all over the world."

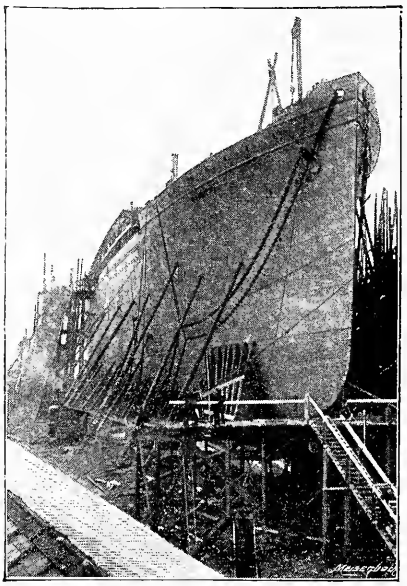
"What is the saving of weight by using steel instead of iron?" asked Mr. Cartmell.

"About sixteen per cent. An important point also is that

steel will bend, and not fracture like iron. If a ship runs ashore, her steel plates will bend to a large extent before breaking."

The Cartmells, at the invitation of the foreman, soon clambered up on the deck of the steamer; and here, somewhat out of the noise, their guide went on with his explanations.

"This ship is 620 feet long, and on account of her extreme length it was necessary to rearrange the whole building berth. She is longer than the breadth of the river. To build such a ship, with all the modern requirements of absolute safety, speed, and luxurious equipment, is, as you can see, an immense undertaking; yet so perfect are all the arrangements for handling such contracts, that a ship can be built in an incredibly short time."

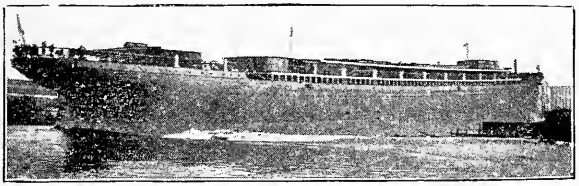


Ready for Launching.

"The steps are the same as in building all ships, are they not?"

"Yes. First comes the general design, which includes tonnage, speed, power, draught of water, stability, etc. Second, the keel is laid. Nowadays this is inside the hull, and formed of heavy steel plates. It is placed on great blocks, which are inclined toward the water. There are in

all large ships like this two bottoms, one inside the other. This gives greater strength and safety. The heaviest hydraulic machinery is used to rivet and re-rivet the parts together. Third comes the frame, composed of angle steel or iron, bent to the required curve, and riveted together. Fourth comes the steel beams for supporting the deck, and then the fitting of the deck itself. Fifth comes the plating, each plate being cut to the proper size, and the rivet-holes put in. Each plate is rolled so as to fit the shape of the part of the vessel it is to occupy. Of the plates used on the shell of the ship, the larger parts average 25 feet long and 6 feet wide, each weighing over two tons. The butts and edges of the plating are then made water-tight by forcing them close together. The joining and riveting of these plates requires special machinery and skilled labor."



The Campania Launched.

"The arrangements for water-tight compartments are also of the greatest importance," observed Mr. Cartmell.

"Yes. The crosswise partitions, which divide the hull into separate rooms, are the main dependence for safety. In this ship there are eighteen such partitions. The sections occupied by the machinery and by the coal-bunkers are entirely shut off from the rest of the ship by steel bulkheads. In case of accident, two or even three of these compartments might be flooded with water, and still the steamer would float in safety."

"I should like to see this ship launched," said George.

"It is a fine sight," said the foreman, "and a gala day in the yards. The launching of a ship of this size must be carefully planned before the keel is laid down. Generally speaking the various steps are these: The vessel's keel rests on keel-blocks. Ways are placed on each side, and a timber structure called a cradle is built around the under part of the vessel. The cradle rests on the ways, which are inclined toward the water. Prior to the launch these ways are coated with tallow. The cradle is kept in place by a movable piece of wood called a dagger. When this is knocked out of place, and the keel-blocks removed, the ship at once slips down into the water."

Mr. Cartmell thanked the foreman for his interesting information; and the party gladly availed themselves of the permission given to inspect not only the entire ship, but the shops in the yard, where the machinery was being set up.

Six o'clock found the family talking over the day's experiences around a cosey dining-table at the hotel; and as no one would acknowledge being at all tired, they started out for an evening walk towards the University and Botanic Gardens.

"Do you notice how much more brilliant the colors of the flowers are than with us?" said Miss Gray.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cartmell, as they stopped before a bed of vivid yellow flowers; "I believe the flowers are always brighter and smaller the farther north you go, and we are considerably farther north than Lake View. I remember noting the same thing in the gardens in Nova Scotia."

"I have noted something else," said Mr. Cartmell, "which makes me realize how far north we are, and that Glasgow is in nearly the same latitude as Alaska. Do you know what time it is? Look over at that clock tower."

"Five minutes of ten! Impossible!" chorused the children, gazing around in amazement.

SCOTLAND
ORKNEY ISLANDS
Pentland Firth
C. Wrath
Dunnet Hd.
Duncansby Hd.
Butt of Lewis
Caithness
Wick
Ben Hope
Sutherland
L. Shin
L. Broom
Dornoch Firth
Tarbet Ness
Morray Firth
Fraserburgh
Peterhead
Buchan Ness
Banff
Aberdeen
Inverness
Nairn
Elgin
Ben Attow
Ben Nevis
Inverness
Aberdeen
Balmoral
Stonehaven
Montrose
Arbroath
Dundee
Tay
St Andrews
Fife Ness
Firth of Forth
Bass R.
Dunbar
St Abb's Hd.
Berwick
Edinburgh
Perth
Stirling
Fife
Lomond
Ben Lomond
Ben More
Crianlarich
Glasgow
Greenock
Paisley
Renfrew
Ayr
Irvine
Kilmarnock
Lanark
Dumfries
Kirkcudbright
Wigtown
Whithorn
Stranraer
Carlisle
Solway Firth
Mull of Galloway
Mull of Cantyre
Ailsa Craig
Arran
Islay
Jura
Mull
Iona I.
Staffa
Coll
Tiree
Ardnamurchan Pt.
Oban
Loch Awe
Loch Tay
Loch Lomond
Loch Katrine
Loch Leven
Loch Ness
Loch Maree
Loch Broom
Loch Torridon
Loch Carron
Loch Alsh
Loch Hourn
Loch Nevis
Loch Eil
Loch Linnhe
Loch Etive
Loch Fyne
Loch Long
Loch Goil
Loch Ryan
Loch Indaal
Loch Gruinard
Loch Ewe
Loch Inver
Loch Eriboll
Loch Erisort
Loch Roag
Loch Seaforth
Loch Shiel
Loch Sunart
Loch Leven
Loch Rannoch
Loch Tummel
Loch Garry
Loch Quoich
Loch Hourn
Loch Nevis
Loch Morar
Loch Arkaig
Loch Lochy
Loch Oich
Loch Ericht
Loch Laggan
Loch Treig
Loch Ossian
Loch Rannoch
Loch Tay
Loch Earn
Loch Lubnaig
Loch Voil
Loch Doine
Loch Achray
Loch Vennachar
Loch Katrine
Loch Ard
Loch Chon
Loch Lomond
Loch Long
Loch Goil
Loch Striven

It was still light enough to read the finest print of the guide-books, and the west was bright and rosy.

The next day was Sunday, and the Cartmells were glad enough to rest.

A "Scotch Sunday" they found, however, to be in the

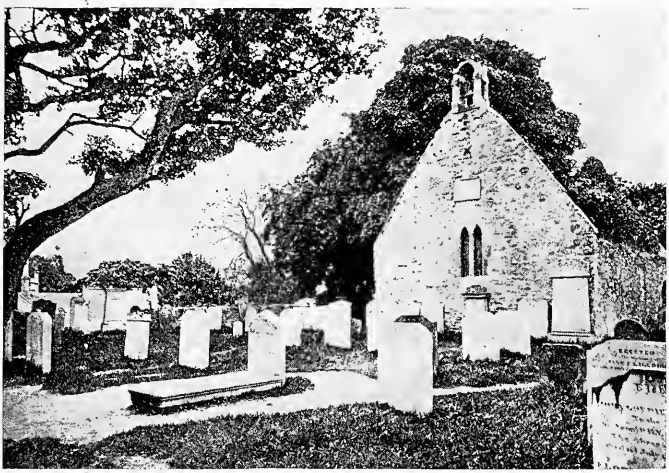
Burns's Cottage, Ayr.

large cities a thing of the past. Instead of the quiet and stillness they had read about, the street and steam cars and the river steamers were running as in New York or Boston. The open-air band concerts were attended by thousands of people. Mr. Cartmell was greatly surprised to learn that it was the same in Edinburgh and in many other places.

Monday, it had been arranged, was to be given to an excursion to **Ayr,** the birthplace of the poet Burns; and it proved a day long to be remembered. Miss Gray, who was a great lover of Burns, had hoped to catch at least a glimpse of the town of Dumfries, where he wrote his famous "Tam o' Shan-

ter," and of Mauchline, where many of his characters lived; but the time was too short.

The distance southward from Glasgow to Ayr was about forty miles, and at each little station as the train sped along the scenery grew more beautiful. Seven miles out the old town of Paisley was passed, noted for its manufacture of shawls, woollen goods, cotton thread, etc. Among the tall chimneys could be seen the dark walls of the old Paisley Abbey. As they neared the seacoast the pure salt air came in through the car windows in the most invigorating way, though with a



Kirk-Alloway.

milder character than that of the sea winds in Massachusetts. The beautiful meadow lands were dotted with grazing cattle, and picturesquely divided by the winding stream of the river Ayr.

"I don't wonder the Scotch love Ayrshire," said Florence;

"I'd like to spend the whole summer here. We must at least have a real Ayrshire cow when we get home, mustn't we, mamma?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Cartmell, smiling; "I don't suppose that the Ayrshire dairy products are excelled in the whole world. The grass is wonderfully sweet, and the water pure."

"But here we are!" said Mr. Cartmell. "See, there are the real 'twa brigs' over the river, which Burns wrote about! How charming it all is!"

Five minutes more and the family were seated in a stylish trap outside the station, ready for the two-mile drive to the early home of Burns, and the various places of interest. The pretty town itself, as indeed the whole region, was redolent of Burns.

The birthplace, at which they stopped first, was found to be a humble whitewashed cottage thatched with straw, now somewhat enlarged from its original dimensions. It had then but two rooms; and in the kitchen, with its stone floor and cavernous fireplace for the burning of peat, the visitors were shown the wretched recess where the poet first drew breath.

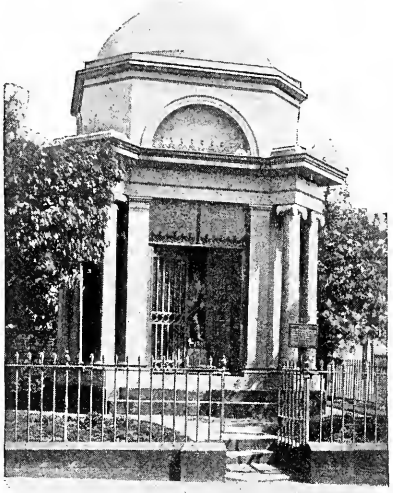
Not far off was the famous "Kirk-Alloway," mentioned in the poem of "Tam o' Shanter," now wholly roofless, and nearly smothered in ivy. The lovely stream of the river Doon was but a few minutes walk from the church; and looking down into the amber water hurrying on over the pebbles, it was easy to conjure up Tam's wild ride from the pursuing witches. Standing upon the arched bridge, Miss Gray repeated the well-known poem, —

> "'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!'"

The ornamental gardens surrounding the fine Burns monument were also visited.

"Where was Burns buried, Miss Gray?" Florence inquired.

"His mausoleum is in Dumfries. It is a very appropriate tomb, — strong, simple, and grand in style, like Burns himself."



Burns's Mausoleum, Dumfries, Scotland.

"Ah," said Mrs. Cartmell, as they sped back to Glasgow by the late afternoon train, "what a delightful day we have had! The country looks even more beautiful and peaceful than it did this morning. With how much more interest we shall read Burns's poems now that we have seen the very places he wrote about!"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Cartmell. "I shall certainly read before I sleep, 'To a Daisy,' and several others; but the rest of you must go to bed early, for to-morrow we start north for an excursion among the islands."

CHAPTER VI

OTHER PARTS OF SCOTLAND

When it was decided to visit **Fingal's Cave,** Mr. French offered Mr. Cartmell the use of the Verbena, which was gladly accepted, and all went on board soon after breakfast.

Leaving Glasgow, the party soon found themselves at Greenock, near the mouth of the Clyde. Miss Gray called to mind that Greenock was the birthplace of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, and that Burns's Highland Mary was buried in the churchyard. After passing through the Crinan Canal, 9 miles long, and up the Firth of Lorn, the mountains of the island of Mull came grandly into view; and after a beautiful sail up the Bay of Oban, the Cartmells found themselves at the landing pier at Oban.

The town itself was shut in by hills, and was apparently a great rendezvous for tourists, who crowded the hotels to overflowing. It resembled Bar Harbor at Mount Desert. After dinner the party walked to the pier to see the Staffa boat come in, and watch the sunset, which was a grand spectacle.

Steaming out of Oban Bay next morning, the travellers were in the midst of some of the finest scenery in Scotland. The great masses of the Argyllshire hills, the distant peaks of Ben Nevis and Glencoe, with the archipelago of lovely islands, made a grand picture.

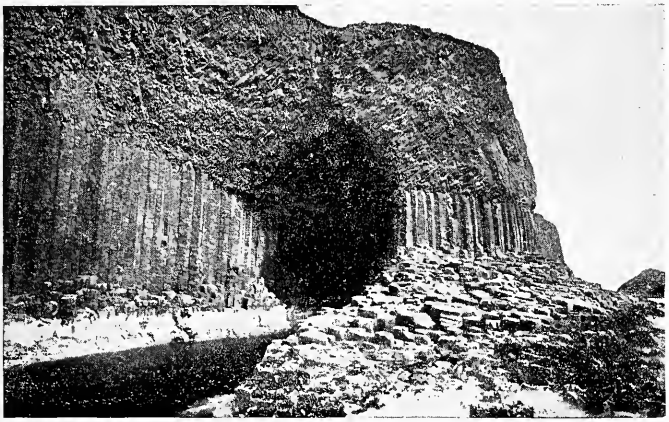
The captain, who was on deck, entered into conversation with the Cartmells, noting their interest.

"If you please, Captain," broke in Nellie, "won't you tell us why Scotch mountains are called 'bens,' and the lakes 'lochs'? Is Ben short for Benjamin?"

"They are old Gaelic words," replied the captain pleasantly. "'Ben' means in English a head, peak, or summit. 'Loch' you have probably seen spelled also 'lough,' if you have been in Ireland. If you stop over in the islands, you will probably hear some Gaelic spoken yet, though it is far from common."

"And is this the Sound of Mull?" asked Mrs. Cartmell.

"Yes; and on the shore just there is where Sir Walter Scott laid the scene of his 'Lord of the Isles.' We shall be in the



Fingal's Cave, Staffa, Scotland.

waters of the Atlantic very shortly, and you will then see Staffa, off the western shore of Mull."

"This western coast is quite different in character from the eastern coast of Scotland, is it not?" asked Mr. Cartmell.

"Yes; they present a singular contrast. The western shore is rocky, broken, and mountainous, with innumerable islands, mostly volcanic, and deeply indented fiords or bays.

The eastern shore has broad sweeps of land in gentle slopes. The climate, too, is very different. In winter the Atlantic really keeps these islands warm, through the prevailing westerly winds. The mountains, however, on the west coast make the rainfall much greater than that of the east coast. Were it not for our west winds, we should have the climate of Greenland. But here we are off Staffa, and the boats will be lowered for those who wish to see Fingal's Cave. You are fortunate to have a quiet day, for an entrance can be effected only when the sea is smooth."

The strong Scotch oarsmen soon brought the boat of the Cartmell party to the shore, and into the cave. It was found to be about 200 feet long, with an entrance 40 feet wide, the roof 60 feet above the water. The walls were formed of great columns of basalt, ranged perpendicularly row behind row. The tremendous noise of the swelling tide mingled with the deep-toned echoes of the dark vault was not a little startling, and a few minutes was found sufficient for most visitors.

"What is basalt, papa?" asked Florence on their way back to the steamer.

"It is an extremely heavy, hard rock, probably volcanic," replied Mr. Cartmell, "and is usually of a black or bluish color. It has the singular tendency to split vertically into angular columns, thus forming the curious perpendicular shafts you noticed here, and at the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Staffa means 'the island of columns,' and there are several other smaller caves on the island. The formation undoubtedly extends all the way from Ireland here, under the sea."

"Are there basalt columns in any other part of the world?" queried Fred.

"Yes; I believe there are some wonderful cliffs of basalt in New South Wales and New Zealand."

After a sail of thirty minutes, the steamer reached the island of Iona, the end of the trip. A guide took the passengers to several interesting places, including the ruins of an ancient cathedral, and a curious stone cross, one of over three hundred once standing on the island. The guide explained that Iona was one of the earliest seats of Christianity in Europe, a church being founded there in the sixth century.

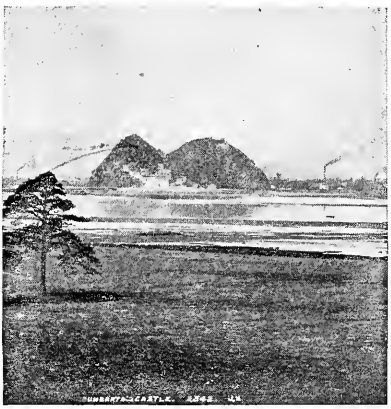
By this time the day, which had begun with brilliant sunshine, had become cloudy and dull, and a gray fog began to spread its chilly veil over the sea. The steamer passengers hastily returned to the ship, which was soon feeling her way out among the islands. The cabin was found to be much more comfortable than the deck; and here, ensconced in a snug corner, with guide-books and maps, papa began a little lecture on Scotland.

Scotland is about the size of the State of Maine, and has a population in the neighborhood of 4,000,000. The northern portion, called the Highlands, is very rugged and mountainous. The southern section is called the Lowlands. There are sixty prominent mountains, but none of them would be called high in the United States. Scotland has no very large rivers. The Forth, the Tay, the Clyde, and the Tweed are the largest. Their mouths, or estuaries, are generally very broad, and are called firths or friths. There are an immense number of lakes, most of them long and narrow, which greatly facilitate travel and business in the interior. The climate is extremely variable, with much rain and fog. It is too cool for most fruits, but dairy products are very important. Scotland is rich in minerals, and has notable mines of coal, iron, and copper, besides fine marble quarries.

The sail back to Glasgow was without any special incident.

A day's rest after their return from the Oban trip put the Cartmell party in the best of condition for further travelling. They were now to proceed to Edinburgh by a northerly detour, in order to see some of the **famous lakes**. On arriving at the

station where they were to take the train for Balloch, at the foot of Loch Lomond, Miss Gray told the children the history of Dumbarton Castle, which they could see from the train. Mr. Cartmell found an acquaintance from Boston, Mr. Montgomery, who was starting on the same trip. Mr. Montgomery had also recently made the Oban excursion, and was enthusiastic over its beauties. He was sorry that the Cartmells could not have extended their tour northward, to see the Caledonian Canal and the Highlands of Scotland.



Dumbarton Castle.

"How long is this canal?" asked Mr. Cartmell, who was always interested in statistics.

"It is something over 60 miles, of which 37 are over lakes and rivers, the remainder being artificial. It is the great natural glen, or valley, of Scotland."

"Is the water deep?" asked George.

"About seventeen feet on an average, which allows for good-sized steamers."

"I suppose you saw all the northern cities," said Mrs. Cartmell. "What sort of a place is Inverness?"

"Not particularly interesting in itself," replied Mr. Montgomery; "but it is the capital of the Highlands, and the vicinity is interesting to students of history. Culloden Moor with its battlefield is near by, and also Cawdor Castle, made famous by Shakespeare in 'Macbeth,' Aberdeen, on the

north-east shore, is a fine city, with wealthy residents. Dundee, at the mouth of the Tay, is noisy, with immense linen mills. Perth has also large manufactories. They are all busy places."

"Did you see many Scotch costumes?" questioned Nellie; "we haven't seen any at all yet."

"To tell the truth," laughed Mr. Montgomery, "I'm afraid you won't see many, except on the soldiers. You will see some Scotch Highlanders at Edinburgh, at any rate; and they are very picturesque. I saw a good many near the Queen's summer home at Balmoral in the north."

"I want to ask if you ever went up to the top of Ben Nevis?" said George, who delighted in climbing. "I had hoped we might make the excursion from Oban."

"I have done so on a former visit. It is, you know, the highest point in the British Isles. On the summit is a weather observatory, one of the few high-level observatories in Great Britain."

"The lakes and streams of the Highlands are very beautiful, are they not?" asked Mrs. Cartmell.

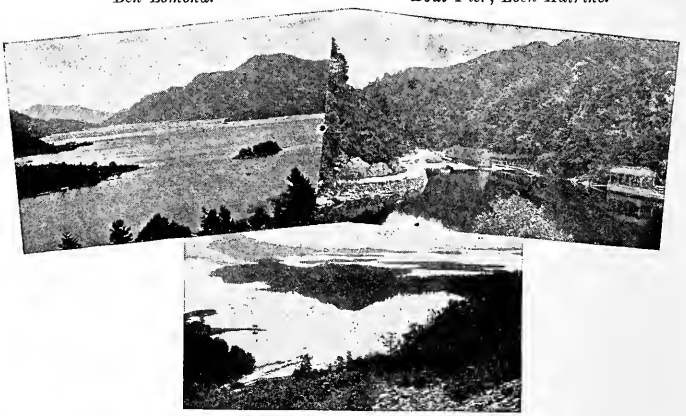
"Yes; the lochs number several hundred. The smallest are called tarns. They are formed by glacial action, and are very interesting to scientists. The valleys, with their central stream, when steep-walled and narrow, as in the north, are called glens; in the south, where broader and more open, they are termed dales, as Tweeddale, Teviotdale, and Clydesdale."

The train had now reached Balloch, and the tourists were quickly on board the puffing little steamer at the end of the pier. Loch Lomond stretched out to the north, closed in by mighty hills, its waters fairly dancing in the morning sunshine. Every one congratulated every one else on "such an unusually bright day for Scotland."

"How purple those mountains look!" exclaimed Florence, as they moved out into the lake.

"They do, indeed," said Miss Gray, who was looking through her glass. "I understand it is the purple heather, now in bloom, which gives them a portion of their color. We must each gather some heather before leaving Scotland. Thistles and heather are the Scotch national emblems."

Ben Lomond. *Boat Pier, Loch Katrine.*



Loch Lomond.

Scottish Lakes.

"That highest mountain on the left is Ben Lomond," said Mr. Cartmell, who stood just behind them. "See what a grand purple shadow it casts away across the lake!"

"Yes, nothing could be more beautiful than this lake," returned Miss Gray enthusiastically. "It reminds me of our own Lake George, though I believe it is not as large."

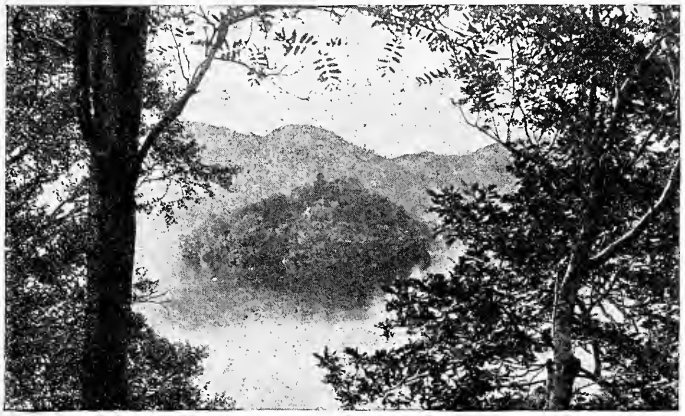
"No; but it is the largest sheet of fresh water in Great Britain," returned Mr. Cartmell.

At Inversnaid a change was made from the steamer to coaches for Loch Katrine. These coaches were gorgeous affairs, with red-coated drivers and footmen, and powerful

horses. Mamma remembered that the Falls at Inversnaid was the scene of Wordsworth's poem, "The Highland Girl;" so while the coaches were toiling up the hill, papa and the boys darted off from the roadway to catch a glimpse of the Falls.

The coach-driver explained that all this land for many miles was the property of the Duke of A——, and pointed out portions preserved for grouse and pheasants. Later on they saw the cottage of Rob Roy's wife, and the ruins of a fort once occupied by General Wolfe. The views were very fine.

Loch Katrine was another lovely sheet of water. While the travellers were taking a hasty luncheon, the impatient



Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine.

little boat sent out shrill whistles, which echoed over and over again among the hills.

Of the trip across the lake, George wrote as follows: —

Loch Katrine to most travellers is the most interesting of all the Scotch lakes, though perhaps not as beautiful as Loch Lomond or Loch Achray. Its association with Scott's "Lady of the Lake" has given it a unique and undying charm. Every point has the coloring of poetry and romance. The Silver Strand, a stretch of white beach, Ellen's Isle, a fairy bit of rocks and greenery, Ben Ledi and Ben Venue, with their overhanging purple masses, are all pointed out as the steamer passes along. For those more practically inclined, the lake is interesting as supplying the city of Glasgow with water.

In the Pass of the Trossachs,
"Where twines the Path."

The Trossachs.

After a run of twelve miles, the steamer entered a small inlet with lofty rocks on each side, and made fast to the pier, which bore the sign "Trossachs." It was a wild, lonely place.

"I am expecting every moment that Roderick Dhu, the fair Ellen, the great Douglas, or Rob Roy himself, will come popping out of these woods," said George to Florence, as he helped her to mount one of the waiting coaches.

"Well, I don't believe they will," said his sister; "but there's a real Scotch piper just in front of that first coach! Isn't he a picture?"

"He'll play ye a braw tune through the glen, m' leddie," said the jolly driver. "Try him with a shilling."

Half a mile farther on, Fred, who had been walking through the woods, came up with the coach, his hands full of ferns, bluebells, and mountain heather.

A drive of seven miles brought the party to Aberfoyle, from which place the train carried them quickly into the venerable city of Stirling, the end of the long day's journey. The lengthy twilight had nearly faded into night when the Cartmells drove up to their hotel, and they were all tired enough to go to bed as soon as possible.

The day's sight-seeing in the quaint old city of Stirling was arranged to include the castle, once the royal residence of the Stuarts of Scotland, and so closely connected with the unfortunate Queen Mary; the Field of Bannockburn, where the Scotch fought under Robert Bruce; the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey; and the monument to the Scotch patriot William Wallace.

At the castle, which was situated on an isolated mass of rock rising nearly 200 feet above the town, a magnificent view was obtained. The castle was garrisoned by a division of the celebrated "Black Watch" of Scotland; and the Cartmells had a fine sight of the soldiers in their national costume, which included gay plaid kilts, glittering ornaments, tall plumed hats, and fur bags or "sporrans." Within the walls the visitors saw many historic treasures. On the plain below, the guides showed where the royal tournaments were conducted in the time of the Jameses.

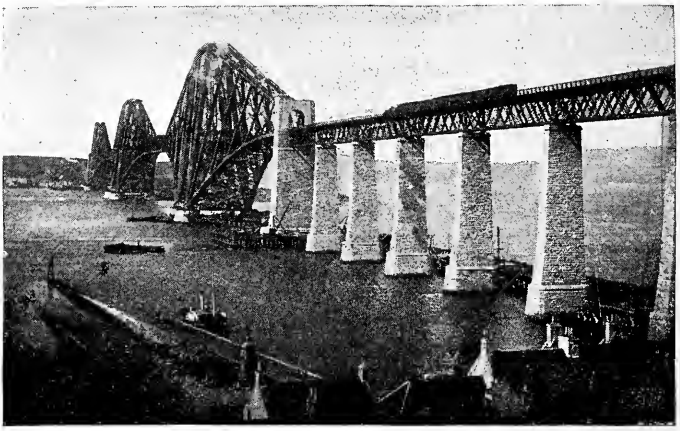
After luncheon the party drove out to the Field of Bannockburn, now a peaceful stretch of rich meadow-land, but musical with the same little burn, or brook, which ran red with blood on that fateful battle-day in June, 1314, when the Scotch won back their independence from England.

"Was it the same Robert Bruce who learned patience

from a spider, who fought here?" asked Nellie of Miss Gray.

"The very same," said Miss Gray, laughing; "but I don't think he remembered his lesson long."

Fred, as they drove back into the town, displayed some



Forth Bridge.

brilliant red pebbles he had taken from the historic brook as souvenirs of his visit.

An hour's ride by train in the late afternoon brought the Cartmells into **Edinburgh,** the capital of Scotland.

A few miles before entering the city, Mr. Cartmell let down the car windows that a view might be obtained of the great bridge across the river Forth, over which the train passed.

"How long is this bridge, papa?" asked Florence, as she looked down at the river through the net-work of iron girders.

"It is a cantilever bridge, and has two immense spans, as

Castle, National Gallery, and Royal Institute, Edinburgh.

you see," said her father, "each about 1,600 feet, I believe. The centre rests on that tiny island in the river, and the whole structure is 150 feet above the water. The Forth is one of the largest rivers in Great Britain, and this is one of the remarkable bridges of the world."

"It is not nearly as airy and graceful as the Brooklyn suspension bridge at home," said Mrs. Cartmell.

"No; but here a bridge must be more firmly built, on account of the high tides, and the tremendous winds which blow up the Firth of Forth in the winter."

General View of Edinburgh.

On arriving at the Edinburgh station, Mr. Cartmell and George hurried off to look up the baggage, which had come through in less than one hour from Glasgow. One and all the travellers were glad that the next day was Sunday, for the week's sight-seeing had been fatiguing.

Mr. Cartmell had arranged to give a week to Edinburgh, thinking it none too long to see and study its many interesting places. As the family gathered around the breakfast-table next morning in the needed quiet of another Sunday,

Scott's Monument.

Mr. Cartmell took the opportunity to explain something of the situation and history of the city.

"Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and on account of its learning has been called the 'Modern Athens,' just as Boston is called the 'Modern Athens' of America. Edinburgh has a population of about 260,000, about the size of Pittsburg, Penn., Miss Gray's home. Its chief feature is the castle, which you can see from our windows here. Like the castle at Stirling, it is built on a curious isolated crag with three precipitous sides. The city is di-

vided into two parts, — the historic Old Town on one side of a gully or depression which was once the bed of a lake, and the New Town, with its fine shops and residences, on the other. That fine monument you see down the street is the national memorial to Sir Walter Scott. To the left is Calton Hill, from which such fine views are seen. Across, beyond

High Street and the West Bow.

Jeanie Deans's Cottage.

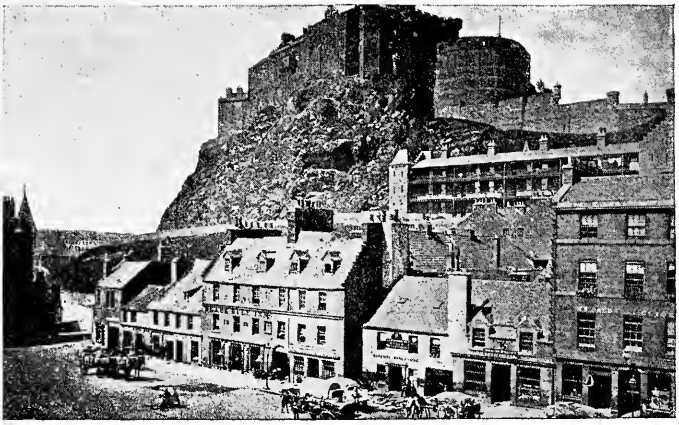
Edinburgh.

the Old Town, is the hill Arthur's Seat. To the right is the castle. To-morrow we will begin our sight-seeing."

At an early hour Monday the party were snugly packed into open carriages for a look at Edinburgh. As they drove slowly down the broad Princes Street, not one could repress

an exclamation of delight at the numbers of splendid shops, which were absolutely dazzling with rich woollens, silks, and jewelry. The carriage pulled up at the Scott monument, to let George and Fred climb to the top for a view of the city and the distant Forth Bridge.

Edinburgh Castle was full of interest. Like Stirling, it was strongly fortified, and garrisoned with troops. The party were taken by guides to all parts of the ancient structure. They saw the regalia of the old Scottish kings; Queen Mary's rooms, in one of which James VI. was born; relics of Robert Bruce, and many other things. From the battlements they

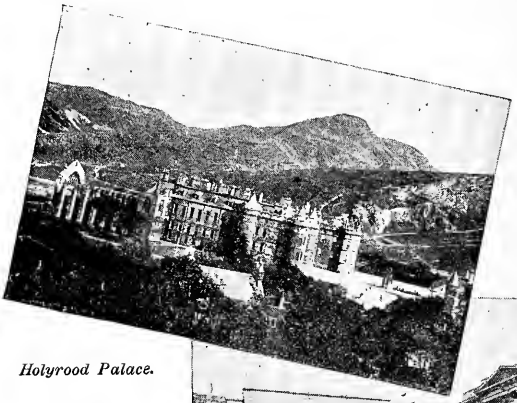


Edinburgh Castle, from the Grassmarket.

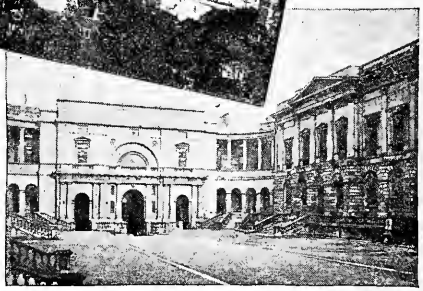
could look down 200 feet into the streets below. West Bow, below the castle, is near High Street. In another part of the city Miss Gray pointed out Jeanie Deans's cottage, the heroine of Scott's "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

The drive down the steep High Street and Canongate of

the Old Town from the castle to Holyrood Palace was full of interest. Mr. Cartmell called particular attention to St. Giles Church, where John Knox, the Scotch reformer, preached. Knox's quaint old house was close by. The Tolbooth, or



Holyrood Palace.



University Quadrangle.

Edinburgh.

Court House, was a curious relic, showing what Edinburgh was in 1591.

"The Knox house was built a century earlier, in 1490," said Miss Gray. "I wonder if Nellie remembers something else which happened about that time."

"Indeed I do," said Nellie. "You mean the discovery of America in 1492. It seems queer, doesn't it, to be looking at a house built before Columbus's voyage?"

Standing on South Street Bridge, the children looked down into Cowgate, which was about 50 feet below, and saw the people moving about. Some of the houses on each side were several stories high, and occupied by the poorest people in the city.

Cowgate at this point was seen to be very narrow.

"How is it," asked Fred, "that this street below was made so narrow when there is plenty of room in the suburbs for expanding?"

"Well, you see," answered Mr. Cartmell, "the city was once surrounded by a wall for its protection; and as all the houses had to be built within the walls, the space was too valuable to allow wider streets, such as we are used to now. I don't think any part of this old city wall remains in Edinburgh, but we shall see the remains of one at Chester when we go to England."

Holyrood Palace gave interest, and a subject for reading and research next day. The whole morning was given to its inspection. The ancient rooms were filled with relics of the unhappy Mary, including bedroom furnishings, now dim and tattered with age.

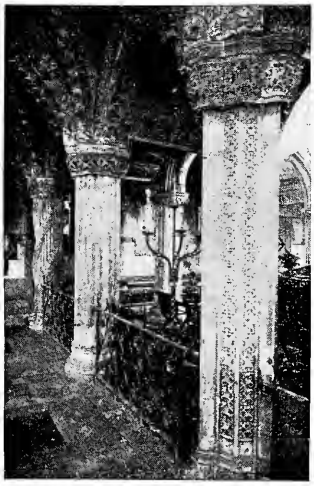
"Mr. French, what do you consider the special traits of the Scotch people?" George asked one evening.

"From what I have seen and read of them, I should reply that the wild mountains, the poor soil, the bracing air, have all contributed to make them strong, courageous, healthy, persevering, industrious, prudent, and deeply attached to their country."

CHAPTER VII

ABBEYS, CATHEDRALS, AND UNIVERSITIES

Before leaving Edinburgh the Cartmells spent a pleasant afternoon in a short excursion to Roslin Castle and Chapel, a few miles south of the city. They found much to see there, and they were especially pleased with the chapel, which is built entirely of stone, most profusely decorated. Miss Gray was greatly pleased with the Prentice Pillar. "The master-builder, children, had a young man working with him who seemed to have great ability. He asked permission to make one of the central pillars in this chapel. The request was granted. When his pillar was unveiled it was so much more beautiful than the others wrought by the master-builder, that the latter, in shame and despair, committed suicide."



Apprentice Pillar, Roslin Chapel.

The evening before leaving Edinburgh, Miss Gray read aloud from an entertaining life of Scott, and particularly concerning his life at Abbotsford, near Melrose, which was to be the next stopping-place.

Melrose Abbey, near Abbotsford, Scotland.

"I don't wonder the Scotch almost worship Sir Walter," said Mrs. Cartmell; "think what he has done for his native land!"

"Yes, indeed," rejoined her husband; "it is *Scot*-land truly. His wonderful pen has immortalized almost every foot of ground. All these mountains, glens, and lakes would simply interest us as beautiful scenery were it not for Scott's writings. That gives them a charm possessed by no other part of the world."

"Shall we see Melrose Abbey to-morrow, papa?" asked Florence. "I am glad I read about it in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' with Miss Gray, on the steamer coming over."

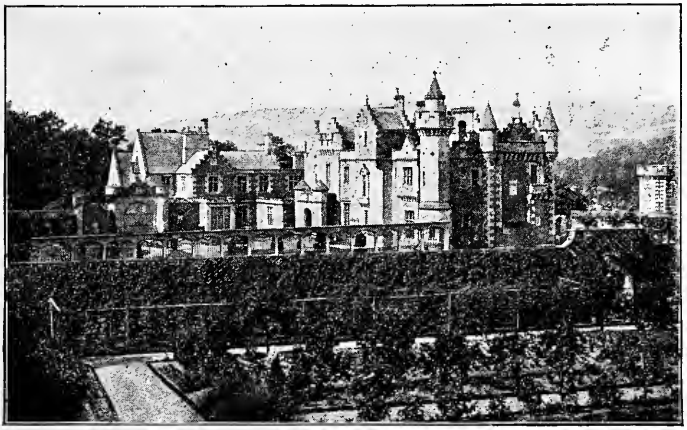
"Yes; and it is one of the most beautiful ruins you will see in all our travels. Melrose is only about 30 miles southeast of Edinburgh, so we shall not have a long journey."

The ride the next morning was much of the way along the banks of the Tweed. The ruins of the famous **Abbey** were so near the station that no carriage was needed.

As Mr. French piloted the way, he told the children that Robert Bruce once rebuilt the abbey, after it had been destroyed by an English king. They found the ruins were not large, but beautiful. The principal part of the choir was standing, and showed very slender shafts, richly carved capitals, and beautiful vaulting. The east window had in it fine tracery. They all stood a few moments at the eastern end, where the heart of Robert Bruce was buried. They saw several artists about the grounds making pictures. Miss Gray spoke to one lady, and found that she was from the United States. Before leaving, Miss Gray quoted these lines from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

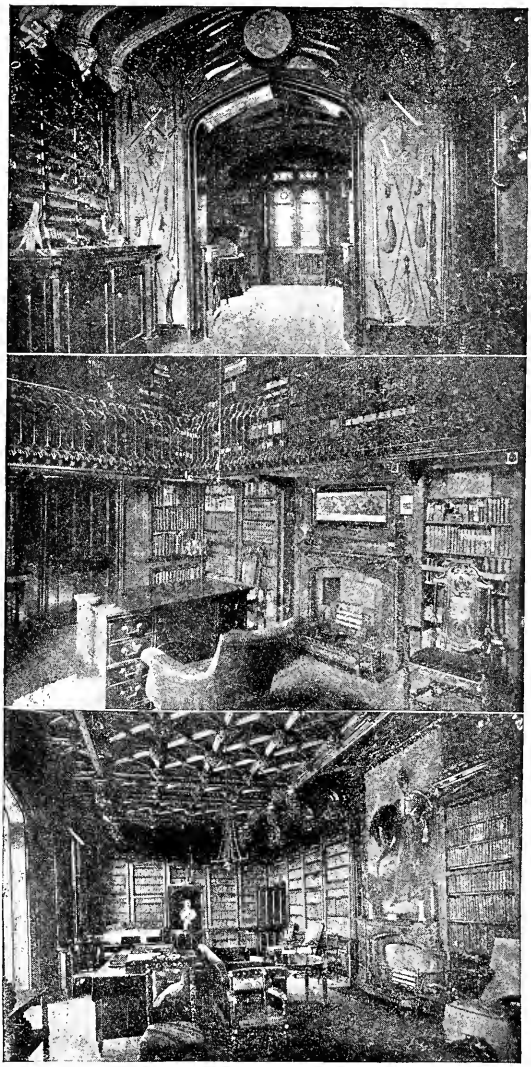
From Melrose Abbey the Cartmell party drove the same day to Abbotsford. The ride was a rather short one, with nothing very important to see till the turreted buildings, forming an irregular pile, were seen just before reaching them.



Abbotsford, Scott's Home.

They noticed that even the entrance-hall was spacious and grand. Here they saw, standing near the fireplace, the chest in which the unfortunate girl died, who hid herself just before her wedding. You can read about this in "The Mistletoe Bough." The roof of this hall has fastened to it several armorial shields belonging to Scott's ancestors.

They next went into the library, where they saw the keys of Selkirk jail; the key of the old Tolbooth, the noted city prison of Edinburgh; the clock which once belonged to Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France; the portal of the same old Tolbooth, which was presented to Scott when the historic jail was destroyed. This room was very large and handsome. The windows commanded a fine view of the river Tweed,



Library, Study, and Armory, Abbotsford, Scotland.

which could be heard rippling over the stones. The guide said the library was kept in about the same condition it was in when the great poet was living. The ceiling was richly ornamented. The books lined the sides of the room. There is a striking painting, on one side, of Scott's son Walter, as captain in the King's Hussars.

Miss Gray and Mr. French were most delighted with the study. They found it almost exactly as Scott left it. Miss Gray sat with deep emotion at the desk, in the large leather-covered chair so often occupied by Sir Walter when writing his great books. This room was also lined with books. To reach those on the upper shelves an iron gallery was provided, going round the room about eight feet from the floor.

The children were especially delighted with the armory. Here George found a thumb-screw once used for torture, a gag for scolding wives, and many such ancient devices. He was also greatly interested in the many different suits of armor which are so often described in Scott's writings. Fred discovered there the pistol of Napoleon I., found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo, Rob Roy's gun, and many other historic weapons.

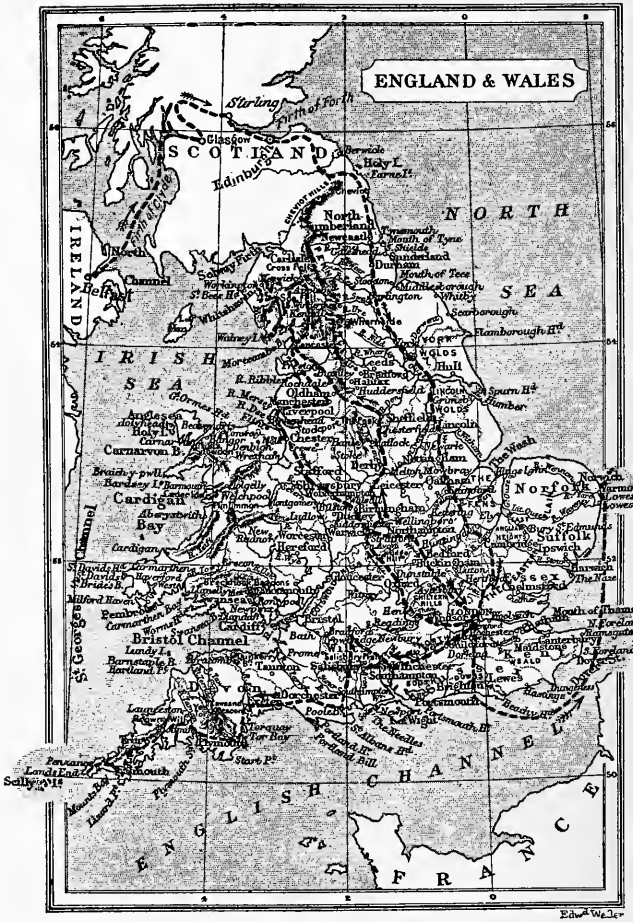
The arms were classified, beginning with bows and arrows, and Roman spears, and so on, till modern muskets and rifles and pistols were reached.

It was too late to visit Dryburgh Abbey, another ruin, where Scott was buried, in 1832. "Scott's son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart," said Mr. French, "is also buried in the same place. He is noted as Scott's biographer."

An evening train carried them to York, where they were glad to find rest in a good hotel.

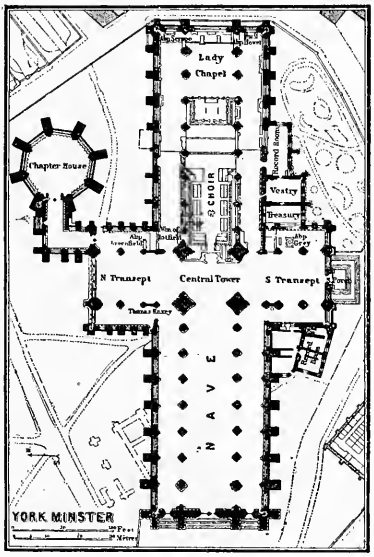
"What do we go to see to-morrow, papa?" Nellie inquired before going to bed.

"We expect to visit a very good example of a **cathedral,** called York Minster."


ENGLAND & WALES
SCOTLAND
IRELAND
NORTH SEA
IRISH SEA
ENGLISH CHANNEL
FRANCE
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Belfast
Liverpool
Manchester
Leeds
Sheffield
Birmingham
Cardiff
Bristol
Plymouth
London
Norwich
Yarmouth
Lowestoft
Ipswich
Harwich
Dover
Portsmouth
Southampton
Brighton
Hastings
Folkestone
Canterbury
Margate
Ramsgate
Deal
Dungeness
Calais
Boulogne
Dieppe
Havre
Cherbourg
Channel Is.
Scilly Is.
Land's End
Lizard Pt.
Start Pt.
Portland Bill
St Albans Hd.
Beachy Hd.
Dungeness
The Naze
N. Foreland
Goodwin Sands
Mouth of Thames
Mouth of Humber
Mouth of Tyne
Mouth of Tees
Flamborough Hd.
Spurn Hd.
Scarborough
Whitby
Sunderland
Durham
Holy I.
Farne I.
Tynemouth
Workington
Whitehaven
Barrow
Fleetwood
Blackpool
Preston
Wigan
Warrington
Chester
Holyhead
Bangor
Carnarvon
Aberystwith
Cardigan
Milford Haven
Pembroke
Swansea
Carmarthen
Tenby
Worcester
Gloucester
Hereford
Shrewsbury
Ludlow
Stafford
Derby
Nottingham
Lincoln
Boston
Grimsby
Hull
York
Ripon
Harrogate
Doncaster
Wakefield
Huddersfield
Halifax
Bradford
Keighley
Skipton
Oldham
Rochdale
Bolton
Wigan
Stockport
Macclesfield
Crewe
Northwich
Wrexham
Llandudno
Bangor
Holyhead
Isle of Man
Douglas
Peel
Ramsey
Whitehaven
Cockermouth
Keswick
Penrith
Carlisle
Dumfries
Stranraer
Ayr
Glasgow
Greenock
Paisley
Perth
Dundee
Arbroath
Montrose
Aberdeen
Peterhead
Fraserburgh
Banff
Elgin
Inverness
Forres
Nairn
Cromarty
Dornoch
Wick
Thurso
Kirkwall
Stromness
Lerwick
Shetland Is.
Orkney Is.
Pentland Firth
Firth of Forth
Firth of Clyde
Solway Firth
Moray Firth
Caledonian Canal
Loch Ness
Loch Lomond
Loch Katrine
Loch Tay
Loch Rannoch
Loch Leven
Loch Awe
Loch Fyne
Loch Linnhe
Loch Lochy
Loch Oich
Loch Ness
Loch Shiel
Loch Morar
Loch Hourn
Loch Alsh
Loch Carron
Loch Maree
Loch Broom
Loch Inver
Loch Eriboll
Loch Erne
Loch Neagh
Lough Foyle
Lough Swilly
Lough Derg
Lough Ree
Lough Corrib
Lough Mask
Lough Conn
Lough Gill
Lough Allen
Lough Erne
Lough

"What is a cathedral, papa?"

"The word first meant a seat; then a church containing a bishop's seat or throne; then a large church built in the form of a Latin or Greek cross. The ground plan of this cathedral can be seen by you children, if you will examine this guide-book. The central part of the west end, you see, is the *nave;* the east end contains the *choir* and *altar*, and in this case the *lady chapel.* One of the entrances is through the *porch* and the south *transept.* The transepts are, in York Minster, very wide; and from the north one the visitor goes into the *chapter-house.* The *aisles* are the lower part on each side of nave and choir."



Plan of York Minster.

The next morning Mr. French suggested that, before visiting the great church, they make a circuit of the city walls, in order to see the minster as a whole. In this way the children obtained several excellent views of the sides and front of the cathedral. They learned that it had three square towers, but no spire. The central tower and the west façade seemed very imposing. The front façade consisted of three arched portals, which admit into nave and aisles.

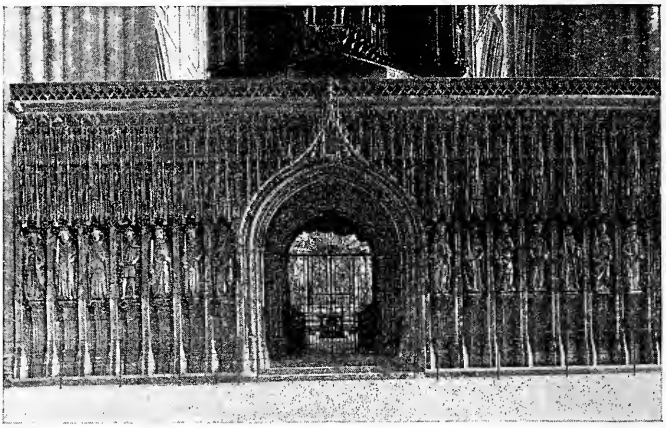
They then entered at the south transept end, and obtained fine diagonal views of nave and choir, which they afterwards

found were finer than the views along the entire length of each section.

The nave seemed both very tall and very broad, notwithstanding its great length. Miss Gray and Mrs. Cartmell were greatly pleased with the carved oak in the choir; but they were disappointed to learn that the ceilings here were of wood, instead of stone, as in many other cathedrals.

"The choir," Mr. Cartmell told them, "contains the seats for the choir boys, and here the officiating ministers conduct the service. When the number of worshippers is small, they also sit in this part."

George learned from the verger that the east window was



Choir Screen, York Minster, made of Stone.

one of the largest in the world, being 73 feet by 33, and that the west window in the nave is considered one of the finest examples of the Decorative style to be found in England.

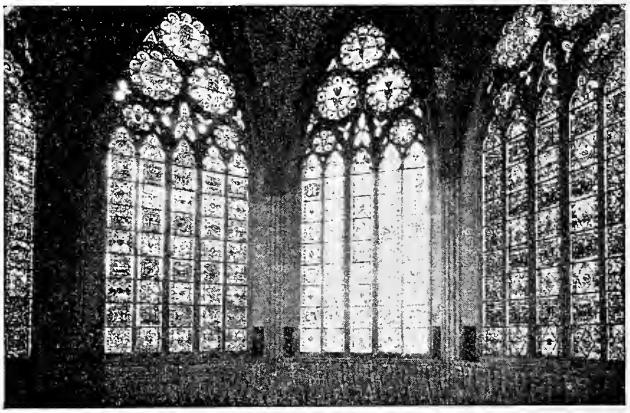
"Notice, children," said Miss Gray, "how the lines forming the figure of the window unite to form a most beautiful

Front Façade, York Minster.

lace-like effect. It is filled with ancient glass. The prominent colors, you see, are amethyst and ruby, set in ebony lace."

Mr. French then drew their attention to the screen enclosing the choir, which he said was one of the most beautiful in England, because made of stone, richly carved, and containing so many large-sized statues of English kings.

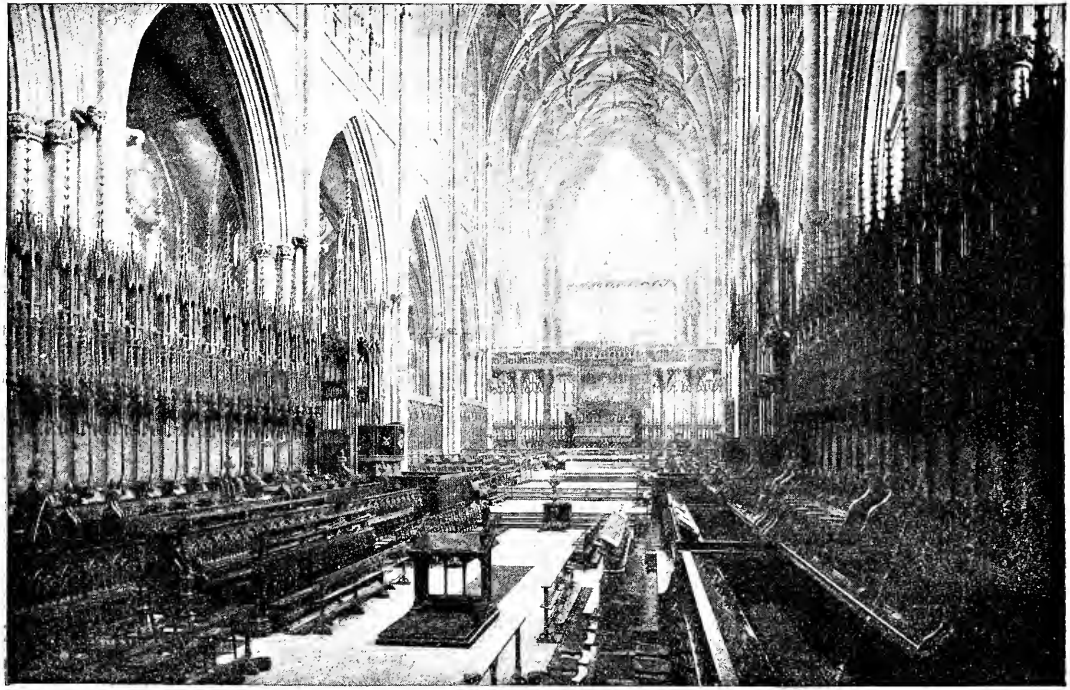
Then Mr. Cartmell led them to his favorite window, the wonderful window in the north transept, called the "Five Sisters." "See, my friends," he exclaimed, "they are each *lancet* windows, and they rise like arrows to the height of 54 feet. All the beautiful glass in them is ancient, i.e., made between 1200 and 1400; and pale green is the general tone of



Chapter-House, York Minster.

each window. Can you see another group above these first ones, but each of different size, to give variety?"

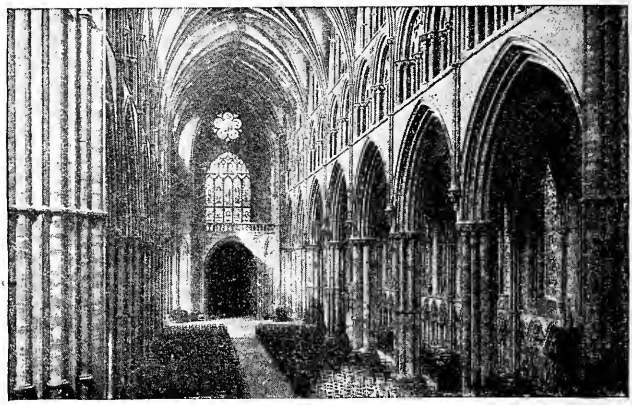
They visited last the chapter-house, and found it to be octagonal in shape, with no central pillar. The windows



Choir, looking East. York Minster.

were very fine. Miss Gray said she had read somewhere that it is considered one of the best in the land.

Before leaving York, Mr. Cartmell took an excursion to see Fountain's Abbey. Florence, Miss Gray, and Mr. French went with him. They found these picturesque ruins in the grounds of the Marquis of Ripon, and not less than three

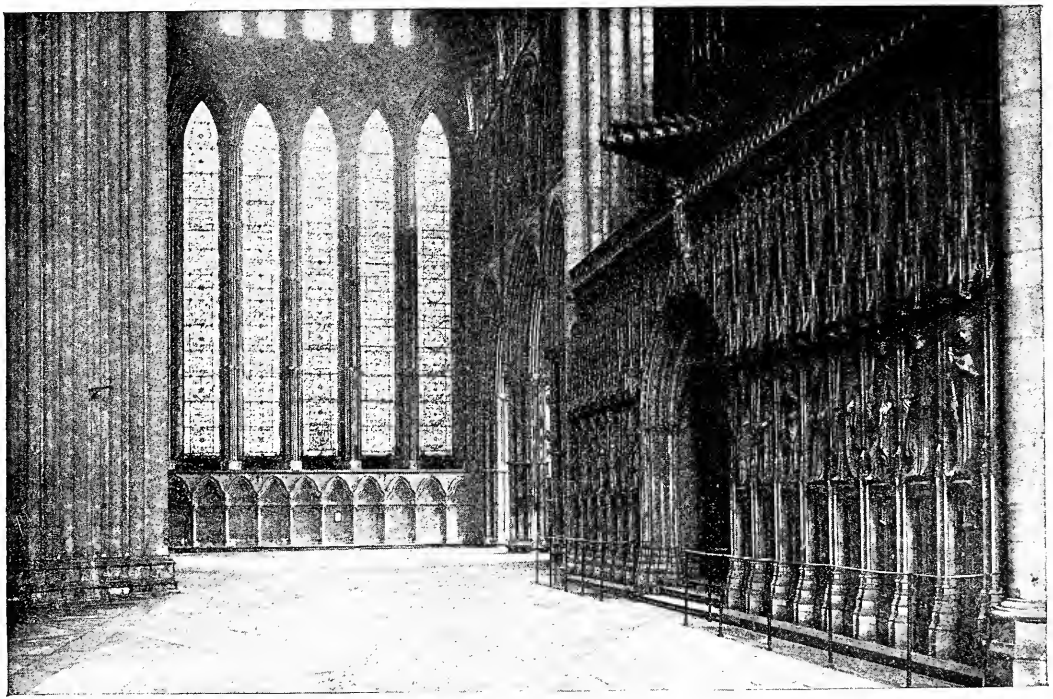


Nave and West Window in Lincoln Cathedral.

miles from the main public road. These extensive pleasure-grounds were elaborately laid out, with trimmed hedges, parterres, ponds, statuary, and small temples. "You see here, Florence," said Mr. Cartmell, "how the nobility of England live." The ruins, when reached at last, were found to be very complete, finely preserved, but not as finely ornamented and picturesque as some others in other parts of this country.

Lincoln came next in order. When they came in sight of the cathedral, the children exclaimed, "How much the three square towers remind one of York Minster!"

They afterwards learned that the central or rood tower



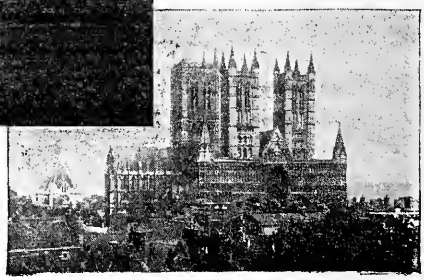
The Five Sisters and Choir Screen, York Minster.

was much higher in the Lincoln Cathedral than in York Minster. Miss Gray said, "It is 300 feet high, the highest without a spire in all England." At 12 o'clock the Cartmell party heard "Great Tom" in this tower strike, with a grand majestic sound solemn and slow, in the key of A. Looking at the eastern side, they saw many gables, doubled buttresses, pointed arches, and brackets. Upon the latter stood fine statues.

"I declare," remarked Mrs. Cartmell, "it does seem as if these builders could turn stone into airy lace."

The west side was not exactly the same, but was very beautiful. On entering, they first walked through the nave. Fred was pleased to obtain an excellent photograph of this part, showing the pointed arches with the clustered columns, the aisle on one side, and the clerestory above. The choirs generally found in cathedrals are plainly seen in the picture, arranged just as Fred found them, in the nave. The roof in this cathedral, they learned, was of stone.

Peterborough Cathedral.



Lincoln Cathedral.

Fountain's Abbey, near Ripon and Leeds.

Passing into the transept, Mr. French called their attention to the great round windows, one of which he said was called the bishop's eye, and the other the dean's eye. The latter was a good specimen of an Early English window of about 1200. It was a wheel instead of a rose window. It showed to perfection plant-tracery. The stone-work was light and graceful. The sashes formed an arabesque. The color of the glass was fresh, and very rich in ruby, emerald, sapphire, and other tints.

Miss Gray several times called the children's attention to the wonderful carving in wood seen in the chancel and choir. She admired the choir screen, but considered it inferior to the one at York.

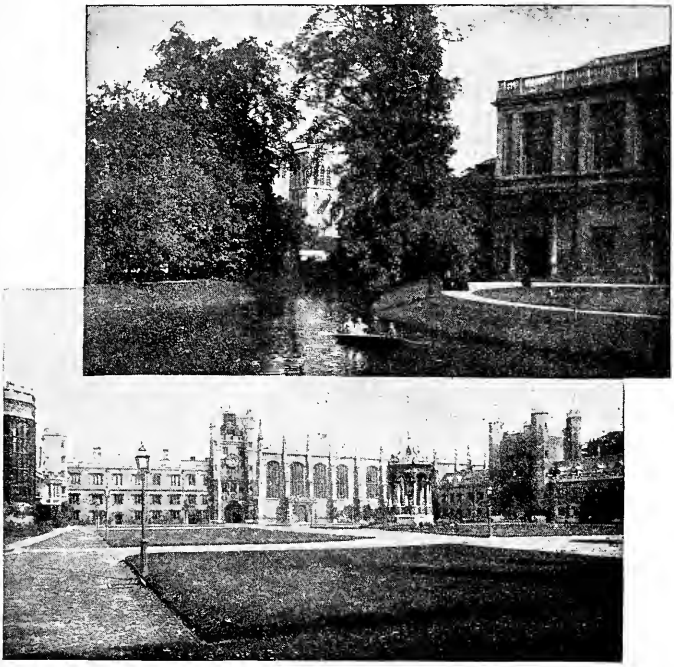
Half a day was spent in visiting the famous Peterborough Cathedral. This building, they learned, was noted for its three large Gothic arches in the western portico. They were each 80 feet high, supported by flanking towers. Miss Gray thought "they had more to do with heaven than earth." The nave was very long and narrow, very massive, but plain to baldness when compared with the two cathedrals already examined. "This cathedral," said Mr. French, "shows us a combination of the four great styles of architecture. The walls and apse are plain Norman; the windows are some of them in Early English, or the pointed style, others are Decorated; i.e., either flowing or geometric; while the fan-vaulting, which we admired so much in the chapel, is Perpendicular. The last three styles, please remember, are subdivisions of the Gothic."

On their way to Cambridge in the afternoon, the Cartmells stopped a few hours to see the cathedral in Ely, noted as the most individual and varied architectural church in England.

Miss Gray read what Wolcott says about this Ely Cathedral: —

"The choir and octagon can never be forgotten. In them we see the most exquisite copy of nature, the bossy vaulting like a starry, deep blue sky, the shafted pillar like the moulded stem, the pointed arch like the petals of summer flowers."

View on the Cam.



Old Court, Trinity College, Cambridge.

As the Cartmells approached Cambridge, they noticed that the country became very level, but well timbered. They could trace the rivers by the rows of trees on their sides. As this was the first **university** town visited, two or three days were spent here.

In riding about Cambridge, the coachman drove the Cart-

mells past many interesting buildings, such as the Senate House, King's College, Library, the gateway of Trinity, etc.

In the market-place he pointed out where Hobson's conduit formerly stood. "Hobson," he said, "was mentioned by Milton. He was a carrier, and very kind to his horses. He made it a rule that every animal should have an equal portion of rest and labor. If a man who came to hire a horse would not take the one assigned to him, he had to go without, hence the saying, 'Hobson's choice;' i.e., this or none."

In the afternoon the carriage was exchanged for boating on the celebrated river, the *Cam*. They found that it wound through the town, and by several of the colleges, with their ivied walls, splendid towers and buttresses. Along its banks they saw many smooth lawns, shelving to the water under venerable trees. Now and then they passed under some gray old bridge.

During the evening, Mr. Cartmell called the children about him, and Nellie found her favorite seat on her father's lap.

"What is a university?" Fred inquired.

"Well, my boy, it is in England a collection of colleges, just as a county is a collection of towns. A college is like a town, a university like a nation; or the colleges are the different States, and the university the Union."

"Who is this fellow called the senior wrangler?" George asked.

"He is the one who passes the best examinations in mathematics. The candidates for examinations meet in the Senate House some time in January. The papers, wet from the press, are handed to the men, who work on them for three days. About the last of January the students assemble in the same hall; a proctor appears with a list of those who have gained honors. As soon as the clock strikes, he reads, 'Senior Wrangler, Strutt of Trinity.' Then the friends shout, cheer, and fling up their hats, and some go rushing out upon

the street calling out 'Strutt, Strutt!' When order is restored, the name of the second wrangler is read. There is another burst of cheering and shouting, and so on. Then the printed lists are freely scattered about by the proctors from the galleries, on the heads of those below. After this follows a great rush and scramble, to get possession of one of these lists."

The following day Miss Gray was anxious to visit the college where Milton, Newton, and Bacon graduated. They all followed her to Trinity, one of the noblest of colleges. Passing beneath the portal, she pointed out to them the statue of Henry VIII., and then they came into the most spacious quadrangle in the world. On the north side of this interior court stood the chapel, with several tall windows; on the west side they saw the master's lodge, and the lofty Gothic hall with a high-peaked Flemish roof. The other spaces are filled in with dormitories.

George learned that one single staircase in this court leads to six sets of rooms, in which have lived and studied such noted men as Newton, Lord Lyndhurst, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Tennyson. In the centre of this quadrangle was the stone fountain, near which stands a curious sun-dial. The lawn was smooth and soft as velvet.

All the grounds of Trinity College were especially beautiful. In one place they saw a fine avenue of lime-trees, so high and gracefully arched as to suggest Gothic art; in another a splendid row of chestnuts.

Tennyson wrote of his college: —

> "I passed beside the reverend walls
> In which of old I wore the gown;
> I roamed at random through the town,
> And saw the tumult of the halls."

They visited the hall where the men are obliged to dine, with portraits of noted graduates looking down upon them.

They also visited the university library, which contains important manuscripts as well as books, and King's College Chapel, with the vast nave and soaring roof and colored glass.

On their way to London Mr. Cartmell told some anecdotes about college honors which interested the children very much : —

Senior wrangler is given almost entirely for successful examinations in the higher mathematics. Many noted men have carried off this prize, such as Paley, Herschel, and Adams. Martyn, who gained the honor at twenty, said, "I obtained my highest wishes, and was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow." Another one said that the principal element in his satisfaction was the thought of the pleasure it would give his family and his father. It is said that one senior wrangler, upon entering a place of amusement at the same time as George IV. and hearing a cheer, rose up and bowed, taking it as a compliment to himself.

In 1845 there were two candidates for senior wrangler; but the favorite was Thomson of Peterhouse, a noted scientific man even when in college. At last a new man was talked about, and it was thought strange that he should have the courage to appear in opposition to Thomson. The new man, Parkinson, had been practising in reference to speed, or *space*, for six months. At the trial the latter performed so many more problems than the former in the allotted time that he won the great honor of senior wrangler. But afterwards Thomson carried off the Smith prize, beating Parkinson three to two.

CHAPTER VIII

LONDON, FROM CHARING CROSS TO TEMPLE BAR

The Cartmells stopped in London at the **Metropole,** an elegant hotel near Charing Cross, in the very centre of the great city. In this class of English hotels, there is more of style than of home comfort. When Mr. Cartmell led his family into the sumptuous dining-room for the six o'clock *table-d'hôte,*

Hotel Metropole.

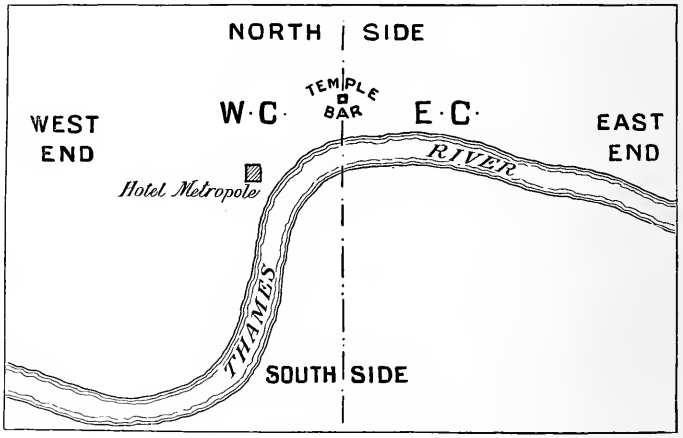
National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.

he was not surprised to find the tables handsomely set with flowers, glass, and elegant china, the ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress as if ready for a ball, the *menu* in French, and the servants most obedient and well-trained, while the food was of the best quality.

There were eight courses, and eight changes of dishes, lasting one hour and a half. In the evening all the Cartmells gathered together in their private parlor to consult maps, and make plans for the morrow.

"Now, children," said Mr. French, "I will give you a **sketch map** of this big city. Let that dot near the centre of this piece of paper represent the situation of our hotel, which I show by the letter M. A short distance from here flows the Thames River, curving away towards the east. The historical, commercial, and most interesting part of London is north of the river; the much less important, the portion for residence and small industries, is south of the river.

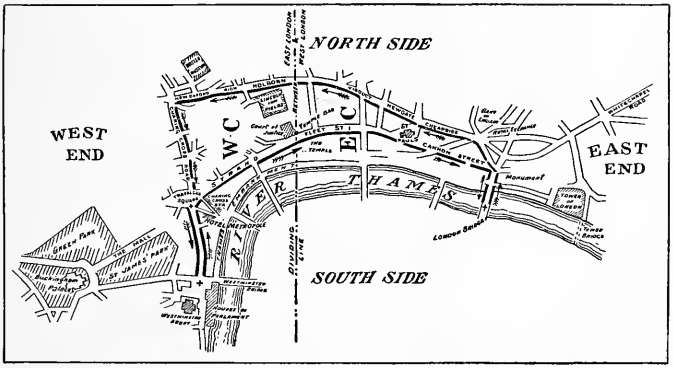
"The northern part may be subdivided into the East End and the West End, Temple Bar being the dividing line. Each



Sketch Map of London.

of the Ends is again subdivided so as to make an East Central and a West Central part. The East Central is the *money-making* section, where we shall find the Port, the Docks, the Custom House, the Bank, Exchange, etc. The East End contains Whitechapel, Mile End Road, and 'the submerged poor of London.'

"The western part of London, north of the river, *spends money*, makes laws, and sets the fashions. Here, within a short distance of this room, we shall find Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Government Offices, the palace of the Queen, the clubs, museums, picture-galleries, theatres, the



Fred's Map of London.

mansions of the aristocracy, parks, etc. Most of these make the part called West Central. The West End is largely the home of the wealthy and the nobility."

Mr. French's simple map helped the children to carry in their heads a general idea of this vast city.

"Now let us find out," said Mr. Cartmell, "some **facts about London.** How large is it, George?"

"The guide-book says, that it covers 78,000 acres, or 122 square miles."

"What is the population?"

"About 5,000,000," replied Nellie. "It is, therefore, the largest city in the world."

"That is about the same number as live in New England,"

said her father. "The annual increase is about 70,000. What city is second?"

"Greater New York!" exclaimed Fred.

"The third?"

"Paris."

"Who can give some more interesting facts?"

"London contains," said Florence, "800,000 houses; about 14,000 new houses are built every year."

Fred added, "The streets put end to end would reach from London to Boston, 3,000 miles. These streets are lighted by a million gas-lamps; they are guarded by 15,000 policemen; the cabmen in the streets number also 15,000."

"I have heard it said," added Mr. French, "that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Jews than in Palestine, and more Catholics than in Rome."

"What do you propose to do to-morrow?" asked Miss Gray.

"I believe we shall be best pleased with a ride through some of the **busy centres** and busy streets of this most busy city."

In the morning Mr. Cartmell hired a *drag*, a long, high, four-wheeled carriage, something like an American tally-ho coach. Mounted on the top of this vehicle, they could all see the scenes in the streets and the buildings on each side.

A very short ride from the *Metropole* brought them to the first of these busy centres, namely,

CHARING CROSS AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE.[1]

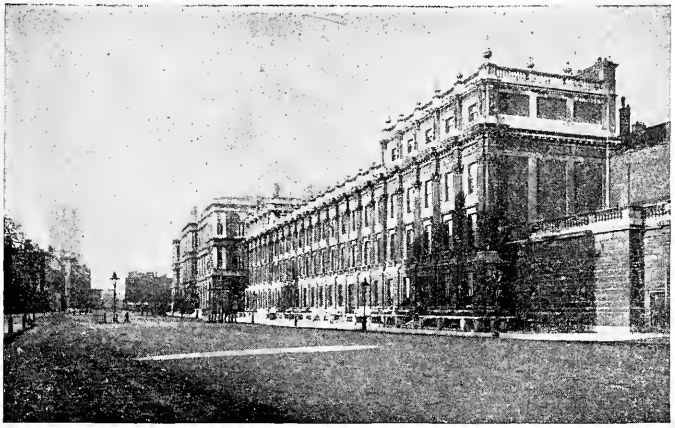
"Why is the square so called?" Nellie asked.

"Because the name was given in honor of England's great hero, Lord Nelson, whose statue you see on the top of that

[1] See page 107.

high column. He gained a great naval victory over the combined French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar, off the coast of Spain, in 1805."

They also noticed, near the Nelson column, statues to General Gordon, who lost his life not many years ago in the Soudan, in Central Africa, to Henry Havelock, India's Christian hero, and to Sir Charles Napier, a great soldier.



Whitehall, Looking towards Westminster.

"What equestrian statue is that?" asked Florence.

"That is a statue of George IV.," replied Miss Gray, her governess.

"What is that large building on the north side of the square?" Miss Gray inquired.

"That is the National Gallery. It contains a very large and excellent collection of pictures, which we will visit on the first convenient day."

As they made their way southward, the driver pointed out the exact spot where the Cross in Charing formerly stood.

"Why is it called Charing Cross?" Fred asked.

"In honor of the remains of Eleanor, the beloved wife of Edward I.," replied Miss Gray. "She died in the northern part of England, and her husband bore the remains to Westminster Abbey. Every evening the bier rested in the market-place of some town; and where it rested, Edward erected a beautiful cross. The last evening before her burial the bier rested in the village of Charing, a place just a little south of

Horse Guards, London.

what is now called Trafalgar Square. Here you now see the equestrian statue of Charles I."

"What became of the original cross?"

"It was pulled down by the Puritans. A reproduction of it can be seen now in front of the Charing Cross Station.

Clock Tower and Westminster Hall.

The regicides who condemned Charles I. were executed on this very spot in 1660."

Passing through Whitehall Street, much of historical interest was called up by the older members of the party. On the left was first noticed the Admiralty Building, where the first Lord of the Admiralty lives comfortably on $20,000 a year.

"This street," said Mr. French, "passes through the palace grounds of Wolsey. After his fall it came into the hands of Henry VIII., in 1529. In Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.' you can read all about these events. In this palace the king secretly married the beautiful Anne Boleyn. Elizabeth lived as queen at Whitehall. James I. rebuilt the Banqueting Hall. In front of this Charles I. was beheaded.

"Cromwell lived here, and here he died in 1658. Here Charles II. revived, and carried on the grossest festivities. Here James II. washed the feet of the poor. In 1698 the palace was destroyed by fire, except the beautiful Banqueting Hall, which now stands on the east side of the street."

On the west side of the street they soon saw the building known as the Horse Guards. On each side of the entrance usually sits a mounted cavalry soldier as guard.

They were just in season to see the guard relieved, which takes place every morning at a quarter to eleven. There were many other spectators. The soldiers marched and counter-marched, in all their gorgeous military accoutrements, through the parks and neighboring streets.

Beyond the Horse Guards they saw the large Treasury Building, containing also the Education Office and Board of Trade. Just beyond this building is a short street called Downing Street; on the south side of this street they came to the new pile of buildings in the Italian style, called the *Government Offices*, where is to be found England's Home Office, Foreign Office, Colonial Office, etc.

"On Downing Street," said Mr. Cartmell, "is the official

Houses of Parliament and the Thames.

home of the prime minister. The cabinet room is a handsome, well-lighted apartment, in which have presided Lord North, Pitt, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, and others, over deliberations which shaped national legislation, and determined the destiny of one of the greatest nations in the world."

Whitehall Street leads into Parliament Street, a very short avenue. New Scotland Yard is on the river side of this street. It is the headquarters of the metropolitan police. "This system of controlling the city," remarked Mr. French, "was established in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel's government; hence London boys called the police 'Peelers,' or 'Bobbies,' after the last and first names of the founder. This place is called *Scotland* Yard because the old building at the head of Whitehall Street was a London residence for Scottish kings."

Parliament Street leads to PARLIAMENT SQUARE, the **second centre** of life and bustle, and from which the Cartmell party saw a number of very interesting buildings.

From pictures seen long before, they recognized first the Houses of Parliament. The great clock-tower rose directly before them to the height of 320 feet.

"What sound is that?" Florence asked.

"It is Big Ben," said Mr. French; "the bell near the top of the tower, striking the hour. This clock is one of the largest and finest in the world. It takes a man ten hours a week just to wind it up. The dials of this clock are 22 feet in diameter. Big Ben is nine feet and six inches in diameter, and weighs over fifteen tons."

Mr. Cartmell now called their attention to a building almost exactly west of them, called Westminster Hall.

"It forms," he said, "a part of the new Parliament Buildings, and is used as a grand passageway to the interior of the Houses of Parliament. You are looking at the eastern

end, and notice that there is a large window flanked by square towers.

"There is apparently nothing more of especial interest about the interior of the hall. Please look up to the edge of that sharp gable. On it were fastened for thirty years three

The Strand, London.

human heads often mentioned in history; viz., the head of Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell, that of Bradshaw, president of the court of justice which condemned to death Charles I., and between them the head of Cromwell himself."

Moving to the front of St. Margaret's Church, they saw for the first time a side view of Westminster Abbey. It was not necessary to tell even Nellie what building it was, as the whole party recognized it from the pictures previously seen and studied. The appearance at first of this noble edifice

was rather disappointing, but Mr. French told them to suspend judgment till they had seen the front façade.

In order to obtain a better view of the Parliament Houses, they drove across Westminster Bridge, turned, and slowly came back. The view from this point is always satisfactory, as the building stretches along the river for 940 feet.

Returning to Charing Cross, the Cartmells turned towards the east, and entered the Strand, one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world. It is crowded from early morning until past midnight. It is the locality of the principal London theatres, of the law courts, the Inland Revenue Departments, of many newspaper offices, and numerous shops.

The first thing they noticed on the right was the Charing Cross Station, and hotel situated over the station, an arrangement quite common in Europe. In front of this building Miss Gray pointed out the cross, which is supposed to be a copy of the original one erected to Queen Eleanor by Edward I.

The Golden Cross Hotel, on the opposite side of the street, was once a noted hostelry; and Dickens describes how Mr. Pickwick was assailed here by a hackney coachman, and protected by Mr. Jingle.

"Why is this street called the Strand?" Nellie asked in her usual inquiring way.

"Because," replied Mr. French, "this was the road nearest to, or following, the shore, or *strand*, of the Thames River. Between this street and the river formerly stood the town houses of the bishops, the ambassadors, and the powerful nobility. Beautiful gardens surrounded them, and against the walls of gardens and houses flowed the silver waters of the Thames. Most of these fine buildings have been destroyed, and only the names are left in streets and courts. Northumberland House was the last of these grand mansions to be torn down. On its site now stands the Grand Hotel,

opposite where we are staying. We just passed Craven Street, where Franklin lived when in London."

As the carriage slowly passed along, Mrs. Cartmell called the attention of the young people to the variety of faces to be seen in this street, not merely the faces of different nationalities, but faces showing by the expression so many different grades of life.

"At one time I see faces which indicate high social standing, manly culture, and great business ability on the part of the men, beauty and luxury on the part of the women; then, beside these, I see many faces which bear the appearance of loneliness, anxiety, sorrow, and poverty. By them are hurrying past faces bearing upon them the marks of vice, shame, and wickedness."

George and Fred were more interested in the different vehicles, such as hansom cabs, omnibuses, etc.

Hansom Cab, in London.

Villiers, Buckingham, George, and Bedford Streets reminded Miss Gray of many historical facts. Soon they turned to the left, and visited Covent Garden Market, which derived its name from Convent Garden of Westminster. The present market-house was built in 1830. Mr. Cartmell said the best time to see the place was about six o'clock in the morning. At that time the display of fruit and flowers was very remarkable, as fully described by Dickens in "Old Curiosity Shop."

The party then drove through Russell Street, and by the site of the coffee-house in which Addison, Johnson, Garrick,

and other great Englishmen, frequently met for conversation. Returning to the Strand, they passed Exeter Hall, which has been so often referred to in the papers as the place for great mass-meetings.

"Wellington Street," said the driver, "leads to Waterloo Bridge."

On the right-hand side of the Strand they next found the

The New Law Courts, on the left.

celebrated Somerset House, once a palace occupied by the wives of several kings, by Charles I., etc. They found the present building was very beautiful on the outside, in pure Italian style. The building is now occupied by several government offices, especially by the office of wills and probate. Here Mr. Cartmell showed his children the original wills of Shake-

speare, Dr. Johnson, Sir Isaac Newton, and some other great men.

Returning to the Strand, the party soon came to a church standing in the centre of the street, and called St. Mary's. "It occupies the site," said Miss Gray, "of the famous Maypole, which was destroyed in the time of the Commonwealth as a remnant of heathenism. The Maypole was afterwards replaced, and four thousand school-children sang a hymn as Queen Anne passed in procession."

A little farther on in the street is another church, called the *Church of St. Clement Danes.* It has one of Wren's characteristic spires. "To this church," Mr. French said, "Dr. Johnson regularly came, and read the responses with great energy."

"What great building is that?" Florence asked, as soon as they passed the church.

"That," said Mr. Cartmell, "is the *Royal Courts of Justice.* It was opened by Queen Victoria in 1882. The cost of the land and the building was about eleven million dollars. The size of the building may be judged, when I tell you that it contains a large central hall, nineteen court-rooms, and eleven hundred chambers or apartments."

"Why do they have so many chambers?"

"To accommodate the lawyers, and students of law, who live in the building, as persons live in a college."

"The extension of the Strand," said Miss Gray, "is called Fleet Street, named after the creek Fleet, which formerly flowed into the Thames at this point."

"A part of this little river," added George, "I learned from my guide-book, is now arched over, and forms one of the main sewers of the city."

"Where is 'Temple Bar'?" Florence inquired.

"It stood just where we are now passing," replied her father; "at the point where the Strand ended and the new

street began. It was an old city landmark, stone, or *bar*, which separated the city of London from the city of Westminster."

"I don't see anything like a gate or bar!" exclaimed Nellie.

"Of course not; for it was torn down in 1878 because it

Temple Bar, 1877.

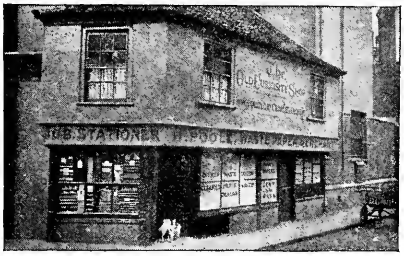
blocked up the highway. I will show you a picture of it when we return.

"But the persistent English set up this Memorial of

Temple Bar in 1880, which obstructs travel about as much as the original and historical gate."

"Why do you call the Bar so historical?" inquired Fred.

"Because it is so often mentioned in English history and literature. When the sovereign of the kingdom approached the city of London the bar was closed, and a herald knocked at the gates, asking for admission; after a short delay the gates were thrown open, and a sword and the keys of the city were presented to the sovereign. Queens Elizabeth, Anne, Victoria, and other sovereigns have thus knocked for admission. Queen Victoria knocked at the Memorial in June, 1897, during Jubilee Week.



Old Curiosity Shop.

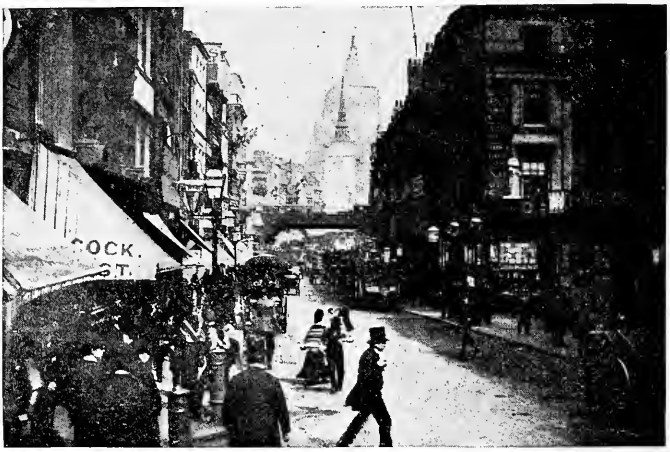
"It was on this bar that the heads and bodies of conspirators and rebels were exposed. By this bar Daniel De Foe sat in a pillory on account of his writings against the government, and the people showed their sympathy for him by covering him with flowers."

The party then returned to their hotel for luncheon, stopping on the way to visit Dickens's famous Old Curiosity Shop, now occupied by a "job stationer."

CHAPTER IX

FROM TEMPLE BAR ROUND TO CHARING CROSS

After luncheon, while the older people rested a short period, Miss Gray and the children drew on sheets of paper a progressive map of Points of Interest in London seen by the Cartmell family. It was enlarged and filled in, as far as they had gone, from Mr. French's map. Each day some



Fleet Street and St. Dunstan's, London.

new places of interest were added. Each of the children had a copy. Fred's is shown on page 109 as it appeared when completed.

Ludgate Circus, London.

Then they drove back through the Strand to Temple Bar.

"This is the street," said Miss Gray, referring to Fleet Street, "which was loved so much both by Charles Lamb and Dr. Johnson. The latter lived here, or in courts leading from the street, most of his life."

"Here is Chancery Lane," said Mr. Cartmell, "where so many of the legal profession still live. At the corner once lived Izaak Walton, who loved to go a-fishing."

"What church is that on the left?"

"It is St. Dunstan's," said the driver.

"Baxter used to preach there," added Miss Gray.

"What a funny name the next street has, *Fetter Lane!*" exclaimed Fred.

"The name comes," said his father, "from *faitors*, or beggars, who formerly infested this quarter. Near here once lived Praise God Barebone and his son Damned Dr. Barebone. The father was a leather-dresser, and leading member of the Parliament under Cromwell, which is often called Barebone's Parliament.

"'Shoe Lane' commemorates the trade once so common there.

"This wider street is Farringdon, which shows exactly where Fleet Creek flowed towards the Thames. On Farringdon Street, not far away, stood the famous Fleet Prison, whither victims of the Star Chamber were sent. Afterwards it was used as a prison for debtors. Above its entrance was the figure '9;' hence a polite way of addressing persons in prison was to 'No. 9 Fleet Street.'"

"This prison," added Miss Gray, "is vividly described by Dickens in his 'Pickwick Papers.'"

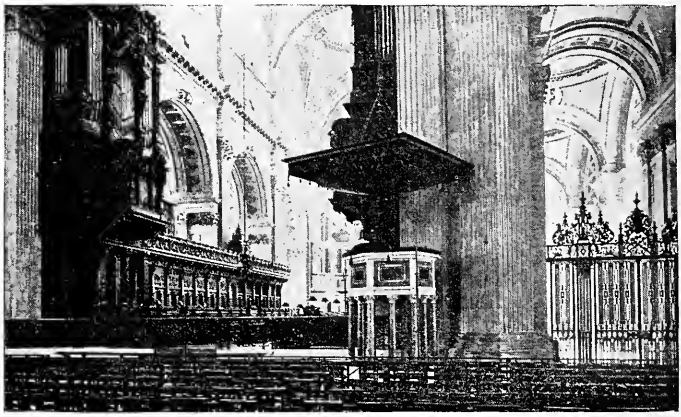
"The crossing of Farringdon and Fleet Streets," said Mr. French, "is called 'Ludgate Circus.' The latter word is common in London for such places. One of the six city gates stood here."

St. Paul's Cathedral, from Ludgate Hill.

Here the party obtained their first view of St. Paul's, more or less obscured by the railway bridge and the slender steeple of St. Martin's. Passing under the bridge, they ascended a slight elevation called Ludgate Hill, and reached the noble cathedral.

"How high are those two towers?" inquired Nellie.

"As high as Bunker Hill Monument," replied Mr. French.



Choir in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

"How high is the cross over the dome?"

"About the same as the height of the dome in our Capitol at Washington, 370 feet."

"This place," said Mr. Cartmell, "is the **third centre** of *busy life* seen to-day."

They left the carriage here for a short time, both to rest and also to see the interior of the great church. They found this part very imposing, on account of its size. Mrs. Cartmell was disappointed because it was not more beautiful, like the other Gothic cathedrals which they had seen the week

before. Some one quoted from Carlyle, "This is the only edifice which strikes me with a proper sense of grandeur."

Fred had found out its greatest length as 550 feet.

"I am surprised," exclaimed Miss Gray, "to find so many statues in the interior."

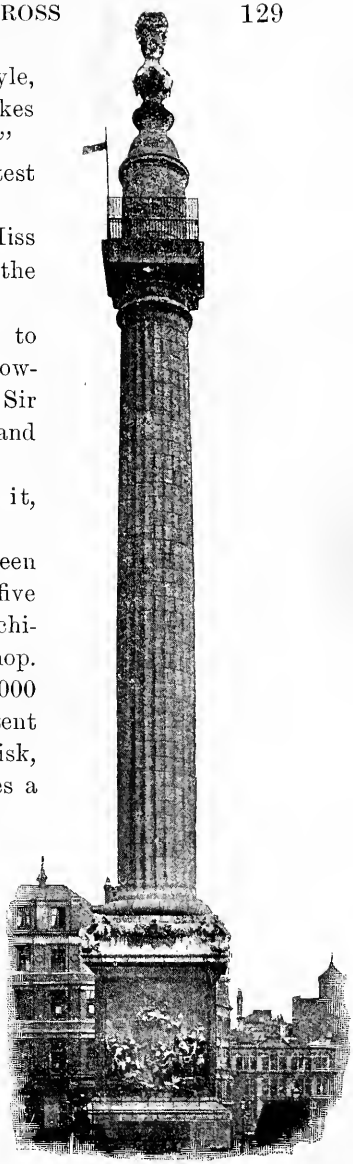
The children discovered statues to English heroes, such as Henry Howard, Lord Howe, Sir John Moore, Sir William Napier, General Gordon, and the Duke of Wellington.

Florence asked, "Who built it, papa?"

"Sir Christopher Wren, between 1675 and 1710, a period of thirty-five years. It was built under one architect, one master-mason, and one bishop. Wren received for his services $1,000 a year. For this sum he was content to be hoisted in a basket, at great risk, to the top of the church, three times a week."

They found his tomb in the vault of the church. The epitaph is as follows: "Reader, if you seek his monument, look around."

From St. Paul's the Cartmells now proceeded eastward through Cannon Street, which is said to be a corruption of Candlewick Street,



and in which the wax-chandlers once dwelt who supplied the Catholic churches with tapers, etc.

"Where is the London Stone, driver?" inquired Mr. French.

"It is now placed in the south end of St. Swithin's, the church yonder, opposite the railroad station."

"The poet Dryden was married in that church," added Miss Gray.

"For what was the stone noted?" inquired George.

"It has been for centuries the central stone in London, from which all distances were measured. If a town or city in the empire was so many miles from London, it always meant from this stone. For a thousand years it has marked off distances. It was formerly on the ground near by, and was affixed to the side of the church to preserve it."

A short ride from Cannon Street brought them to the monument which was erected to the memory of the great fire of 1666. The children and Mr. French went to the top for the view. On account of the smoke hanging over the city, they could not see very far. The Thames River was the most conspicuous object.

Upon reaching the summit of the monument, they found themselves completely wired in. Noticing their wonder, Mr. French explained, "A few years ago so many persons committed suicide by throwing themselves from this place, the officials had to erect this screen to prevent their insane acts."

As they descended and returned to the carriage, George informed his sisters that the great fire began in Pudding Lane, and after burning over many acres, and destroying 13,000 houses, ended at Pye Corner.

"Now for London Bridge![1]" exclaimed Florence..

"That will be," said Fred, "the next great **centre of interest.**"

[1] See Frontispiece.

"You are right, my boy!" exclaimed his father.

In a few minutes they joined the vast crowd crossing and recrossing this oldest and most used of all the bridges over the Thames.

"George, can you give us the facts about this bridge?" Miss Gray asked.

"It was built and opened in 1831. It consists of five arches, each of quite a long span. There is no draw in the

The Bank of England. — Royal Exchange on Right.

bridge. More than 25,000 vehicles and over 150,000 people cross it every twenty-four hours."

After riding about a short time on the south or Surrey side of the river, they recrossed the bridge, noticing on their return the vast amount of shipping below the bridge, in "the Pool" as it is called, and the interesting view of the river above the bridge.

King William Street, and its statue of William IV., in-

terested them as they moved rapidly by to the **fifth point** of life and bustle, the square in front of

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Near the corner of King William Street, and about opposite the great bank, they saw an imposing house.

"That is the Lord Mayor's official mansion," Mr. French informed them. "He receives as much salary as our president, and his dutes are equally onerous. A recent Lord Mayor, in one year, was present at 130 dinners and 85 balls and receptions, attended 365 meetings, made 1,100 speeches, and answered 5,000 letters."

Driving through the terrible throng of vehicles, especially omnibuses, the Cartmells finally reached the other side, and all alighted, the better to examine the greatest banking institution in the world. They found it was built of granite, in the Corinthian style. The outer walls are very thick, and contain no windows, to give greater security. The rooms, they found, were lighted from open courts and skylights. The building occupies from three to four acres of ground.

Mr. French gave the children some interesting facts as they walked about, —

"This institution is called 'The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' because it faces the latter street. The business done here in a day amounts to $10,000,000. In the vaults are always found from ten to twenty million sterling in gold and silver."

"What do you mean by sterling?" Fred asked.

"Up to the value established by the English Government, full value."

"Please tell us more about the bank."

"This bank has out a very small value in bank-notes, most of the money being gold and silver, which the English people

prefer to paper. The smallest English bank-note is one for £5, or $25. These paper bills are very simple in appearance, but very difficult to counterfeit. Every note which comes into the bank is at once cancelled, but registered and preserved.

Mansion House, London.

A new note, with a new number, takes its place in circulation.

"When the riots of 1780 occurred, so graphically described by Dickens in 'Barnaby Rudge,' an order was given that a military guard be stationed in the bank every night until the order was revoked. The officer of the guard and his friends are supplied by the bank with a good dinner. The order has not yet been revoked. Several officers of the bank have residences inside. As there are a number of open courts here, it is not an unpleasant place in which to live. Besides the guard, there are a certain number of clerks from

the 900 needed to carry on the work, who sit up nightly to watch and patrol the building."

Leaving the bank, Mr. Cartmell led the way across Threadneedle Street to the large building opposite, known as the Royal Exchange.[1] In front of it they saw a fine equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, at the east end, one of Mr. Peabody, the American multi-millionaire, and at the south side of the building another, in honor of Rowland Hill, who did so much to introduce cheap postage.

Mr. French called their attention to the portico, or porch, on the west front. "This is considered superior to anything of the kind in England. You can count seventeen large figures in the pediment. They represent Commerce, the Lord Mayor, and merchants of different nationalities. Beneath you read, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.'"

"Every afternoon," added Mr. Cartmell, "the rich bankers, like Mr. Rothschild and others, come here to transact business in millions."

Mr. Cartmell then conducted them into a room in the interior of the building known as Lloyd's Subscription Rooms. "This is the greatest firm in the world," he explained, "for shipping news, shipping business, and marine insurance."

"All the underwriters," added Mr. French, "and everybody engaged in extensive shipping business, is a member or subscriber of Lloyd's. This firm is respected in every port. Its register classifies ships according to age, build, and seaworthiness. A ship can be no better named than to be entered A 1 at Lloyd's."

Re-entering the carriage, the Cartmells turned their faces westward, and rode slowly through Poultry Street, where Thomas Hood was born, into the better-known Cheapside, which means, the guide-book said, *Market-Side.* From this street they noticed several streets running to left and right,

[1] See p. 131.

named after the dealers by whom each was occupied, as Bread, Milk, Wood, Honey, Poultry Streets, etc.

A little way down King Street they found *Guildhall*, which dates from 1411. Here they saw those hideous giants, Gog and Magog, which were carved in 1708, and formerly were carried in city processions. There were also many statues to England's heroes.

"Here," said Mr. French, "are held the Lord Mayor's annual banquets."

"In this hall," said Miss Gray, "many persons have been tried and convicted of high treason. Among these were Lady Jane Grey, those connected with the Gunpowder Plot, etc."

"Cheapside, you see," said Mr. Cartmell, "is now a noted place for stores, or 'shops' as the British always call them. In the olden time the north side was not built up, and the land beyond was the scene of many festivities. Riots often occurred here. Wat

St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside.

Tyler's mob beheaded many people in that open space. Here Jack Cade shed the blood of Lord Saye and Sele."

"This street," said Miss Gray, "should remind the children of John Gilpin's famous tale. One verse reads: —

> "'Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
> Were never folk so glad;
> The stones did rattle underneath
> As if Cheapside were mad.'"

The children also learned that Milk Street was famous as the birthplace of Sir Thomas More, who wrote "Utopia," and succeeded Wolsey as cardinal in the time of Henry VIII.; and Bread Street looked upon the little baby boy who afterwards became John Milton. Reaching the end of Cheapside, the party were pleased to gaze once more upon the fine outline of St. Paul's Cathedral. From the same place they could look down Paternoster Row, which has long been celebrated as a centre and fount of English literature. Here are such firms as Bagster's, Blackwood's, Longman's, Nelson's, Chambers's, etc.

"The first edition of 'Robinson Crusoe' was published in that street, children," said Mr. French.

One of the largest post-offices in the world is near this same part of London.

The next street was Newgate, on the north side of which they saw Christ's Hospital, fenced in by tall iron gates and palings. Through these they saw some of the Blue-Coat boys. Mr. French surprised them by telling that many very noted English writers, as Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, had been educated in that strange school.

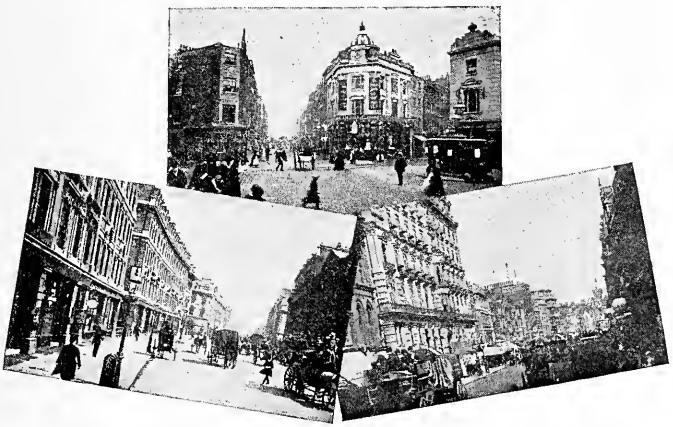
Mr. Cartmell then directed the driver to take them a few blocks to the north to see Smithfield, which was once outside of the city, and the place for tournaments, fairs, and the like.

"Here," said Miss Gray, "were burned the martyrs in the time of Queen Mary. The Mayor of London here slew Wat Tyler; and here were executed such men as Mortimer, who caused the death of Edward II., and Sir William Wallace the Scottish hero."

The party found this place now covered over by a great market.

Returning to Newgate Street, the Cartmells joined the great westward procession over Holborn Viaduct, which was

Seven Dials.



Holborn Viaduct. *High Holborn.*

London.

built in 1867 to bridge a deep valley. One side of the valley was called Snow Hill.

"The poor and criminal," said Mr. Cartmell, "formerly lived in great numbers in this part of the city. Dickens described it in 'Oliver Twist' as the home of 'Fagan' and his class of pickpockets."

"Did not the Saracen's Head Inn, mentioned several times in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' stand near this viaduct?" asked Mrs. Cartmell.

"Yes. It was the headquarters of Squeers when he came to London. It has been rebuilt since these improvements in the street have been made."

In one place they noticed that a wide street ran under the

Oxford Street, London.

viaduct. Just beyond they entered Holborn Circus, where there is a good statue of the late Prince Consort. High Holborn[1] is the name of the long and wide street extending still farther westward.

"Let us now turn to the left," said Mr. Cartmell, "and visit Lincoln's Inn Fields, where years ago Lord William Russell was beheaded. Just before his execution, as he be-

[1] See p. 137.

held the great crowd of people, he said, 'I hope I shall soon see a larger and better assembly.'"

They found here now many large buildings, such as the Royal College of Surgeons, medical museums, libraries, etc. In one part of the Fields they saw many houses with outer staircases leading from the interior of the quadrangle to the different sets of chambers.

"Papa, why is this place called 'Inn'?" asked Florence.

"Because the masters formerly received here pupils to study law, and these pupils resided and boarded with their law-teachers. One inn would often have a hundred students."

Proceeding a little farther, and turning away to the right, brought the Cartmell party to a view of the British Museum, containing one of the largest and most valuable collections in the world.

They did not stop to look at the endless treasures kept therein, but drove along through New Oxford Street and the rookery of St. Giles, long known as one of the worst parts of London.

"This dense mass of poor houses was cleared away when New Oxford Street was made," explained Mr. French. "A part of the same neighborhood," he continued, "is 'Seven Dials,'[1] through which we are now passing. They were planned and built for wealthy tenants in the time of Charles II., but the number of clock faces is now reduced to two."

The people seen on the streets were only those belonging to the very poorest sections, as shown by their faces and dress.

The Cartmells returned home through Shaftsbury Street and Charing Cross Road. They found these to be newly opened and very wide thoroughfares, to accommodate the immense traffic northward from the river in this part of London. The boys pointed out several theatres on these streets,

[1] See p. 137.

and Mr. French showed them the handsome Palace Music Hall and a much-used public library.

"What large building is that?" asked Nellie.

"That is one end of the National Gallery; and we are once again at Trafalgar Square, and the loop route through some of the principal streets of London is complete."

CHAPTER X

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES

While the Cartmells were eating their breakfast in the *Metropole* the next morning, Mr. French introduced Mr. Forster, a member of the National School Board, to them, and the following conversation took place: —

"Will you tell us, please, Mr. Forster, something about your system of education."

"Certainly, with pleasure. The government supports about 40% of the schools, and the churches about 60%."

"Why, how different that arrangement is from the system in the States, where the private and parochial schools only amount to 10%."

"In many places in England one-half the money is contributed by the general government; the rest is raised by local taxes, and the pennies brought each week by the children."

"How do you determine how much money to give any one school?"

"The amount of money per head depends upon the age, the studies taken, and the merit obtained. Seventeen shillings a year is the maximum amount granted in infant or primary schools. The inspectors decide on the merit of each school."

"How does he do this?"

"He visits the school, and examines the results of the work."

"Does he pay attention to the methods?"

"None at all. He judges by the results of the oral and written examinations as given by a majority of the pupils."

"Does not this system lead to cramming?"

"Most certainly; but most Englishmen like the idea of 'payment by results;' it brings up the poor schools, and is very just and fair. Children go to school here very young. They know a good deal at five and six years of age. After this we have seven standards. Standard *one* meaning usually those between seven and eight, standard *two* those between eight and nine. All children must go to school here between five and thirteen, unless they pass the standards before. Parents are fined if their children do not attend regularly between these ages."

"What do you claim as the benefits of your system?"

"Painstaking drill, steady plodding, repetition, thoroughness, and accuracy."

"What can you tell me about the noted endowment schools?"

"Eton, Rugby, Harrow, and Winchester are four great preparatory schools. They are strong in developing character and physical growth. The boys of the highest classes are monitors. The younger boys, those in the lower classes, wait or serve the elder students; this is called *fagging*. Each of these schools is a boarding-school, with from 400 to 1,000 pupils. Three-fourths of the time is still spent in Latin and Greek.

"Men of wealth send their sons to Eton, where a moderate degree of scholarship will satisfy. Yet such men as Chatham, Fox, Peel, and Gladstone graduated there. Winchester is patronized by the gentry, clergy, and professional men. A high degree of scholarship is required. Rugby, under the influence of Dr. Arnold's life, still makes prominent character, self-control, and a feeling of responsibility. 'The

Westminster Abbey, Front View.

Sixth Form' boys are considered responsible for the conduct of the school."

Mr. Cartmell thanked him for the information given, and he soon went to his place of business.

After breakfast was finished the Cartmells voted not to ride, but to see some point of interest near their London home. Mrs. Cartmell desired first to visit her beloved abbey, and thither they all walked from the hotel. Mr. French advised them to approach the front of the edifice.

"This view," said Mrs. Cartmell, "is much more satisfactory than the side view which we saw yesterday."

As the Cartmells entered the sacred enclosure through the north transept, from the crowded and noisy streets surrounding the approaches, they could not help noticing the contrast. It seemed as if they had entered another world.

Miss Gray repeated in hushed tones Kingsley's words, —

> "'All without is mean and small,
> All within is vast and tall;
> All without is harsh and shrill,
> All within is hushed and still.'"

Looking at their ground plan in the guide-book, the children soon identified the principal parts of the building, — the nave, the choir, the transepts surrounded by aisles.

"Where is the usual east window, papa?" Florence inquired.

"There is none. Its place is taken by the grand Chapel of Henry VII.; but there is, you see, a fine western window."

Passing to the right, Mrs. Cartmell pointed out to the children the many beauties and points of interest in this celebrated edifice. All admired in a general way the carved stalls, the clustered pillars, the pointed arches, and the vaulted roof.

George was surprised to find so many statues in different parts of the interior. In one part he saw statues in honor of Cobden and Palmerston; in another those in honor of Livingstone the traveller, and Sir John Herschel the great astronomer, besides many other noted Englishmen.

Near the southwest corner of the nave Mr. Cartmell

The Choir, Westminster.

found an old oaken door, through which he led his wife, Miss Gray, and Mr. French, into the Jericho Chamber, and from that into the next room called the "Jerusalem Chamber."

"It is so called," said Mr. Cartmell, "because the tapestries on the walls represent scenes in Jerusalem, and the cedar wainscot came from the Holy Land. This simple rectangular room, my friends, is very noted. From it was borne the body of Addison, at dead of night, to its last resting-place in the chapel of Henry VII. The body of Sir Isaac Newton was also carried from this room to the grave. Henry IV. died here.

"But this chamber is still more noted as the place where the common version of the Bible, called King James's version, was made. The revised version was also prepared here."

"Is not this the room," asked Mrs. Cartmell, "where the sessions of the Westminster Assembly of divines have always been held?"

"Yes. And this body of divines gave to the world the great Confession of Faith, and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms."

The children were delighted to find in the south transept the *Poets' Corner*, about which they had read so much before their visit to England. Here they saw many other visitors besides themselves. Florence soon discovered the tomb of Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," and beside it the grave of Spenser. They also discovered memorials to many noted men who were buried elsewhere.

"Oh! here is my dear Longfellow," said Nellie.

"An American poet here!" exclaimed Fred.

"Yes," said Miss Gray. "He was and is extensively read in England, just as English poets are read in America."

The children also found memorials in honor of Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Thackeray, and Macaulay.

"I thought Dickens was buried here," said George, after a fruitless search for his tomb.

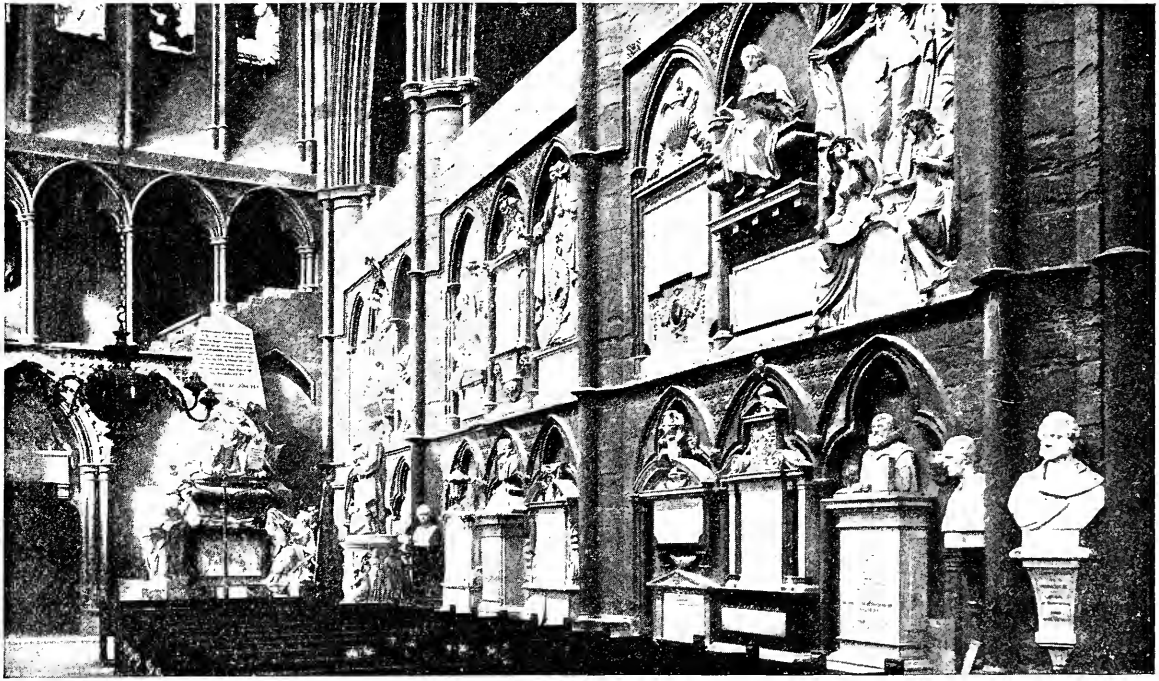
"He is," said Mr. French; "I will show you his grave. Here it is, next to Addison's."

A little farther on and they came to the eastern portion of the building.

"See, there is the beautiful shrine of Edward the Confessor!" exclaimed Mrs. Cartmell.

Florence soon found where Eleanor the beloved wife of Edward I. was buried. Others discovered the graves of "Good Queen Maud," and several kings.

Miss Gray led the children to where stands the noted Cor-

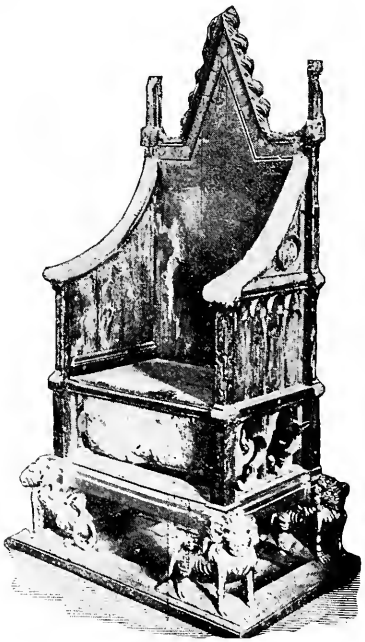


Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

onation Chair of Edward III., which contains the "Stone of Scone."

"Seated in this chair," she said, "all the sovereigns of England since Edward's day have been crowned."

Then Mrs. Cartmell and Miss Gray, arm in arm, led the way into the most beautiful part of Westminster Abbey, namely, the Chapel of Henry VII. The walls are covered with tracery, and made into niches containing the statues of saints and martyrs. The ceiling shows what is called "fan tracery," which they had admired in other buildings.



Coronation Chair, Westminster Abbey.

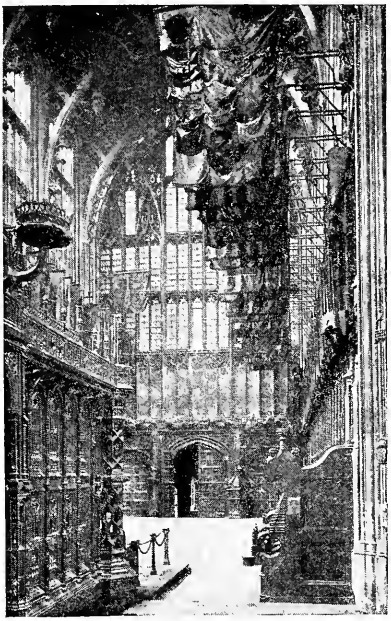
"In this chapel," said Mrs. Cartmell, "stone has been deprived of its weight and density by the cunning hand of the workman, and suspended above as if by some magic force. Look at its airiness, elegance, and richness. Such beauty can never be overpraised!"

Much admiration was expressed over the tomb of Henry VII., made of black marble, beautifully carved by an Italian artist. The effigies of the king and queen, said to be good portraits, in gilt bronze, recline upon the tomb.

The children found many other royal tombs. They were especially interested in those to the memory of James I., Mary Tudor and Elizabeth, and Charles II. The

two queens are buried together. George translated the Latin inscription as follows: "Consorts in reign and in sepulture, we sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, are sleeping in hope of the resurrection."

Miss Gray pointed out the tomb of Elizabeth's cousin, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, and told the reasons of her death. Mr. Cartmell and Mr. French had anecdotes to relate about many of the queens, princes, countesses, and the like, who are buried in this grand mausoleum. Mr. French told the story about Princess Anne, daughter of Charles I. "As she was dying, at four years of age, she was told to pray for those about her. 'I am not able to say my long prayer [the Lord's Prayer], but I will say my short one. "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, least I sleep the sleep of death."' This done, the little one gave up the ghost."



Chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey.

From the Abbey Mr. Cartmell conducted his friends into the next building, Westminster Hall.[1] This forms the grand entrance to the Houses of Parliament. It is often called the great hall of William Rufus, by whom the first hall was built.

[1] See p. 150.

Mr. Cartmell, in speaking about the history of the place, told his children, —

"Since the time of William Rufus, all the sovereigns of England were crowned here until after the reign of the last of the Georges, who gave in this hall, at the time of his coronation, one of the grandest banquets ever given in England.

"This hall has been the scene of many noted trials. Sir William Wallace was tried and condemned here; Sir Thomas More, the famous wit and statesman, here received his sentence of death. But the most noted trial was that of King Charles I. in 1649; noted because for the first time a sov-

Westminster Hall, the Entrance to the Houses of Parliament.

ereign was tried and condemned in the same manner as if a common man."

"Why, I read about that in my French reader," said Florence.

"This room was the scene," continued her father, "of the

trial of Warren Hastings, so brilliantly pictured by Macaulay. Here Oliver Cromwell was inaugurated."

Then the children began to examine this celebrated banqueting-hall with new interest. They learned that it was very large, being 300 feet long and 70 wide. It is thus one of the largest halls in the world, having a wooden ceiling without any supporting columns. The wood in the roof is finely carved. Fred was interested in the statues of several kings found on one side.

Turning to the left, our party passed into St. Stephen's Hall, lined with statues of celebrated English statesmen, and then into the Central Hall, which separates the House of Commons from the House of Peers.

While waiting here for their tickets to visit the two houses, Mr. French furnished some interesting facts about the Houses of Parliament.

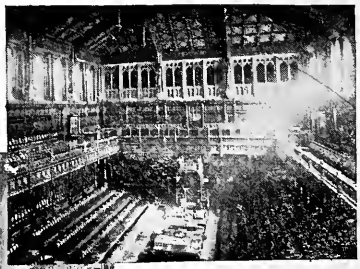
"This pile of buildings covers about eight acres of ground. Besides the Parliament chambers, which we are soon to see, there are several official dwellings, eleven open courts, one hundred staircases, and eleven hundred apartments. This new palace is built of stone, in what is called the 'Perpendicular' Gothic style. It was finished in 1840.

"You remember there are three towers to the building. The clock-tower we have seen and considered. We are now standing under the central tower, which is much smaller, and somewhat lower. At the end opposite the clock-tower is the large, beautiful square tower called the 'Victoria tower,' containing the royal entrance, through which the Queen passes when she visits Parliament.

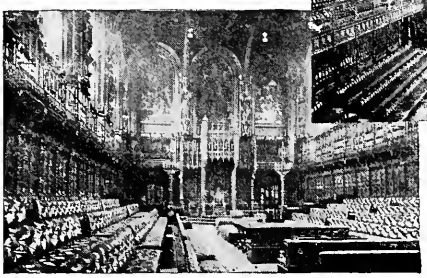
"Through the robing-room she enters the royal gallery, the long sides of which are covered with great historic paintings, the ceilings panelled and gilded, and the floors richly paved in mosaics. From the latter room the Queen passes into the House of Peers to the throne whenever she opens or

prorogues Parliament. This grand ceremony, however, does not take place very often."

Mr. Cartmell having obtained the necessary tickets for his party, followed the guide first into the House of Commons. All were greatly surprised at its small size. Mr. French explained that the reason for that was the desire of the architect to make a room where everybody could hear.



House of Commons.



House of Lords.

"It is not nearly as large as our House of Representatives at Washington!" exclaimed Miss Gray.

"No," replied Mr. French; "but you can hear so much better in this room for that very reason. As only about three hundred members attend at one time, it answers fairly well for size."

"Where do the spectators sit?"

"In that little gallery on your right."

"What is that screen for?" inquired Florence.

"The women are allowed to sit behind it, and listen to the debates."

This strange custom created considerable amusement.

From their guide they learned that this room is lighted by gas-jets above the glass ceiling, and heated by warm air, which comes in through the grated iron floor. The building is supposed to be fire-proof. The children noticed that the walls were panelled with oak two-thirds the way up. The oak is carved with armorial shields, pendants, etc. The speaker's chair is at the north end. Over it the reporters' gallery is situated.

Mr. French explained what the members do when there is a "division in the House."

"Those who vote 'Aye' on the question put by the speaker pass out into the west lobby, and are counted as they go out; and those who vote 'No' go into the east lobby."

"Please tell us, Mr. Guide," asked George, "how the parties sit?"

"Those in favor of the government sit on the right of the speaker, and those opposed on the left. The ministers sit on this front bench on the right."

George was surprised to find that the members are not provided with desks, as is the case in Congress. Mr. Cartmell told of his sitting once in the spectators' gallery, and listening to a discussion in the House.

"I sat in the front middle part of the gallery. The speaker, with his wig on, sat in that chair. Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, sat where I am sitting now, holding his hat on his knee. I saw him write a note with a pencil on a piece of paper placed on top of the hat. His son made a short speech. Then a member, who was evidently a confirmed bore, attempted to speak on some question in relation to Spain. His few friends near him cheered him on with cries of 'Hear! Hear!' Most of the members tried to 'cough him down,' as we say. They groaned, cried, made all kinds of noises, like schoolboys, till the poor man was obliged to sit

down, and put his hat on; for most of the members when not addressing the speaker wear their hats in the House."

Returning to the Central Hall, the Cartmells next entered the House of Peers, which they learned occupied about the southern half of the "New Palace," as the Houses of Parliament are sometimes called.

Fred looked up the dimensions in the guide-book, and learned that the room was somewhat larger than the House of Commons, being 90 feet long by 45 feet wide, and 45 feet in height.

"Why, that makes a double cube!" George exclaimed.

This room is finished in oak, gold, and leather. The devices, armorial shields, and figures represent, in most cases, something connected with the kings and queens of the past. The floor, the guide pointed out, is divided into three parts, running from east to west. The upper or southern division is the "throne" for the sovereign to occupy when he or she prorogues Parliament in person. The chair of state resembles in outline the "coronation chair;" but it is richly ornamented with beautiful panels, bars, and sprays of roses, shamrocks, and thistles, and many other devices. Over the chair is a large and grand canopy. There are state chairs also for the Prince of Wales and Prince Consort.

In the central part are placed on each side, on ascending steps, five lines of benches, covered with scarlet morocco leather, for the exclusive use of the peers. The northern or lower part is called the "bar." Here the speaker, members of the House of Commons, and the peers stand when summoned to attend her Majesty, as when the Queen's speech is read, or at prorogation.

"At such times," said Mr. Cartmell, "the members of the House come in with a rush, in order to get good places. The Queen has often been amused with this spirited race."

The bar is nothing but a dwarf screen. Before it culprits stand, and counsel plead.

The twelve lofty windows the children noticed were filled with painted glass, representing whole length figures of former sovereigns, the ceiling being perfectly flat, and most profusely decorated with monograms, devices, symbols, etc., among which they could see the lion passant of England, the lion rampant of Scotland, and the harp of Ireland.

CHAPTER XI

AMONG THE PARKS OF LONDON

In the evening the Cartmells were discussing the day's adventures, and talking about to-morrow's sight-seeing.

"Shall we ride or walk to-morrow?" asked Mr. Cartmell. All were in favor of riding, so the drag was again ordered.

"Where are you going, papa?" Nellie inquired, as she stood holding his hand.

"I think we will visit the parks, my dear. Did you know that they are called the 'drawing-rooms of the poor'?"

Miss Gray thought a better name would be "day nurseries," or "play-rooms."

Mr. French said that in the heart of the East End a disused churchyard had been made into a park, and devoted to the enjoyment of the poor. The trees, fountains, ferneries, and flowers make it a place of living beauty. There are about three acres in it, and the poor people of the neighborhood are glad to visit such a place. The healthy influence of these parks and open places upon the people are only second to that of the public schools.

A short ride carried the Cartmells from Hotel *Metropole* to Charing Cross, and then into the *Mall*, a wide street with several rows of trees. On the left they could see St. James's Park, south of the old palace.

"In this brick building Charles I. slept the night before his execution," said Miss Gray.

"This place," said Mr. Cartmell, "was once a marshy meadow. Henry VIII. caused the marsh to be drained, surrounded by a wall, and changed into a deer-park."

Through the trees they caught glimpses of the strip of water sometimes called a "canal." Miss Gray told the children that the shortest way from the Mall to Westminster Abbey is to cross the little bridge over this so-called canal.

"What is that large building, Mr. French, in front of us, up the Mall?" inquired Fred.

"That is Buckingham Palace. This wide street leads from the government offices and many fashionable clubs to this recent palace. On levee and drawing-room days the street is thronged with gay carriages, whose occupants are proceeding to pay their respects to royalty. The hour for this performance is from one to two o'clock P.M."

Buckingham Palace.

The Cartmells had now driven directly in front of the palace. As they sat looking at the building, Miss Gray reminded the children that this was the early and happy town home of Queen Victoria. Here were born the princess royal and the Prince of Wales.

"The palace now forms," said Mr. Cartmell, "after the additions in 1846, a large quadrangle. The Queen's rooms are on the north side, overlooking Green Park. The first floor contains several noted rooms, such as the Green Drawing-Room, Throne Room, Grand Saloon, State Ball-Room, Picture Gallery, etc. These rooms are finished in satin and gilding, with richly decorated ceilings; and on the walls are hung many fine pictures by noted masters."

"Since the death of Prince Albert in 1861," added Mr.

French, "the drawing-rooms have been held at Buckingham Palace instead of at St. James's Palace."

"What do you mean by a drawing-room?" inquired Florence.

"Oh! Miss Gray can tell you better than I can."

"What is it, Miss Gray?"

"A young lady of the higher ranks is not considered as having been properly introduced into society till she has been presented at Court. This takes place at one of these august ceremonies called the 'Queen's Drawing-Room.' After that she enters on a round of balls, concerts, and other gayeties, in the fashionable world. In a 'drawing-room' will be seen members of the Queen's family, richly dressed ladies, gentlemen magnificent in gold-laced uniforms, noted officials, lackeys in rich liveries, etc."

Mr. Cartmell, during this conversation, had been riding slowly by the vast buildings which make up Buckingham Palace, and along beside Green Park. The latter consists largely of greensward, with some fine trees and flower-beds in the northwestern corner. The street through which the party were now passing rises somewhat, and is called "Constitution Hill."

"Here," said Miss Gray, "three attempts have been made by crazy persons to shoot the Queen."

The Cartmells soon arrived at "Hyde Park Corner," or the southeast corner of Hyde Park. Passing under the handsome gateway, they were ushered at once into this famous parade-ground of aristocracy and democracy. They were fortunate in reaching the place a little after twelve o'clock, when the fashionable people take their morning airing. On the southern side of the park is a wide street called Rotten Row, leading to one of the southern gates, about a mile away. As this road is only used by those on horseback, the Cartmells alighted from their carriage, and occupied, under the trees,

some of the chairs, to rent at one penny apiece. They soon had the pleasure of seeing many ladies and gentlemen go by on high-bred, spirited horses.

Mr. Cartmell suggested that they walk out to this place next Sunday after church, and see what is called the "Church Parade," where many persons take a promenade, and there is a great display of dress and fashion.

"Why do we not see more carriages in the park?" inquired Florence.

"Because," replied Mr. French, "the time for carriages here, as in Saratoga and Newport, is later in the afternoon."

"Let us, then, go on, and return in season for the carriages," suggested Mrs. Cartmell.

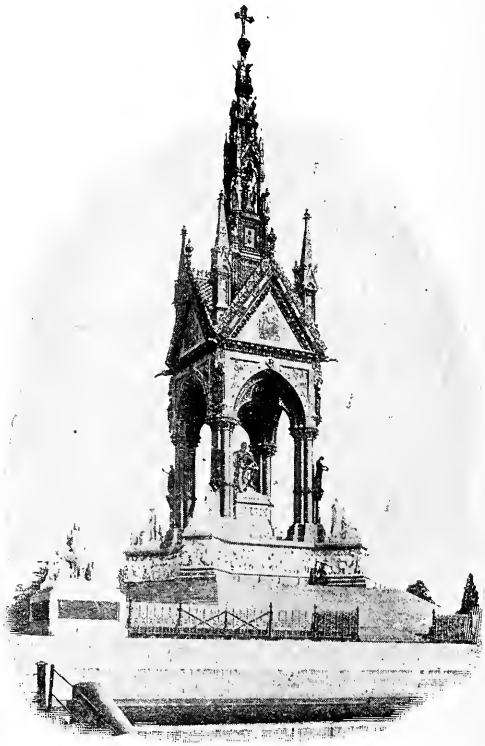
They rode through the drive called "Ladies' Mile," on

On the Serpentine, Hyde Park, London.

the north of the lake. On the way they noticed first a very large monument in honor of the "Iron Duke," as Wellington is often called. In this part of the park were many flowers, shrubs, and fine trees.

"Where do they have the great mass-meetings, papa?" asked George.

"At this corner we have the rich and contented. At the corner north of us, nearest the city, the poor and discontented people hold their big meetings, and express their ideas with great freedom."



Albert Memorial.

After crossing the "Serpentine," a lake in Hyde Park, the Cartmells came to the edge of Kensington Gardens. These gardens are a continuation of Hyde Park. In order to see them better, all left the carriage, and walked across the enclosure.

"Oh, what lovely flowers!" was the repeated exclamation of young and old. Mr. Cartmell said that he supposed English landscape-gardening here reached its climax of beauty. Miss Gray asked if any nation excelled the English in this art. No one knew of such a people. The surface here is not so level as in the other parks, and hence presents more variety. All admired the very beautiful foliage on the trees. For much of the way the paths pass under leafy arches, beside the shores of lovely lakes, or out into open spaces with rich velvet lawns.

Mr. Cartmell and his friends soon came to the Kensington palace on the western side.

"For what is that noted?" asked Nellie.

"It is the place where Queen Victoria was born," replied Mrs. Cartmell.

"Yes," added Miss Gray, "here she lived in her childhood and youth, and here she heard the news of the death of William IV. It is said that she received the messengers telling of her uncle's death just as she left her bedroom, in a loose nightgown and shawl, her hair flowing down her shoulders, her feet in slippers, and tears in her eyes. But she was perfectly dignified and collected as became a royal sovereign."

The next place of interest was the Albert Memorial, a little way to the south of the palace and gardens.

"I consider this," said Mr. Cartmell, "the finest monument I have ever seen. Please examine it carefully."

George thought it ought to be one of the best, for few monuments cost as much, — $600,000. He admired the spacious platform, and the reliefs in marble. Nellie and Fred liked best the wonderful groups at each corner, representing the great continents of the world. Florence noticed especially the profusion of bronzes, statues, colored stones, and mosaics. All liked the heroic bronze-gilt figure of Prince Albert, sitting

under the beautiful Gothic canopy. Fred found out in some way that the cross over the canopy is 175 feet above the ground.

"What large building is that?" George inquired.

"That is another memorial to the Queen's husband, the late Prince Consort. It is a vast concert-hall like a great

Albert Hall, as seen from Albert Memorial.

amphitheatre, and will seat nearly 10,000 persons. It contains one of the largest organs in the world."

The Cartmells then spent about two hours in the South Kensington Museum, which is not far away. After lunch in the refreshment-room, they divided up into groups, and each went directly to the part in which he was most interested. Mr. and Mrs. Cartmell spent much of their time in the Architectural Court, and admired the many copies of monuments, parts of cathedrals, church doors, choir screens, pulpits, chimneys, etc.

Mr. French took Miss Gray to see the collection of foreign furniture, tapestries, and paintings. Many of the latter are portraits by celebrated artists. They spent some time in looking at the great Raphael cartoons, which Mr. French said were considered by many judges among the best of his works.

George hurried the other children from one curiosity to another, till they were tired of looking at such a variety of beautiful things.

At the end of the two hours in the museum all were ready to ride again, and the party proceeded northward to Regent's Park. In going, Mr. Cartmell directed the driver to pass along the northern side of Hyde Park, through a part of Edgware Road, which follows the old Roman Road. Just before turning from Hyde Park into this road, Mr. French pointed out where the famous "Tyburn Tree" once stood.

"What does that mean?" Fred asked.

"'The Tyburn Tree,'" replied Mr. French, "was sometimes called the 'Three-Legged Mare,' because it was a triangle on three legs. It was where the public executions took place before 1783. It was selected because it was so remote from London."

"What does the name mean?"

"Tyburn means Tye Brook. The brook rose near here on a hill."

"Dryden says," added Miss Gray, "in one of his prologues, —

"'Thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.'

The condemned were brought here in a cart from the Newgate Prison, and each prisoner carried an immense nosegay. Many noted persons were executed here, among them Jack Sheppard."

The driver, upon reaching the park, turned to the left, and entered the broad drive called the "Outer Circle." On the right the children saw a large lake with many boats upon it, and beyond various buildings, which they learned were those of the Royal Botanic Society. The ride was quite like one in the country, as the thorns, lilacs, and many other trees were frequently seen. In a short time they came to

the noted Zoölogical Gardens, where they left the carriage, or drag.

"These gardens, children," said Mr. Cartmell, "are among the oldest and largest in the world. They were founded in in 1826 by Sir Humphry Davy, a noted scientific man. We are fortunate in being here about the time the animals are fed, when they are most active. During the middle of the

Regent Street, London.

day most of them conceal themselves in holes and dens, under water, or among the shrubbery."

The Cartmells here separated into three parties, in order that each might visit the animals in which he was most interested. They all met later in the refreshment-rooms. What an exchange of adventures and views took place around that table!

In returning to their hotel, the Cartmells passed by the large building just south of Regent's Park, containing Madame Tussaud's well-known waxwork exhibition. The children wished to stop and visit it at that time; but Mr. French

advised them to go in the evening, and see the exhibit under the glare of gas-lights.

"What great building is that on the other side of the street?" George asked.

"It is the Marylebone Workhouse, where so many of London's poor are cared for."

They then drove through the rich West End of London, through Portman Square, containing the town residence of the Duke of Fife, through Berkeley Square, with its plane-trees, in which Lord Rosebery has his town home, and then into and through Grosvenor Square, which for a century

View from Richmond Hill, near London.

and a half has maintained the position of being the most fashionable place of residence in London.

The party again reached Hyde Park in season to see some of the fashionable driving. They were greatly interested in the powdered lackeys, the sleek coachmen, the high-bred horses, and the elegant equipages, containing the most

handsomely dressed and most beautiful women and the most refined men to be seen perhaps in the world. They returned through Oxford and Regent Streets. When they reached their hotel, even the children were well satisfied with that day's work, and tired enough to go to bed, after a light lunch.

"We must have a ride down the Thames before we leave England," said Mr. French one day to Mr. Cartmell.

"It would be delightful. How can we best accomplish it?"

"Leave that to me, please."

A few days after Mr. French invited them all to a river excursion.

Fred thus describes it, in a letter to his cousin, —

London, *July* 12, 1897.

Dear Cousin Arthur, —

Our friend Mr. French has given us to-day a most enjoyable river outing. We went by rail early in the morning to Reading, and then we boarded a fine steam-launch which carried us down to Henley in time to see the great Royal Regatta. Here we stayed a large part of the day, watching the races and the people. Picked crews from all the principal English clubs took part, and it was very exciting. The boats passed very near our launch, which was anchored near the bank. Late in the afternoon we dropped down to Great Marlow, a noted fishing-place, and tied up to the bank for the night, sleeping very comfortably on board. The next day we steamed slowly on past Maidenhead, where we saw many young people canoeing and picnicking. In this vicinity are many houseboats beside the banks, in which the nicest families live for several weeks, to get away from the noise and dirt of the great city.

Windsor Castle never looked more magnificent than when seen from the river. Papa, mamma, and Miss Gray left the boat at Hampton Court to visit the old cardinal's palace; but Mr. French and the rest of us preferred to go farther down and see Richmond Hill, which we climbed, and from which we had a fine view of the river and country. We also spent a little time in the well-known Kew Gardens. It was a grand excursion, and I wish you had been with us.

Your travelling cousin,

Fred.

CHAPTER XII

TO THE TOWER AND TOWER BRIDGE

"Now, papa, can we ride to-day?" inquired Nellie.

"Yes. And each one may select his kind of vehicle."

The selections were written down upon pieces of paper, and Mr. Cartmell examined them. The result was, that Fred and George rode together in a hansom cab; Miss Gray,

Victoria or Thames Embankment

Nellie, and Mr. French went in a landau; and Florence, with her parents, saw the views from an open barouche.

"Where shall we go to-day?" asked Fred.

"First over the **Victoria Embankment,** eastward."

As they slowly passed through this magnificent boulevard, Mr. French began to talk to his carriage companions about this wonderful street.

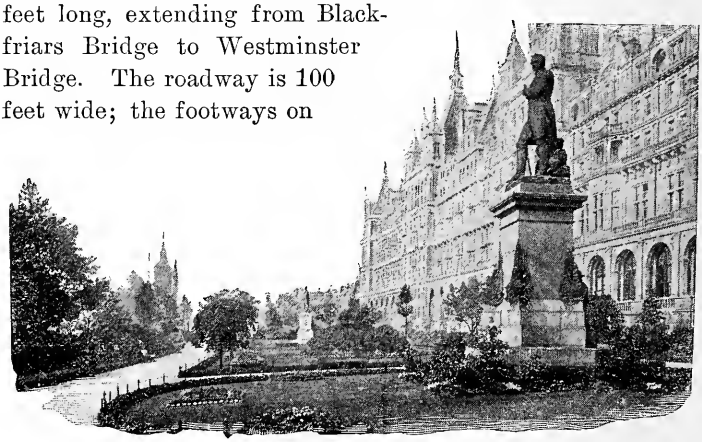
"It is often called the Thames Embankment," he said.

"When was it completed, Mr. French?" Miss Gray asked.

"In 1870."

Then he told Miss Gray other interesting facts, —

"This embankment consists of a solid granite wall, 8 feet thick, 40 feet high, and 7,000 feet long, extending from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge. The roadway is 100 feet wide; the footways on each side are planted with trees. Much of the land included in this great improvement has been reclaimed from the river."



Victoria Embankment Gardens.

The ride was very different from the previous one through the noisy and crowded streets of London. Here there seemed to be plenty of room to breathe and think. The trees gave considerable shade, especially upon the wide sidewalk next to the river.

They saw many statues; and the boys stopped to study carefully the one erected in honor of Tyndale, the first translator of the Bible into the English language.

Passing Charing Cross Bridge, they saw a public garden with statues of the two great Roberts, — Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, and Robert Burns, the great Scotch poet.

The occupants of all the three carriages stopped to admire the Egyptian obelisk, often called "Cleopatra's Needle."

Florence thought it looked very small; and her father told her that the reddish granite shaft was only about seventy feet high, and was dwarfed in appearance because many buildings within sight were much higher.

The party soon came to a massive structure, Waterloo Bridge. Beneath this section are several tunnels, used for the underground railroad, for water and gas pipes, and sewers. Through the iron ventilators come now and then puffs of steam and smoke, showing that life is going on below as well as above the surface.

As they passed beyond this bridge, Mr. French and Miss Gray both remarked upon the beauty of the long terraces in front of Somerset House. They called Nellie's attention to the Venetian style of this house, with its many rich columns, pediments, and corridors.

"See those big lions!" exclaimed Nellie.

They were carved lions reclining on their pedestals to guard the place, and are considered very fine.

The boys noticed the tasteful office of the London School Board, in front of which stands a statue of W. E. Forster, who did so much for the cause of education in England.

Mrs. Cartmell enjoyed the view of the Temple Gardens; and back of them she saw the old Temple itself, in the English Gothic style, which she greatly admires.

Near the end of the embankment Mr. Cartmell pointed

out to Florence Hotel Royal, forming quite a sharp curve, and resembling, in its general appearance, a building in Paris.

While riding through Upper Thames Street, which was very crowded, Mr. French stopped a few moments before Fishmongers' Hall, one of the richest and oldest guilds in London, having an income of $100,000 per annum. Inside is the dagger with which Wat Tyler was slain.

Below London Bridge each carriage stopped in Billingsgate, the chief fish-market of London. The fish are brought here in boats, landed in baskets or boxes, and sold first to the wholesale and then to the retail dealers.

"How do you buy the different kinds of fish?" George asked a dealer.

"We always buy oysters and shellfish by measure, salmon by weight, and the other kinds by number."

The boys also learned that five o'clock in the morning is the market-hour. As the approaches to this market are not very commodious, blocks in the travel at this early hour are not uncommon. When they happen, dialogues between the drivers take place which are not fit for ears polite. Hence to talk "billingsgate" is to use language which is not very flattering to the person addressed, or vulgar, abusive language.

A short ride farther east, through Lower Thames Street, carried them all to the noted **Tower.** They entered these historic grounds at the corner near the river. Here a guide, a warden who is frequently called a "beefeater," escorted them through the buildings. These men are retired soldiers.

He told them how old this great fortress and gloomy prison was. The buildings were surrounded by a moat and battlemented wall. The moat has been drained, but the wall remains. It has thirteen towers, each having a historical name. They passed through one of these towers which the guide said was called the "Bloody Tower," because the sons

Tower of London, from the Thames.

of Edward IV., "the two princes," were murdered here. The guide pointed out the old *portcullis* by which the entrance was secured.

"Please show us the 'Traitor's Gate,' Mr. Warden," George requested.

So he led them below St. Thomas's Tower, and showed them the entrance from the river, which has always been

Traitor's Gate, Tower.

called the Traitor's Gate, because political prisoners were so often taken to the Tower in this way.

"It has closed behind queens, noble ladies, peers of the realm, bishops, besides thousands of humble men and women," said Mr. Cartmell.

The guide next took them into the principal building, or *keep*, usually called the "White Tower," and which is so plainly seen in all pictures of this place.

"Here were imprisoned and afterwards executed," said the guide, "such noted persons as Sir Thomas More, William Tyndale, the Duke of Buckingham, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Thomas Cromwell, Catharine Howard, Sir John Eliot,

Tower Bridge, London.

Stratford, Laud, and many others whose names are closely connected with English history."

When he pointed out the little room in which the good Jane Grey was locked up, several Cartmells dropped a tear in memory of the loved character. Miss Gray and George were interested in the rooms occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh when he wrote his "History of the World."

The Cartmell boys were pleased to see the many suits of armor, the various stacks of modern rifles, and other less death-dealing weapons.

All were deeply interested in the regalia, or crown jewels, now kept in the Wakefield Tower. Saint Edward's cross, the guide said, was once stolen, but recovered.

"In Queen Victoria's crown are nearly three thousand diamonds."

"Is that the real Koh-i-noor?"

"No. It is only a model. The real 'Mountain of Light' is kept at Windsor Castle."

The crown of the Prince of Wales was of pure gold without any jewels.

The guide finally led the Cartmells to the little church of "St. Peter-in-Chains," which stood in one corner of the inner ward. Here he told them are buried many noted persons, such as "the Earl of Essex, first the favorite, then the victim, of Elizabeth; the Duke of Norfolk, who in seeking the hand of Mary Queen of Scots found a scaffold and then a grave; the Duke of Monmouth, 'the bad son of a bad father.'"

From the Tower they drove across the Thames over Tower Bridge.

"This is a new kind of bridge," Mr. French explained. "It consists of three spans. The roadway in the central span presents, as you now see, a broad expanse of wooden blocks 200 feet long and 50 feet wide. Beneath this roadway is a span 30 feet high, sufficient for small river craft.

When a larger vessel comes along, vehicles must stop, and the road-bed will part in the middle, and each *leaf*, or half, rise to a vertical position, being counterpoised on its inner end. It takes only one minute to do this."

"Do the foot-passengers have to wait?"

"No; they can enter a 'lift' in the Tower, and be carried up to the high-level footways 112 feet above us. All the machinery for operating the bridge is hydraulic. It took

London Hospital, Whitechapel.

eight years to build the bridge, and it cost six million dollars and seven lives."

Recrossing the bridge again, Mr. Cartmell took his family to see the East Side of London, where the poorer people live, on Whitechapel Road and Mile End. They found some good buildings here, such as the London Hospital, Toynbee Hall, named after a young man who died while trying to help those poor people.

They also visited the People's Palace, a large institution

for the recreation, amusement, and advancement of the vast population here. Florence said she read all about it in Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

On the way home the leading characteristics of the English formed a topic of lively discussion. Mr. Cartmell said that he had noticed that the men in England usually dress soberly and quietly. They are neat and tidy. An Englishman rarely comes to breakfast in slippers and dressing-gown, but in a regular suit, coat buttoned up, and polished shoes.

Mrs. Cartmell said that she could not say as much for the women, who seem oftentimes to lack good taste in dressing; in fact, to be almost color blind. For instance, colors are often worn when quite inappropriate. A good-looking dress is spoiled by putting on too much jewelry, or some other unnecessary ornament.

Miss Gray agreed with Mrs. Cartmell; but she believed English women to be highly cultivated, and to show the effect of true education. They are very modest and womanly. If they are not as beautiful as American women, they are more lovely.

Mr. French added his observations. "The English are sturdy, faithful, truthful, and honest. They are sincere; their actions and words correspond. The men and women look very much like men and women in the same condition in the United States. The English face may have more color; the average weight may be greater than that of Americans. The real 'John Bull' of the pictures is just as scarce as our 'Jonathans.'"

"Are the English great eaters?" George asked.

"They do not eat as much meat in a day as the average Yankee, because they do not often eat meat at breakfast. There is no such variety of food served in restaurants and hotels as in America. The Englishman likes a large joint, well cooked, and juicy. If he has meat in the morning he

prefers the joint to beefsteak. In London restaurants can often be seen about noon the notice, 'A hot joint at two o'clock.' English mutton is far superior to their beef. 'It is mutton which is mutton without being muttony.'

"The English make the dinner very formal; with the upper classes everybody must appear in full evening dress. You have all noticed this, even in the Hotel *Metropole.* Persons are sometimes invited to a dinner to talk on some favorite subject."

Florence had noticed how soft and pleasant the voices of the women usually are. They speak with gentle modulation. When the mistress of the house speaks to her maid, both talk in sweet, clear, and low tones. It is rare to hear an English woman raise her voice.

CHAPTER XIII

THROUGH THE HEART OF ENGLAND BY CARRIAGE

THE Cartmells decided after several experiences to employ the drag for their long trips, as it proved to be very comfortable in the drives through the city.

Bright and early Monday morning they started for **Windsor Castle.**

They drove from Charing Cross over a part of the same

The Long Walk, Windsor.

route taken in Lesson XI. Beyond Kensington they soon came to the small town of Hammersmith. A few miles beyond this town they saw the Thames River; but this river was not seen again for a long distance, as it curves away to

Windsor Castle, from the Royal Gardens.

the south. Just before reaching Windsor Park the Thames was crossed by a fine bridge.

This park is fourteen miles in circumference, and contains two thousand acres, laid out with all the skill of English landscape gardeners, whose powers to beautify the earth are unequalled by any other nationality. The Cartmells were ready to concede this honor when they reached Virginia Water, an artificial lake, faultless in its gentle beauty. About the lake they saw pheasants, which are raised here for the royal table. Not far from the lake Miss Gray found a ruined temple, brought from the East. Its broken arch, stained pillar, and shattered column were covered with ivy and moss.

At different points are secluded lodges half-hidden in foliage, where members of the royal race reside in summer. George III. occupied one of these in his last days of mental darkness. Not far away was found a fine equestrian statue of this same king, standing on its massive pedestal of natural rock.

"This section of the park," Mr. Cartmell said, "is called Snow Hill. From this point, you notice, begins the Long Walk, a perfectly straight road to the castle."

In the distance rose the castle in its strength and beauty. They drove through this highway, and found it for three miles embowered with double rows of splendid oaks and elms. At one point they saw the mausoleum in which lie the remains of the Prince Consort, the Queen's much-mourned husband.

The magnificent castle now appeared before them in all its stately grandeur. Turning to the left, they passed round the castle and to their hotel.

Mr. French suggested that a whole day be given to examining the castle, lest they all become like Humboldt's friend, of whom he said, "He has gone farther and seen less than any one I know."

As they all walked the next morning from their hotel up

towards the castle, Mr. Cartmell reminded the children that they were "about to see," as some one says, "a very beau-ideal of a feudal stronghold, which was founded by William the Conqueror as a mere fortress or hunting-post. Since then his successors have added to it, till it has become one of the most important royal palaces in existence."

They first climbed to the top of the round tower, which is

Quadrangle, Eton College.

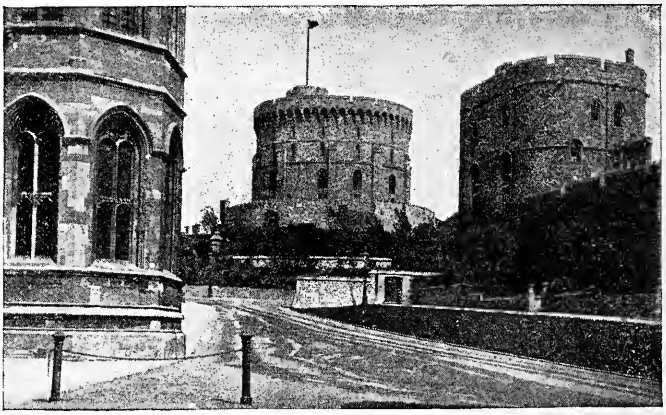
the oldest part. They next noticed that the castle consisted of two quadrangles, which George said were called the *lower ward* and the *upper ward.* Looking farther away they noticed the garden beneath beautifully arranged, and adorned with statues in marble and bronze. Beyond was the great park through which they rode the day before. Then, turning towards the east, they saw the Thames for many miles in its course.

The antique towers of Eton, a celebrated preparatory school, rise just over the river, towards the north.

"Remember," said Miss Gray, "that many of England's noted men have begun their education under the roof of that school. This was told you by Mr. Forster."

Nearly in the same direction, in the dim distance, can be seen the tower of the church of Stoke Pogis, to be visited and described farther on in this lesson.

At eleven o'clock the Cartmells, with other visitors, were shown through the State Apartments. They first entered the Queen's Audience Chamber. The walls of this room they noticed were hung with French tapestry, representing the story of Esther and Mordecai. The ceiling was beautifully painted. In the next room they saw more tapestry continu-

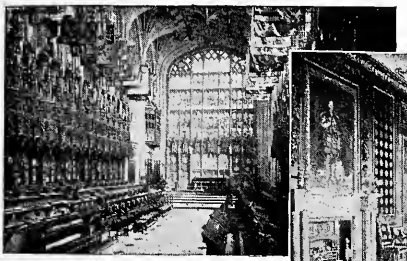


The Round Tower, Windsor.

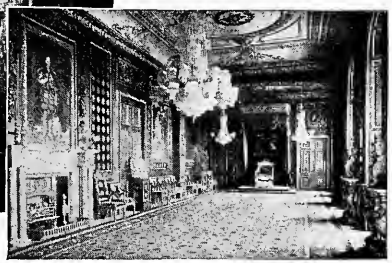
ing the same biblical story. In the Guard Chamber they found suits of old armor, a bust of Nelson, and busts of other great English fighting heroes. The children were greatly pleased with the long and very wide dining-table in one of the rooms. More of this exquisite tapestry was seen in the

Grand Reception Room. In other rooms Miss Gray called the attention of the children to the noted pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, and other celebrated masters.

After making the circuit, led in a hurried manner by a disobliging official, they all visited St. George's Chapel, where so many English kings are buried, and then looked into Albert



St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



The Throne Room.

Chapel, the royal memorial restored by the Queen in honor of Prince Albert. The latter was considered by the older members of the party to be the result of all that money and modern art could produce.

"No wife," said Mrs. Cartmell, "ever erected to the honor of her deceased husband a more magnificent memorial."

Mr. French took the children off to see the Royal Mews, or stables, where they saw many very fine horses, kept in a stable which cost $350,000.

Windsor Castle is about thirty miles directly west of London. Windsor means "winding shore," referring to the winding of the Thames. Upon leaving the place the next day, the Cartmells turned their faces towards the north, and rode for days in that direction through the **centre of England.**

They stopped for a few moments in the little town of

Slough. While resting, the landlady informed them that Sir William Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, built his great telescope in the garden of that house, in which he then lived. Of course they had to go out and examine the garden.

From Slough to the next village was only two miles. At first the road was quite tame, and only became at all interesting by the views behind them of the great castle. Afterwards they turned into a long avenue of beautiful fir-trees, whose low, wide-spreading branches swept the ground. This led them to a stone lodge buried in flowers. Near this lodge was a straight path, on each side of which grew rose-trees to the door of **Stoke Pogis** Church, with its "ivy-mantled tower."

"In this little village," said Miss Gray to Nellie, "lived, years ago, a poet by the name of Thomas Gray, who wrote the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' a part of which you have heard us repeat on several occasions.

"'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

"'Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.'"

The children were pleased to hear Miss Gray repeat the first part of the poem after they entered the churchyard. All were impressed with the words, and with the beauty, stillness, and peace of the scene. The churchyard seemed to be a fitting frame to the ideas of the words.

Mr. French called their attention to the grave of Mrs.

Gray, the poet's mother, on which grave the children found these words: —

HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF
DOROTHY GRAY, WIDOW,
THE CAREFUL, TENDER MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF
WHOM ALONE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER.

Stoke Pogis, where Gray is buried.

"Why is this place called by such a strange name, papa?" Florence inquired.

"It gets its name from two families which were united in marriage here back in the thirteenth century. The interesting story of this marriage is given in Gray's poem, 'The Long Story.' I may add that Queen Elizabeth was once grandly entertained here, and King Charles I. was imprisoned in this little village."

"I can relate something more interesting to the children than all that," said Miss Gray, as they walked into the little church.

"The family of William Penn of Philadelphia renown was once the great folk of this place. Here in the nave you can find their armorial bearings. They did not enter the church by the common door, as we did just now, but by this private door directly to their pew, which you see is large enough for about twenty chairs."

George soon found on the walls of the church an inscription: —

IN MEMORY OF
A SON OF WILLIAM PENN,
THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In a short time, as the journey was resumed, the party came to one of nature's beauty-spots, a bridge over the Thames. To the right were the wooded heights of Cliefden, a very slope of sunny greenery. Below the bridge the river seemed a shimmering mass of silver, and yet made up of varying tints.

Passing on from the bridge over a long hill, Mr. French called their attention to the loveliness of English lanes, through one of which they happened then to be riding.

"Notice the beautiful turns and twists in them; the endless varieties of plants, flowers, and trees which compose the hedges on both sides; the birds which build and sing in their recesses. Here you can see the fragrant hawthorn all snow-white in summer and red with berries in winter, the sweet-

General View of Oxford: High Street.

scented honeysuckle, the dog-rose, the sweet-brier, wild hops, ground ivy, and countless other plants."

By and by Great Marlow came in sight, the steeple of its church being seen at quite a distance. Here the Cartmells stopped for the noon-day lunch, which they had served to them in the garden, on a beautiful lawn shaded by trees.

While eating they heard from the sky above them such a flood of heavenly music as to astonish them. All gazed upward in search of the musician, but the tiny songster was nowhere to be seen. The flood of song still poured forth, the mystery increased; at last a small black speck came into sight, a skylark floated to earth.

Nellie exclaimed, —

"How small to see! How great to hear!"

Miss Gray repeated Wordsworth's tribute, —

> "'Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.'"

In a little while after leaving Great Marlow, the valley of the Thames was reached; and for hours the road traversed was near that lovely river.

This part of England was so beautiful as to call forth from Mrs. Cartmell the exclamation, —

> "'If there be a paradise upon earth
> It is here, it is here!'"

As evening approached, the sun's last rays rested lovingly upon the wooded heights ahead. The tall elms near by were all resplendent with golden light, and the windows of house or cottage gave back the glow of the sky. The bellowing of distant cattle, the tinkling of far-off sheep-bells, the calling of the workmen returning from toil, gradually ceased as they approached **Oxford.**

The world was almost still when out of the hawthorn hedges the nightingale poured forth his wonderful song. It was difficult for the children to decide which to admire the most, the noon-day songster, the skylark, or this new competitor for musical honors, with his piercing, passionate strains, and long-drawn, dying cadences.

Glimpses of the Thames were frequently seen as they

Christ Church, Oxford, from the Meadows.

hurried on and into Oxford, crossing in the town the Isis River, and stopping on High Street at the Clarendon.

The next day the Cartmells spent a most delightful day in roaming about this picturesque old university town. They visited several of the old colleges, and admired the wealth of weather-stained stonework, the quaintly shaped gable roofs, and the mullioned windows of warm gray and often crumbling stone. Inside they saw the many treasures of carved oak and stained glass and pictures.

"What makes all the college buildings look so old, papa?" Fred asked.

"Because this stone is a fragile sandstone, and shows

quickly the effect of the weather. Some of the buildings are very old, having stood here for over 600 years."

In the afternoon they first visited the tower of the Sheldonian Theatre, and looked down upon the city of colleges. All were ready to acknowledge that Oxford is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Mr. French said that he considered High Street, the pride of Oxford, one of the finest streets in the world.

"Why?" asked Florence.

"Because of the great and rich variety of the buildings — colleges and churches mingling with modern shops and old-fashioned dwellings; also because of the different styles of architecture, and the pleasant curving of the street."

Miss Gray quoted from one of the poets, —

"'The stream-like windings of that glorious street.'"

"Walter Scott," said Mrs. Cartmell, "compares this street with his own High Street in Edinburgh."

In the evening each one mentioned some point which interested him in the day's ramble.

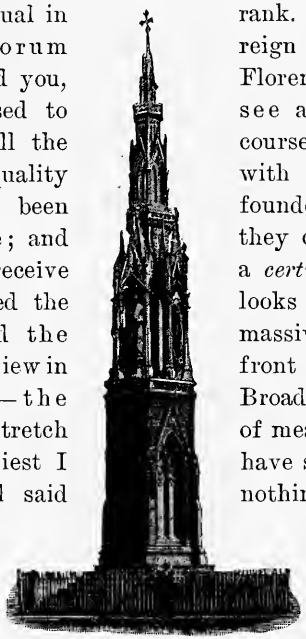
Nellie liked the lovely flower-beds and the matchless, smooth-shaven lawns seen in so many of the quadrangles, especially in Magdalen College.

Fred was quite carried away with "Mighty Tom," the big bell hanging in the dome of Christ Church College. It is so large the clapper weighs nearly 350 pounds.

"Every night," said Fred, "Tom tolls 101 times, that being the number of students this college had the first year. At the sound most of the gates are closed. I wonder what the students do when they are locked out?"

"You remember, Fred, how much you were interested to-day," said Mr. French, "in the great kitchen in this college. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey about 1530; and you

saw the great fireplaces and arrangements of those days for cooking, for no changes have ever been made. Some of you remember the dining-room called the 'Hall,' where the people connected with the college dine. I once saw them in term-time. The magnates sat in state on the dais, the masters and bachelors at the side tables, and the under-graduates at the lower end. Nearly all wore their college robes. How much more democratic is the view of 1,000 students eating in Memorial Hall at Harvard, where all the tables are equal in rank. In both places order and decorum reign supreme. But what interested you, Florence?"



The Martyrs' Memorial, Oxford.

"I was pleased to see and learn that women attend all the courses of instruction on terms of equality with men. Colleges for women have been founded at both Oxford and Cambridge; and they can study *for* degrees, but they receive a *certificate* instead of a degree. I liked the looks of Merton College. I noticed the massive tower from several places. The view in front of this college of the Mertonfield — the Broad Walk of fine elm-trees, and the stretch of meadow beyond — is one of the loveliest I have seen in Oxford."

Mrs. Cartmell said nothing interested her so much as the Martyrs' Memorial, which is situated, not where they were burned, but *near* the spot. "Most people now believe that the exact spot is where we saw the cross in the street opposite Baliol College. Cranmer, I learned to-day, witnessed the death of his brother bishops, Ridley and Latimer, from the summit of a high tower. Lati-

mer is my hero; for he called out from the burning fagots to his colleague, 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'"

"Well, George, what has interested you, my boy?"

"I have been interested in many things, papa. I walked out to the Thames, about two miles, to see the boats, boat-houses, and some part of the course where the great university races take place. I found a good view of Oxford near this point. I also went to the 'Union,' where some students spend most of their time. The luxurious rooms are well furnished with books, newspapers, periodicals, and lounges. The weekly debate here has a world-wide reputation. Oxford students not only take to boating, but to cricket, lawn-tennis, etc.

"I also learned that a young man after entering has to pass through two examinations, known as the 'little go' and 'great go,' before he can be admitted to the privilege of a degree. If he is successful he becomes B.A., and then proceeds to A.M., and so on. Each degree has its distinctive dress. The M.A. wears a gown of 'prince's stuff,' with two long sleeves terminating in a semicircle; the D.D., in full dress, a gown of crimson or scarlet, with black velvet sleeves. Undergraduates wear a black gown with square cap called a 'mortar-board.' On Sundays and festivals the Cambridge students wear white surplices instead of the black gowns; and Christ Church College here has the same custom. At Harvard the students put on the black gowns only when or just before they graduate."

"Oxford and Cambridge," remarked Mr. Cartmell, "are both real universities, because they consist of a large number of separate, independent colleges united under one head. Oxford has twenty-three and Cambridge nineteen colleges and halls. The principal executive officer, corresponding to an American president of a college, is here called the chan-

cellor, and is always a person of royal blood or a nobleman; his office is for life, but he always acts by his vice-chancellor, who is the real executive. In discipline he is assisted by 'proctors.' The tutors and fellows are called 'dons.'

"In all these colleges at Oxford, there are only a few more students than at Harvard. Oxford has more students than Cambridge; its expenses are greater. Oxford is more noted for boating, Cambridge for hard study. Oxford gives a grand education in ancient history and philosophy, Cambridge in mathematics. Some say Oxford educates, Cambridge instructs.

"In both colleges lectures are given by the professors, but much of the educational work is done by private tutors; examinations are held at least every term. If a student fail eight times he cannot compete for honors again. The vacations are so frequent and so long that reading parties, under a private tutor, or 'coach,' are common during the vacation, away from college."

"Well, Miss Gray," asked Mr. Cartmell, "you have long been silent. What have you to say?"

"Oxford to me is a most lovely town. The elm-shaded Cherwell and the clear, broad Isis flow through a fair and historical landscape. Never shall I forget the beauties of these grand public buildings, the stately libraries, the chapels like cathedrals, the armorial gateways, the time-worn towers, the embattled walls, the spacious gardens and walks, the smooth lawns, and the wilderness of spires and pinnacles.

"The poet Wordsworth recognized here a 'presence' which 'overpowered the soberness of reason.' I have been impressed with the antiquity of the edifices, and the youth of the students who in term-time must pass through these entrancing quadrangles. The general course of English history is almost spelt out in these buildings; sermons may, indeed, be read in the stones of these edifices.

"Oxford is connected with much that is great and noble in the world. King Alfred was its founder, Wolsey its early builder. Many kings and queens have honored it with their presence. Queen Elizabeth spent an entire week here. Many of England's greatest men have been educated in this university. Dr. Johnson for want of means had to leave his college without a degree. Both his wit and poverty were then well known. A friend put a pair of new boots at his door; the great scholar was so proud, that when he found them, he threw them out of the window. Oxford has had in its colleges such men as Wycliffe, first translator of the Bible into English; Cardinal Wolsey; Bodley, who founded the great library; Wren, the architect; Taylor and Wesley and Whitefield, the great preachers; Sir Philip Sidney, the gentleman; the Earl of Chatham, the friend of America; William Pitt, his son, orator and prime minister; Sir Robert Peel, another noted prime minister; Wilberforce, who banished slavery from English soil; Blackstone, Southey, Addison, and a host of others hardly less noted."

CHAPTER XIV

CLASSIC GROUND

STARTING quite early in the morning, the Cartmells rode up the valley of the Cherwell. A pleasant drive of eight miles brought them to the once royal town of Woodstock. Alfred had his palace here; but it is better known as the scene of one of Scott's novels, and the place of Fair Rosamond's bower. Mr. Cartmell directed the coachman to proceed at once to **Blenheim Park,** on the edge of the town.

"This magnificent estate," said Mr. Cartmell, "twelve miles in circumference, was given to the first Duke of Marlborough in memory of the famous victory which he won over the French near the village of Blenheim, on the Danube, in the reign of Queen Anne. Parliament also gave him two million dollars with which to build a residence. We Americans are interested in the place because Miss Vanderbilt of New York has recently become the present Duchess of Marlborough."

They found the park well stocked with deer, and heavily wooded; there were many lovely lakes, and it was all very attractive as a natural summer resort. The hunting here is said to be good enough for royalty to enjoy. The palace was seen among the trees. Florence called the four hundred feet façade "grand." George preferred "massive." Mrs. Cartmell thought a better phrase would be "a pile of stone." For the architect some one proposed this epitaph: —

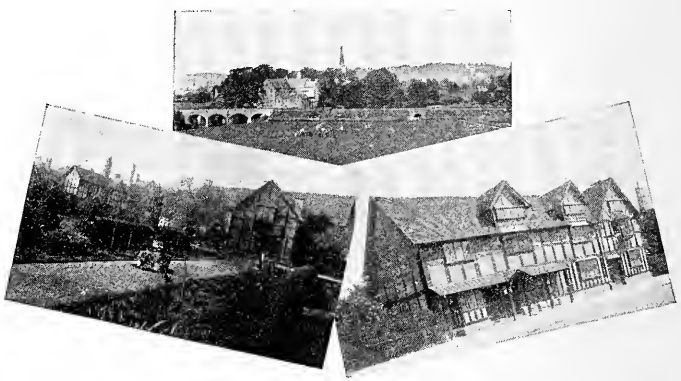
> "'Lie heavy upon him, O Earth, for he
> Hath laid many a heavy weight on thee.'"

Mr. French said, —

"In this building was once one of the largest private libraries in England, and a very large and valuable collection of paintings, both of which have been sold to raise ready money; but the interior is still adorned with fine tapestry and painted ceilings, and many valuable pictures. There are several broad marble staircases, great halls, and a magnificent organ, which in size would grace a cathedral."

In the afternoon the riding-party made a steady drive northward, through a very quiet section of England, in some

Stratford Church.



Garden, rear of Shakespeare's Home. *Shakespeare's Home.*

Stratford-on-Avon.

places densely wooded, and everywhere showing hedges in perfection. About four o'clock they passed through the quiet town of Deddington, where they noticed rolling hill and dale, and fine valleys with many trees. There were villages to the right and villages to the left, and mansions peeping from the woods wherever they turned the eye.

In one place all were especially impressed with a broad, flat meadow, where cattle were wading more than ankle-deep

in buttercups and grass. On the other side of the road the haymakers, including several women, were very busy getting in the hay.

Soon after this, Mr. Cartmell began to repeat: —

> "'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
> To see a fine lady ride on a white horse;
> With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
> She shall have music wherever she goes.'"

"What *is* the matter with papa?" asked Nellie.

"I feel young again," said the traveller.

"Why did you say that jingle here?" inquired Fred.

"Because in a few moments we reach Banbury, and shall see the Cross, and can have some cakes."

At Banbury a stop was made for the night. They didn't see the old lady of the nursery rhyme, and the Cross was very new, and altogether too nice to suit Miss Gray's love for the antique; but the cakes, made of rich paste with a filling of Zante currants and other fruits, were pronounced "delicious" by old and young.

The next day they proceeded to **Stratford-on-Avon,** passing through a very quiet, beautiful, open, well-cultivated country.

Of course the Cartmells put up at the Red Horse, where Washington Irving stopped. Mr. and Mrs. Cartmell, in fact, occupied the room next to the one used by the famous author of the "Sketch-Book" in 1817.

"This inn is a great favorite with Americans," said Mr. Cartmell; "I learn this from the register."

The following day was the Sabbath, and all was quiet and peaceful in Stratford. Everybody seemed to be going to church. The Cartmells went first to New Place, where Shakespeare lived, and walked from there through the same streets that he followed in going from his home to Holy Trinity Church. While passing along they heard the peal of

the very bells which had said to him, "Come hither, come hither!"

This church which he attended, and where he was buried, stands on the banks of the Avon. The Cartmell party noticed the lime-trees on each side of the avenue of approach, and the beautiful central tower and slim spire. The interior is cathedral-like in shape and appearance. The Cartmells were shown to good seats, and listened to the usual Episcopal service and a good sermon.

After the sermon they waited, and with others looked

The Church where Shakespeare is buried, Stratford-on-Avon.

about. There were many monuments, especially in the north aisle; but none were of interest except Shakespeare's.

The children soon found it in the chancel. A simple slab placed horizontally, as a part of the floor. His wife and favorite daughter lie beside him.

Mr. French secured the children's attention at once, when he said, —

"Please notice the bust of Shakespeare just above his grave, and fastened to the wall. It was made by his friend Mr. Johnson, a native stone-cutter. The window above it was given by Shakespeare's admirers in America. It represents the poet's 'Seven Ages.'"

Going home they passed by the fountain in Rother Square, presented by George W. Childs of Philadelphia.

Memorial Window.
Shakespeare's Grave and Bust.

The next morning the party went out after breakfast to see this celebrated town. They soon found that High Street, running nearly north and south, was crossed by Bridge and Wood Streets, running nearly west and east, thus making a cross. This intersection is near the centre of the town. The market-house is near, and the old stone bridge, with its fourteen arches, over the Avon, not far away.

A short walk westward brought them to Henly Street, where they soon found, from pictures, the house in which Shakespeare is said to have been born.[1]

The cottage stands near the street; and the Cartmells entered through a little porch, and came at once into a low-ceilinged, flag-stoned room, with its wide fireplace, so often seen in pictures. Florence soon discovered the seat within the fireplace.

"I wonder if Shakespeare ever sat there on winter nights, and gazed into the fire and built air-castles?"

In the room above, the poet is said to have been born.

"Why, see the names written everywhere!" exclaimed Nellie.

[1] See p. 196.

Surely enough, every inch of the plaster bore marks of the pencil. Hundreds of names were written very close together on the chimney-piece, on the ceiling, on the great beams, and on the walls. The little panes of glass showed many names written with diamonds. Miss Gray soon found W. Scott among the number. George found Byron; Fred, Dickens; and Mrs. Cartmell discovered Thackeray.

In the Shakespearian Museum on the ground floor, Mr. Cartmell called the attention of his children to the old school-desk from the ancient grammar school at which Shakespeare may have studied "small Latin and less Greek." He showed them a seal ring, on which, engraved, appear the letters W. S. It was found in a field near Stratford Church, and many persons think that it once belonged to Shakespeare.

In the garden at the back of the house Mr. French and Miss Gray found growing pansies, rosemary, fennel, columbine, rue, daisies, violets, and other flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's writings.

"Where is New Place?" Mrs. Cartmell inquired.

Mr. Cartmell answered by directing the questioner and the others to the place.

"Why are we going there, papa?" Florence inquired.

"Because it was the home of Shakespeare at the time of his mature manhood and when he died."

"But where is the house?" Nellie asked when New Place was reached.

"The house was owned over one hundred years later by one Rev. Mr. Gastrell, who became so provoked at the many strangers who would come and sit in his garden under Shakespeare's old mulberry-tree, he cut this precious tree down. The villagers took their revenge by breaking his windows. He then pulled the house down, and moved away. Here you can see a few of the stones which were the foundations of the old house."

Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

The garden to the house was not very large. The lawn was perfect; mulberry and other trees grew there; roses filled the air with rich perfume. The square tower of the Chapel of the Holy Guild looked down upon the scene, as it did three hundred years before, in Shakespeare's life.

"It is believed," said Miss Gray, "that 'The Tempest,' 'The Winter's Tale,' and 'Henry the Eighth' were written in this place."

In the afternoon the Cartmells all walked over the foot-path through the fields to Shottery, about a mile distant. Here, beneath the elms, and surrounded by roses and vines, they saw the cottage where young Shakespeare wooed and won his bride, Anne Hathaway. This cottage is covered now, as then, with a thatch roof.

Entering the parlor they saw a stone floor, a wide fire-place, and near it an old wooden settle. George and Florence sat on the settle, and imagined themselves William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway.

Mr. Cartmell asked how many knew the ages of these noted lovers when married.

Miss Gray said, —

"I believe Anne was much older."

"Yes; she was twenty-six, and Will Shakespeare only eighteen, a boy lover."

"To this room," said Mr. French, "the poet may often have come home from his labors in London; for here probably his wife lived when Shakespeare was seeking his fortune as player and writer in the great city."

CHAPTER XV

IN THE CENTRAL PART OF ENGLAND

It was a delightful trip of about eight miles along the eastern bank of the Avon to **Warwick.** Mr. Cartmell drove very slowly in order that his family might enjoy the lovely

River Front and Ferry, Warwick Castle.

scenes ever presenting themselves. Long before Warwick was reached, the tall spire of the principal church was seen high above the roofs of the houses. The best view of the

castle is from the bridge over the Avon, where it can be seen from turret to foundation-stone.

Coming nearer to the ancient building, the Cartmells noticed that the huge pile had been erected at various dates. One side overhangs the Avon River, and the other opens upon a courtyard. This courtyard communicates with the town by an embattled gateway, with a well-preserved portcullis.

All the party went into a good-sized room in the gateway, to see such relics as the sword carried by Guy of Warwick, his shield, breastplate, helmet, and walking-staff.

"He must have been a big and strong man, judging from these articles," said Fred.

"Yes," said his father; "this breastplate alone must have weighed fifty pounds."

"He and his friends were great drinkers," added the guide; "for this punch-bowl of Guy's held one hundred gallons."

The children at once rushed up a flight of stone steps leading to the top of Guy's tower. From this vantage ground they saw glimpses of the river, and beyond large stretches of greensward shaded by trees. In the courtyard grew Lebanon cedars and lime-trees.

Mrs. Cartmell and the others cared more to see the inside of the different rooms. A mechanical-voiced guide rushed them through the cedar drawing-room, the red one, and finally the gilt room. All of these were very stately and uncomfortable. In one was seen a handsome inlaid table, in others paintings, busts, and vases. The portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck, is conspicuous, and was particularly noticed by Miss Gray and Florence.

"These buildings," said Mrs. Cartmell, "seem to muse upon the centuries over which they have watched, and to be full of knowledge and thought."

In the afternoon Mr. Cartmell ordered the carriage; and

he and his family drove on to **Kenilworth,** five miles distant. Nearly all the way they rode over a perfect carriage-way, through a country of sweet solemnity and repose, past fertile fields full of wild-flowers and waving grain, by endless hedge-rows, and under handsome trees. It was a quiet English farm

Kenilworth Castle.

country, dotted with cosey cottages covered with ivy, and under over-hanging trees.

"It strikes me," remarked Mr. Cartmell, "that these people are contented, and ready to stay here while life lasts."

On the way a stop was made at Guy's Cliff, named after Guy, Earl of Warwick, who killed the Dun Cow. The road passes over Blacklow Hill, and then descends into the straggling town of Kenilworth.

A mile beyond, and they came to the ruins of the castle.

Leaving the drag, the Cartmells entered by a small gate, and soon came in full view of the main part of the building.

"That part on the right," said the guide, "is the Norman Keep; it seems to have been three or four stories high. The

walls, you notice, are fifteen feet thick. Let us now cross this open place where the kitchen stood, and look at the strong tower, which was built by John of Gaunt."

"Where, Mr. Guide, was Amy Robsart's chamber?" Florence asked.

"Scott places it in that small octangular chamber on the second floor. It overlooked this orchard and vegetable garden, which was then the 'pleasance.'"

"What was this part?" Fred inquired, pointing to the next section.

"That was the Banqueting Hall. Notice the two fine oriels at its southern end."

In this inner court were a number of other rooms partly preserved. Several remains of the outer line of defence may be traced.

Mrs. Cartmell was charmed with the picturesqueness of the ruins, due to the ivy which covers them so beautifully, and to the general aspect of the crumbling arches.

Miss Gray remarked, as they were about to leave, —

"How can one look upon these old halls, these mullioned windows, these lofty towers around which rooks fly and ravens croak, and not feel his heart throb? Here I seem to hear again the trumpets of brave Simon de Montfort, to clasp the gauntleted hand of old John of Gaunt, and to see Elizabeth in all the pride of her imperious womanhood. Lieicester passes before me in his pride of place, Amy Robsart weeps in yonder tower, as the moon falls on her white bosom and her great black eyes, while she waits for her lover. What a procession of historical persons do I see of those who lived, triumphed, suffered, sinned, and loved beneath the lofty battlements of Kenilworth! Silence and ruin are here alike eloquent and awful."

About four o'clock in the afternoon the carriage appeared, and Mr. Cartmell proposed a short ride to **Coventry.** It was a

sweet, cool, and perfect afternoon. The sky was a pale blue, here and there dotted with soft white clouds; the grass on either side of the road was like emerald velvet, and starred with wild-flowers, such as forget-me-nots, buttercups, and scarlet poppies. The road, nearly straight, was bordered most of the way by two rows of stately sycamores. The hedge-rows, a tangle of bloom and verdure, called forth many exclamations of surprise and pleasure. Many low, brown, and moss-grown cottages were seen glistening in the descending sun.

Mr. French soon called the attention of the children to the three tall spires before them in the distance.

"Those are all in Coventry, and are fine specimens of the Perpendicular style."

Pleasant accommodations for the night were found at the Queen's Hotel. In the evening Miss Gray told the children the well-known legend of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom. But she added, —

"This town is more noted for its connection with one of the greatest novelists of modern times."

"Whom do you mean?"

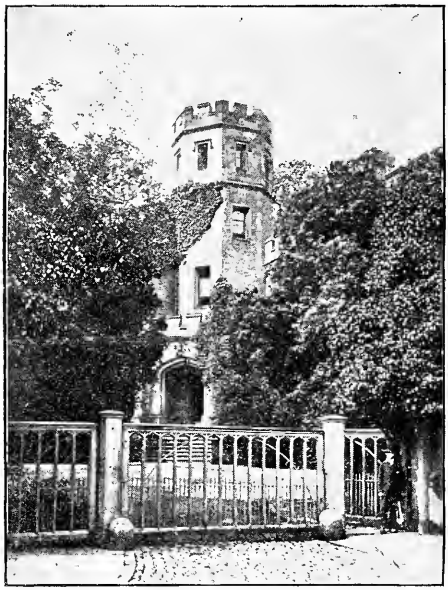
"George Eliot was born, and lived much of her life, in and near this town. I will take you to-morrow to see the little schoolroom where she learned her first lessons."

After visiting the schoolroom, and being introduced to a person who taught George Eliot, and who said that he knew "the strange little thing well," the Cartmells drove directly east to visit far-famed **Rugby.**

At the head of High Street they found the famous school standing in its green close.

"How much it looks like the descriptions in 'Tom Brown,'" remarked George, as he gazed upon the bright green turf, the oriel windows above, the drooping elms, the chapel, and the schoolhouse.

A young man approached, and gave them permission to go over the place. They first went into the schoolhouse hall, and saw there the great fireplaces and the two long tables running from end to end; they also saw the boys' rooms, small in size, and filled with all kinds of boyish articles.



Dr. Arnold's Home, Rugby.

"Where is the 'Sixth Form' room so often spoken of in 'Tom Brown'?" Florence asked.

The young guide showed them, and the children saw the benches and long desks where many noted British statesmen and writers had sat when they were young lads.

The children asked to see the rooms occupied by *Tom Brown*, *East*, *Arthur*, and *Old Brooke;* but this was too much for the guide, who could not recall these names in his day.

"How funny," exclaimed George, "that he has never read Hughes's 'Tom Brown'!"

They then all visited the chapel where Dr. Arnold, the great teacher and divine, preached so often to the young,

eager souls that looked up to him as one inspired. He lies buried just in front of the chancel rails.

"Dr. Arnold," remarked Mr. Cartmell, as they returned to their hotel by the house in which he once lived, "made this school famous all over England. He taught his boys that for the good name of Rugby they must do their best, both in lessons and in games. They must always set their faces against mean, underhanded ways. He had such a personal influence over the boys that they soon began to think that wrong-doing was a disgrace, and well-doing a credit. You remember Mr. Forster spoke of this same characteristic as true here to-day."

After a day or two of rest the Cartmells began the *third week* of their northward trip. Early Monday morning they started for the lake regions in Westmoreland.

"Is it true, that there are forty counties in England?"

"Yes, Nellie; and each one more important in certain ways than forty States; but in area each county is so small that we can easily drive through any one of them in a day."

"In what county are we now?" Fred inquired.

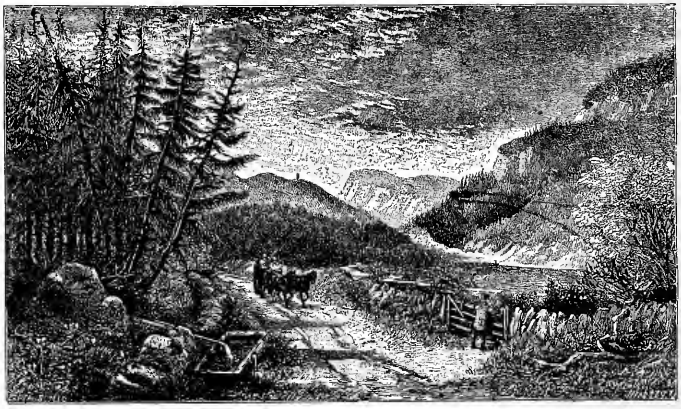
"This is Warwickshire still, where we have been for several days. It is one of the most important inland counties."

During the week they passed into or through Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire.

In the western part of Warwickshire they rode for some time in a coal region. They saw plenty of tall chimneys, engine-houses, and wheels over the pits. Around these wheels were roofs for drawing up the coal. White clouds of steam were seen everywhere. Now and then they came to places where the pits and buildings had been deserted. In some sections the land had sunk in where it had been excavated, causing houses and even churches to tip partly over.

"These buildings look as if they were drunk!" said George.

In the southern part of Staffordshire, north of Birmingham, they journeyed through what is very appropriately called the "**Black Country,**" because there is so much black smoke and dust from the extensive manufacture of iron. This metal is found here lying in seams among the coal needed to work it. Riding a short distance in the evening, they seemed to be passing near small volcanoes, from fifty to seventy feet high, with sheets of flame breaking out from the top of each. Black figures were seen flitting about in the dark caverns below, lighted by a lurid glare. The din of



The Vale of Cromford.

clanging hammers showed the visitors that they were in the midst of extensive metal-works.

One night was spent in the valley town of Lichfield. A visit to the cathedral in this place repaid each one by the sight of a wonderful monument by Chantry, of two girls lying asleep in such a soft and natural way that the gazer forgets he is looking upon cold marble, and is ready to kiss the sleepers.

In Derbyshire the Cartmells found a county more hilly than those passed through previously. On the uplands the air from the sea was very invigorating.

"At certain seasons of the year," said Mr. French, "this is a noted place for fox-hunting."

Again they heard here the thrilling song of the lark in the deep blue above. George reported that he had noticed here also "blackbirds, thrushes, bulfinches, rooks, and swallows." The river Dove, a branch of the Trent, they found to be very attractive. In some places the cliffs overhung the river, making dark, deep-looking pools; in others the woods curved down to the water's brink, and the stream gurgled over the bowlders at the bottom. Sometimes the river was wide, then again very narrow. Near Matlock the party passed for several miles through a narrow valley called the vale of Cromford. Here they saw, on both sides, sloping hills, covered with various kinds of trees. In several instances the tops of the hills were bare rocks. Purple moorlands could be seen in the distance. Through this valley flows the Derwent, another branch of the Trent, and as lovely a river as artist or angler could desire. In one place there was not room for the river, the road, a sleepy canal, and the railroad. As the railroad came along last, it had to bury itself in the sides of the cliff.

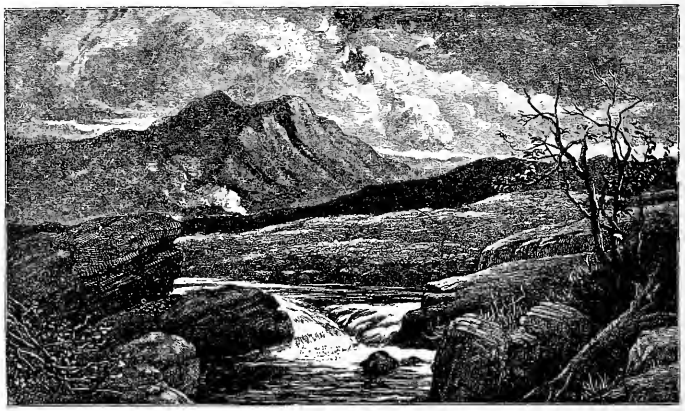
"I miss the hedges," remarked Miss Gray.

Then it occurred to all the others that they had seen nothing but stone walls in that part of England. In the western part of Yorkshire the road for a long distance became very wild, traversing as it did bleak, swampy **moorlands.** The hills sometimes became mountains two thousand feet high. The land here was quite barren. There was hardly a sign of life; not a solitary sheep nor a wandering bird was seen for many a dreary mile, but the air was most bracing.

"Now let us try," suggested Mr. French, "to find as many signs of life on these moors as we can."

Each one did so, and soon discovered heather and gorse in bloom, bright yellow mosses, and bilberry plants, with their delicate green leaves and purple, wine-stained fruit.

"There is a grouse!" cried Fred; "I heard his whir-r-r-r!"



On the Moors.

The houses on the moors are built of gray stone. They are square, plain structures, without even vines about them. The children ran about shabbily dressed, with tangled hair, but possessing healthy-looking and ruddy complexions.

"How these children seem to enjoy life!" exclaimed Mrs. Cartmell.

One night was spent at Sheffield, a place right in the midst of this moorland country. It was in a basin of delight and beauty. Noble slopes and valleys, watered by rivers and brooks, surrounded the city.

As they drove through the streets of this place to their hotel, each one noticed and felt the contrast between the

country and the city. The streets were narrow; on every side they heard the hissing of steam, the din of hammers, the roar of blast furnaces, the thump of machinery, and the grating sound of grinding wheels.

Miss Gray was moved to quote a part of Charles Reade's description of the city: —

"'Though built on one of the loveliest sites in England, it is perhaps the most hideous town in creation.'"

"All true enough," said Mr. Cartmell; "but if you travel in India or Australia, you will probably move over Sheffield rails. Wherever you eat your dinner, Sheffield cutlery will be placed by your plate. If you watch the harvest in some foreign country, very likely the scythes employed were made near this hotel. When we go back to America across the Atlantic, the steamer will be encased in Sheffield plates. If you boys wish a good knife, or you girls a good pair of scissors, buy one made in Sheffield from Swedish steel."

The Cartmells also rode through many cloth-making towns in the western part of Yorkshire.

"I have no doubt," said Mr. French, "that the broadcloth in my coat came from some of these woollen mills."

In Lancashire the moors, dreary and bleak, continued for many a mile. Now and then broad meadows and pasture-fields were noticed, with cattle and sheep in them. In the river valleys, such as the Ribble and Mersey, crops of wheat, oats, and potatoes were frequently seen. But the great difference between this county and the previous one was that the mills here were making cotton goods for the most part instead of woollen.

The end of the week found the party in Lancaster, on the northwestern side of England. Here they rested over Sunday. The services in the church were very much enjoyed. In the afternoon a walk was taken around the noted castle.

"The greater part of this castle," said Mr. Cartmell, "was

built by John of Gaunt. This magnificent gateway, flanked by these two high octagonal turrets, and surrounded by watch-towers, is his work. Notice this full-length statue of John, in the costume of his day."

"For what do they use the castle now?" George asked.

"Sad to say, it is now used for a prison."

CHAPTER XVI

THE ENGLISH LAKES

The Cartmells entered upon the *fourth week* of their coaching-trip fresh, and full of pleasant anticipations. Good weather had blessed them. Only two days had been lost on account of storm.

Crossing the Lune after leaving Lancaster, the first day's trip was around Morecambe Bay, or *the great crooked bay*, full of varied charms.

"The tide," said Mr. French, "comes up this bay with a rush, and work or play upon the sands at low tide is usually very dangerous. People who get their living following the sands rarely die in bed."

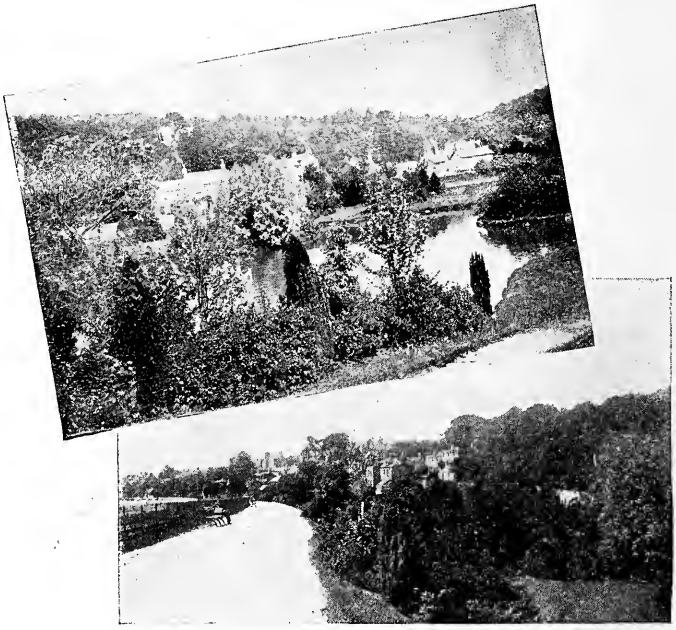
"I have read frequently," said Mr. Cartmell, "of the Over-Sands route from Lancaster."

On the landward side every mile brought a new picture. The light-hued limestone rock was rich in exquisite beauty of form and color. The woods were peculiarly charming. The road was over hill and dale, across rivers, and by many a delightful tarn or pond.

The first noon-day rest was spent at the charming little village of Grange, a cluster of gardens and limestone houses scattered about the lower slopes of a craggy wooded height, which fills the background. Strolling about this English summer resort after dinner, they concluded that it made no difference where you put your house in Grange, it was sure to have a pleasant outlook.

From Grange to the foot of Windermere, the largest of the **English Lakes,** is only six miles; but Miss Gray was very

anxious to visit Furness Abbey, and so the driver was directed to proceed from Cartmel, a very old town, to Ulverston for the night. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Cartmell visited Swarthmoor Hall, the residence for many years of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, or Society of Friends. They went into the place, and saw his study, and the window from



Scene at Grange, near English Lakes.

which he sometimes preached to his friends in the garden below. From here, they learned, he was carried to Lancaster Castle, and imprisoned for a long time on account of his religion.

Starting early the next morning, a short drive of six miles

brought the Cartmells to the lovely glen in which stood the magnificent ruins of Furness Abbey.

At the first view Miss Gray exclaimed, —

"Oh, how lovely, how exquisite! Not so large as Fountain's in Yorkshire, but more beautiful!"

All were delighted with the great beauty of the walls, the

Furness Abbey, Nave looking East.

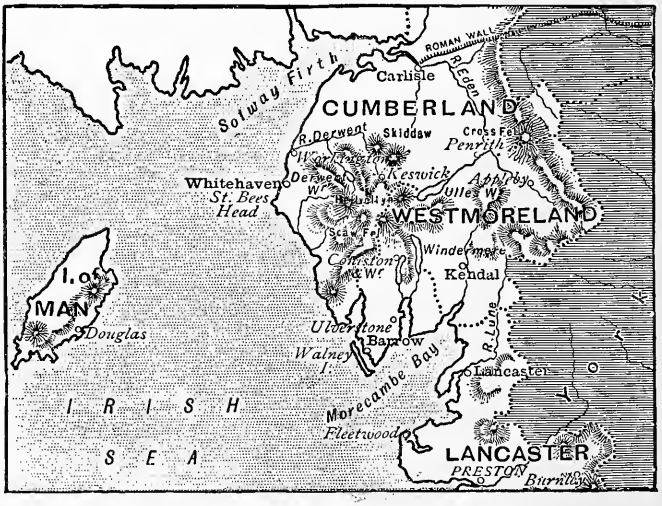
nave, transepts, and chancel of the church; also its pointed arches and clustered columns. Miss Gray was especially delighted with the east window of the choir, nearly fifty feet in height.

Mr. French and Mrs. Cartmell thought the chapter-house, with its arches and lancet windows, slender, clustered shafts and arcades, one of the best examples of Early English architecture in the country. The roofs have, in all cases, fallen in. The ivy covers the walls with great beauty.

"Papa, when were these buildings erected? and by whom?" Florence inquired.

"By monks who came from Normandy, France, about 1150. It is said that many French words are now used by the common people about here. This famous abbey was endowed with great wealth and power. Its prelates were princes, ruling over a district as large as the Isle of Man."

After a hasty lunch at the Furness Hotel, the party mounted the drag, and proceeded northward towards **Lake**



English Lake District.

Windermere. They found the road full of interesting variety. A part of the way is near the river Leven, which brings down the waters of Windermere to the sea. Many hills were crossed, several picturesque villages passed. The last few miles were through a delightful woodland scene between the

hills, with the river shining and singing all the way over its bed of mossy rocks.

When they reached Newby Bridge, at the foot of the lake, Mr. Cartmell remarked, —

"We are now at the very doorstep of that beautiful region of England called the **Lake Country.**"

Miss Gray added, —

> "'All that creation's varying mass assumes
> Of grand or lovely here aspires and blooms;
> Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
> Bright lakes expand, and conquering rivers flow.'"

"Which do you prefer, children," asked their father, "a ride on the drag around the lake, or a sail on the lake in this pretty steamer?"

In chorus they answered, "The steamer." So the driver was directed to meet them the next day at the head of the lake with the drag, and all gladly followed the children on board the dainty boat.

They saw that the lower part of the lake was well timbered, and fine residences appeared on both sides.

"What mountains are those, Mr. French?"

"Those up the lake?"

"Yes."

"They are the lofty peaks between these lakes and Derwentwater. The highest is Helvellyn, a little over three thousand feet in height." The steamer passed about half-way up on its left a large island, and then stopped at Bowness, a charming little village in the heart of an enchanted land.

As the party proceeded on their way from the above-mentioned village, after the sun had gone behind the hills, Miss Gray called the children around her in the bow of the steamer, and said to them, —

"Notice the winding shores coming down wooded to the

very water's edge. Now we pass a trio of valleys, vying in beauty, but distinct in style; the lower hills, you see, are covered to their summits with copse-wood and bracken; beyond them see the mountains bathed in the bright sunshine, while we are in the deeper shade. What a combination of matchless beauty!

"Now we are in the widest part of the lake, about one mile. To our right is the landing-place for the village of Windermere. I see we shall not stop there. Near that village my friend Christopher North once lived in a quiet cottage."

"Who was he?"

"His real name was Professor Wilson; and he wrote books of poems, sketches, and many articles which came out in *Blackwood's Magazine*. For thirty years he was a professor in the University of Edinburgh. His writings have been widely read."

"What mountains are those, Miss Gray?"

"Directly in front of our course rise Wansfell, and back of that Red Screes; while away across the lake to our left Langdale Pikes are very prominent, although not so high as peaks farther away."

After passing Wray Castle on the left, a modern building with tower and battlement, the steamer stopped on the eastern side of the lake.

"What place is this, Miss Gray?"

"This is Low Wood Hotel, a favorite resort, I have heard, for newly married people, who come to this quiet place to spend their honeymoon.

"See, children, that villa peering out of the wooded slope on the right. That was once the home of Mrs. Hemans, who wrote 'The Landing of the Pilgrims' you have heard so often, and hundreds of other poems. The poem most appropriate to this place and time is one entitled —

Quiet Evening on Windermere.

'THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.'"

"Please repeat it, Miss Gray?" Nellie asked.

"The first stanza is, —

"'The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land;
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.'"

The steamer soon reached its pier at the head of the lake; and the Cartmells went at once to the Queen's Hotel in Ambleside, about a mile distant. At this comfortable inn the driver of the drag found them the next morning all ready, after a good night's sleep and a good breakfast, to take an excursion about the neighborhood.

"Where do you wish to go, Mrs. Cartmell?" asked Mr. Cartmell.

"To Grasmere, of course."

"How shall we go?"

"By Red Bank," replied Miss Gray.

"And back by Rydal Water," added Mr. French.

The road wound westward round the head of the lake, in and out among rustic cottages, then ascended a steep hill, past Loughrigg Tarn, shining far down in the heart of a green vale on the right. As they ascended, matchless views of Windermere were seen whenever they looked backward. About a mile beyond the tarn, or little pond, they came to the brow of a steep, tree-shaded place called "Red Bank," from whence suddenly the whole vale of Grasmere, with its village and its lake, and the chain of guardian mountains that folded it from the noisy world, burst upon the view.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the children as they gazed upon the mirror-like lake, every inch of whose shores could be plainly seen three hundred feet below.

The tranquillity of the scene caused Mrs. Cartmell to exclaim, —

> "'If there's peace to be found in this world,
> The heart that is humble may hope for it here.'"

They rode rapidly down the steep hill, among gardens and orchards, around the west side of the lake to the parish church, upon the bank of the river Rothay.

"Why do you get out here, papa?" Fred asked.

"To see something, my son."

All followed Mr. Cartmell to a corner of the churchyard, where he showed them the grave of Wordsworth, "the great high-priest of nature, who lies at rest, lulled by the murmurs of the stream he loved and sang."

Worsdworth's Grave.

The door of the little church was open, and they entered and looked around.

Mr. French referred to Wordsworth's description, which says: —

> "Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
> But large and massy, for duration built;
> With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld

> By naked rafters intricately crossed,
> Like leafless underboughs 'mid some thick grove,
> All withered by the depth of shade above."

After dinner at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Mr. Cartmell and Florence went a short distance to see the cottage called Allan Bank, in which Wordsworth took up his abode immediately after his marriage. They found it a substantial old-fashioned house in good condition, with clean windows and potted flowers.

"Afterwards De Quincey lived here," said Mr. Cartmell.

Mr. French, Fred, and George took a boat-ride around the Lake of Grasmere. The boatman was a very amusing fellow, who could sing a good song, or tell a good story.

"What's the name of that island?" George asked.

"It is called Emerald Island," he replied, "on account of its greenness. When the Prince of Wales was about sixteen years old, he came to stop at this hotel with a friend. One day they got upon this island, and began in fun to chase the sheep. The sheep belonged to an old woman who lived in yonder white house. She came down to the water-side, and shouted for them to let the sheep alone, but they took no notice. She called them all kinds of names. Some one finally told her that it was the Prince of Wales and young Lord Cadogan. 'I care nowt whae they are!' said she; 'they're badly-brout-up bairns, an' they'd dew wel' brokkin-strop puttin' on a bit; an' if aa could leet o' their mudders, aa'd tell 'em sae.'"

After dinner the Cartmells mounted the drag, and proceeded slowly back to Ambleside, down the valley of the Rothay, a distance of about four miles.

The first part of the drive was through a wooded gorge. In one place they caught a fine view of the lovely lake, Rydal Water, with its green islets and its picturesque shores,

sleeping calmly in its bosky nest at the foot of the wild mountains. Passing close to this body of water, Mr. Cartmell pointed out, when half-way along, a neat little ivied cottage.

"This is Nab Cottage, which was for several years the home of Coleridge, who wrote the 'Ancient Mariner.' He died here in 1849."

The cottage stood in a garden, close to the road, with the lake in front. Not far beyond Mr. French pointed out an isolated rock, crested with trees, and having a seat on its summit.

"That is known as Wordsworth's Seat, for he wrote much of his poetry there; perhaps his 'Ode on Immortality' was composed while looking over this wonderful scene."

Wordsworth's Seat at Rydal Water.

At the end of the little lake a road turned off to the left; and the carriage following this shaded lane soon brought them to Rydal Mount, where all, out of respect, left the carriage.

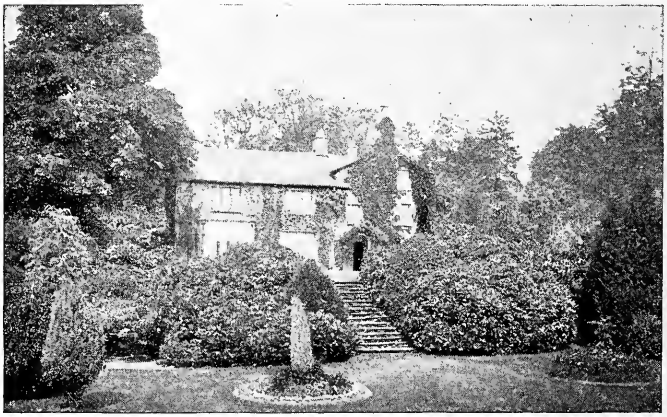
"In this lovely cottage," said Mr. French to the children, "hidden by these roses and ivy, William Wordsworth, the poet-laureate, lived the last thirty-seven years of his life, —

> "'"'Twas here he lived; and here at length he died,
> And, in his dying, left a lute unstrung.
> Say, who shall touch the chords he laid aside,
> Or hope to give a voice to songs he left unsung?'"

The house was occupied as a private residence, and they could not enter.

Miss Gray quoted, as they came away, this poem about the cottage: —

> "'Low and white, yet scarcely seen
> Are its walls for mantling green;
> Not a window lets in light
> But through flowers clustering bright;
> Not a glance may wander there
> But it falls on something fair.'"



Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's House.

In returning to Ambleside the Cartmells followed the Rothay, and passed on the right, among the trees, Fox Gill, where Mr. Forster, the author of the Education Bill of 1870, formerly lived, and soon after Fox How, the former summer residence of Dr. Arnold, the master of Rugby.

In the evening Mr. French and Miss Gray walked a short distance from the hotel to the Knoll, where Miss Martineau once lived.

The next day Mr. Cartmell and his party started early for

Keswick. From Ambleside they first drove back to Grasmere the way they journeyed from that place the day before, up the Rothay Valley; then on northward by a constantly rising road, till the summit of Dunmail Raise was reached. Looking backward, each one took a farewell view of Grasmere Lake. Soon after Thirlmere Lake appeared, embosomed between Helvellyn and the rocky crags on the west. Before reaching the lake a tiny church was passed, said to be the smallest church in England. Near it they saw several pedestrians begin their climb to the top of Helvellyn.

"I am very sorry we have not time to go with them," said Mr. Cartmell, "for the view to-day of this lake region from the summit must be magnificent."

They rode quite a distance beside Thirlmere, and found the lake so narrow as to look like a river. The opposite shores were fringed with wood, diversified with rocky knolls.

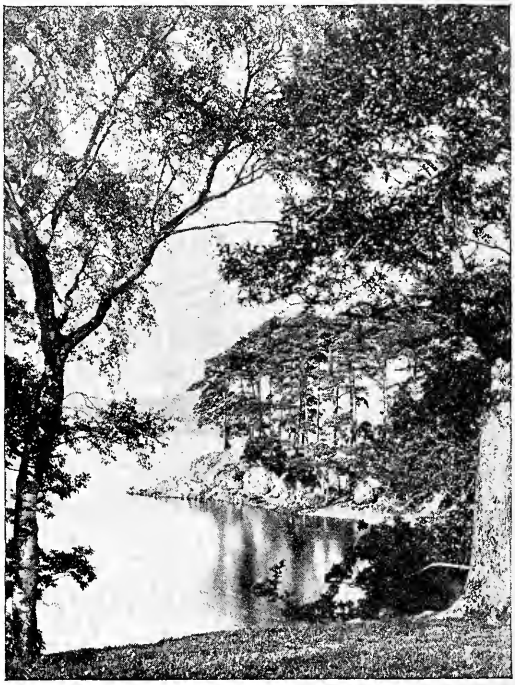
Mr. French called the attention of the others to the "rock of names" by the roadside, on which Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge carved their initials. Little of interest was noticed till they reached the ascent of Castlerigg, the ridge between Ambleside and Keswick, when there burst suddenly upon them a vision of so much loveliness, that every one involuntarily rose to his feet, with exclamations of delight.

Low down in front, the Vale of Keswick, wide, flat, and fertile, filled up the space between the two lakes, Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. These lakes are hemmed in by a series of fells, or mountain peaks, forming a magnificent panorama. Skiddaw, the highest peak, three thousand feet, is seen from head to foot.

After dinner at the Keswick Hotel, the largest house in the lake region, Mr. French, George, and Miss Gray engaged ponies and climbed Skiddaw. It was a very easy climb to make. The best views were from the lower part of the mountain. At one place Derwentwater exhibited its full

beauty in the foreground, and usually the surrounding fells made up a varied, and at the same time harmonious whole.

Mr. and Mrs. Cartmell and the other children spent a happy afternoon on Derwentwater. Their boatman rowed



Derwentwater, English Lakes.

them among the many islands, and told them many interesting incidents connected with each.

"A thousand years ago," he said, "Lady Derwentwater hurried away from her home over there on Lord's Island, and

rushed to London, bent on purchasing, with tears and family jewels, the life of her rebel lord and husband."

The view of Skiddaw and Saddleback is excellent from any part of the lake.

"Mr. Boatman, where are the Lodore Falls?" Mrs. Cartmell asked.

"They are not far from the southern end, madam."

"I would like to see them."

The boatman rowed directly to the landing, and after fastening his boat, led the way to the celebrated waterfall.

Mrs. Cartmell quoted a part of Southey's poem as they walked through the woods to the falls: —

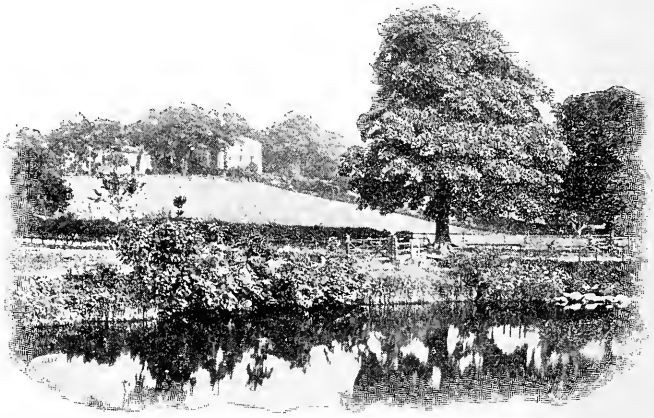
"'From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell:
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.'"

"I thought, papa," said Nellie, "that it would be as told in the poem: —

"'Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound.'

But it is very quiet, and there is very little water to see."

"The trouble, Nellie, is, it has not rained much for several weeks, and the water is very low. If we could come here after a long rain, I believe the action of the water would justify the wonderful language of 'The Cataract of Lodore.'"



Greta Hall, Keswick, English Lakes.

In the evening Mr. Cartmell invited them all to a short walk about Keswick, a village of one wide street. He led them past one of the large pencil factories to a slight eminence, and pointed out Greta Hall.

"Who lived here, papa?"

"This large house is as noted perhaps as Rydal Mount. The poet Coleridge once lived here; and also, at the same time, Robert Southey, who wrote about the falls, and many other noted poems and books. For two years both families lived happily together, and the poets worked in literature. Then Coleridge went off, and left his family here for kind-hearted Southey to look after. Southey, who came here at first for a short time, remained forty years; dying here in 1843."

Keswick kept the Cartmells another day, when they all enjoyed a picnic excursion to Bassenthwaite Lake. Much of the way the route was through beautiful woods, full of pheasants and rabbits. Lunch was eaten at the upper end of the lake, from which a fine water and mountain view was obtained.

"Now what shall we do, papa?"

"Well, we have one more lake, my impatient young traveller."

"What one?"

"Ullswater."

So Saturday morning they started early for this famous body of water. Through lovely valleys, over rushing streams, up steep hills, across elevated moors, down rapid descents, they rode, till the blue waters of this rival lake were seen.

Ullswater, English Lakes.

"Which is the most beautiful of these English lakes?" Mrs. Cartmell asked.

"That is a hard question to answer. Each has a beauty of its own."

"I think," said Mr. French, "we had better drive along the shore of Ullswater, and ride up the lake from the lower end. We shall then see its three reaches in the right order."

In doing as Mr. French advised, they found the first part tame, the second part quite picturesque, as the overlapping

Upper End of Ullswater, English Lakes.

ranges of fells assume a more imposing appearance, and the third part the shortest, but the grandest.

"It seems to me," said Miss Gray, "that this upper part, in its own peculiar style, both rich and severe, is the finest view we have yet seen in the whole lake district; and yet something is lacking."

"What is it, Miss Gray?"

"I have seen no Dove's Nest, no Rydal Mount, no Greta Hall."

Sunday was spent in quiet rest in the little red sandstone town of Penrith. In the afternoon Mr. French, Miss Gray,

and the children ascended the Beacon behind the town, and obtained their last view of Ullswater.

The Cartmells thus finished a month's coaching through the heart of England and the lake region. They fully agreed that it was an ideal way to travel when time was of little account; but they were obliged to go back to steam, because so much more could be accomplished in a given period.

CHAPTER XVII

INDUSTRIES AND COMMERCE

A FEW hours' ride from the lake country, and all that is quiet and delightful in nature, brought the Cartmell party to **Preston,** a typical English cotton manufacturing place, somewhat like Manchester, only much smaller. They left the

Infirmary, Manchester.

train, and took lunch in the great hotel near the station, and then rode for two hours through the principal streets, and to Miller Park, a very beautiful recreation ground on the banks of the Ribble. Miss Gray and Florence greatly admired the design of the Town Hall. The other children

Piccadilly, Manchester.

were much excited to see the many operatives come from the cotton-mills at noon, and hasten home for lunch. Some of them wore "sabots," or wooden shoes, which made much noise on the sidewalks. Mr. Cartmell remarked as they returned to the train, —

"I never see the name of Preston without thinking of that great inventor of the spinning-jenny, Richard Arkwright, who was born here. His parents were too poor to educate him; but he died a knight, and worth over $2,000,000. Here also began the great temperance movement in England called the 'Teetotal Movement.'"

Thirty miles from Preston is the great city of **Manchester,** noted the world over for its cotton manufacturing. Starting out from the Queen's Hotel, near the centre of the town, the Cartmells drove through some of the most interesting streets, and by the most celebrated buildings. Their hotel stood on Piccadilly, one of the chief streets; and near by they passed the Royal Infirmary, adorned as usual with statues of great men, James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, being one of them.

They next saw the Exchange, a massive structure with a Corinthian portico.

"What is this building for, papa?"

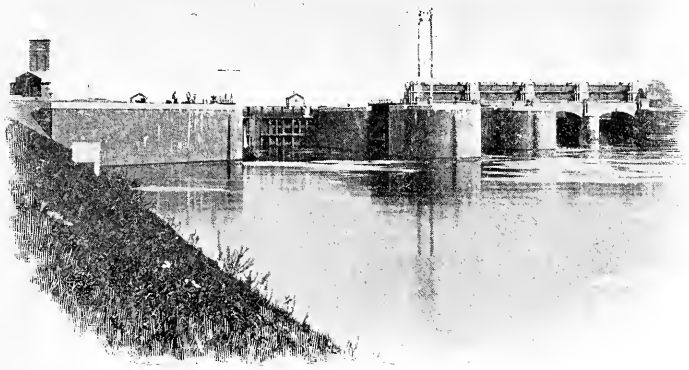
"On cotton-market days, from one to two o'clock, it is crowded with buyers and sellers from all parts of Lancashire. It then presents a scene of great bustle and apparent confusion."

The streets in the older parts of the city, about the imposing Town Hall, were quite narrow, and contained many ordinary blocks. But in the suburbs many fine residences were to be seen.

Miss Gray thought that the finest building in the city was the Assize Courts, because it was so large, and built of different kinds of stone, exhibiting many harmonious colors. Mrs.

Cartmell greatly admired the slender, pointed tower, rising to a great height from the centre of the building. In riding about the city they frequently saw various canals, and the river Irwell, which is crossed by numerous bridges. Many huge and homely cotton-mills were seen, for this city is one of the largest cotton-making places in the world.

"Did you know," asked Mr. Cartmell, "that Manchester is the home of free trade? Bright and Cobden were great



Ship Canal, Manchester.

leaders in this movement. The former was twice elected to Parliament from Manchester."

"Now, driver, take us to see the canal."

"What do you know about this canal, papa?" Fred asked.

"I know, my son, that it is considered to be one of the biggest and most costly canal experiments ever made. It reaches 36 miles from this city to near Liverpool on the Mersey. It is 20 feet deep and 120 feet wide; so that ships

from America with cotton on board can pass through the canal, and carry their loads almost to the very doors of these great mills. Chicago's great drainage canal is, however, a greater enterprise. In one sense we can now call Manchester a seaport."

They saw the Manchester end of the great artificial river, and one of the five great locks needed in bringing ships up from Liverpool. These locks are huge stone structures. They saw a large cotton-laden vessel pass through the lock nearest Manchester.

"Here we are, children," said Mr. Cartmell, "at **Liverpool.**"

"Where do you intend to stop, papa?" Florence asked, as the porter opened the side doors for them to get out.

"Up-stairs, my dear."

"Up-stairs! and we are in a railroad station! How absurd, papa!"

"This way. Let us take the lift."

They all did so, and found themselves in the office of the Great Western Hotel, right over the station; and soon after, in their elegant suite of rooms, they found themselves able to look out upon the great central square of the city.

Mr. French, Miss Gray, and the children immediately went out to walk and to explore. The great building opposite their windows in the hotel they learned was St. George's Hall, looking like a Greek temple, with its massive colonnades of sixteen columns, and the many emblematic figures above. On the farther side of St. George's Square stood the imposing buildings called Brown's Free Library and Museum. While the buildings facing this square are very large and fine, they found, not far away, several very inferior structures covered with advertisements in large letters. These incongruities are frequent in foreign cities.

Mr. French next led them through a fine-looking and very

Lord Street, Liverpool.

busy street, called Lord Street, towards the river. Coming to a large building, he passed through into a quadrangle, and pointed out, on the opposite side, the Exchange Building, where the cotton brokers meet.

"The newsroom in this building," Mr. French said, "is large and very handsome."

Noticing men standing about the quadrangle in groups, and very earnestly talking, George asked Mr. French what it meant.

"They are probably cotton brokers buying and selling cotton and cotton 'margins' in the street, on the 'flags,' rather than under cover."

"We will go now to another busy place in this busy city."

"Where is that?"

"At Pier Head, opposite the landing-stage."

Reaching this centre by a short walk from the Exchange Building, Mr. French pointed out to the children some of the great enclosed docks, and this unusual arrangement of a landing-stage, both made necessary because the tide here rises and falls about fifteen feet.

They were now standing near the floating bridge which leads to the landing-stage. On their right was Princes' Dock, on the left George's Dock, back of them a great broad thoroughfare leading by most of the docks, and connecting with important streets."

"This landing-stage," said Mr. French, "is built upon pontoons, like a floating bridge. Pontoons and stage both rise and fall with the tide. It is used by the steam ferries, by the coastwise steamers, and from one end passengers embark on board the great ocean steamships."

Walking up the broad street a little distance, they saw a crowd on the landing-stage,[1] and the Lucania of the Cunard

[1] See p. 241.

line, with steam up, taking on some freight and many passengers.

Nellie almost wished that she were going home on that steamer, but the other children were not yet ready to return. Hailing a cab, Mr. French told Fred he could sit with the driver, and the others found room inside, and in time were driven back to the Great Western.

Landing-Stage.

Alexander Dock.

Waterloo Dock and Grain Warehouses.

Liverpool.

In the evening Mr. Cartmell asked the children what they had seen.

"We saw St. George's Square."

"And the Town Hall."

"And some of the docks."

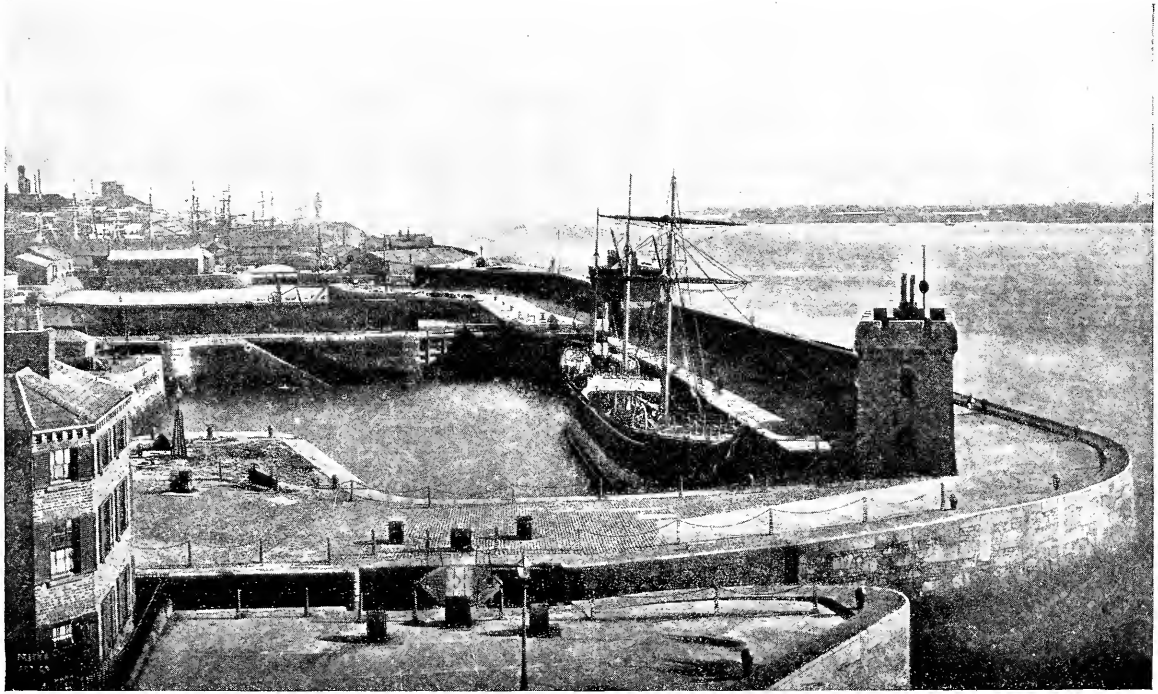
"I saw a Cunarder starting for New York."

"George," said Miss Gray, "for what is Liverpool noted?"

"For its commerce."

"Is there any city in the world whose commerce excels Liverpool's?"

"I think not."



General View of an Enclosed Dock, Liverpool.

"You are mistaken, my dear boy. There is another one very near here."

"What, London?"

"Yes; London still leads as the greatest commercial city in the world. These two cities have two and two-thirds as much commerce as our great seaport, New York. Both Liverpool and Manchester have grown through the development of the cotton industry. Woollen manufacturing in England has also helped to build up this city. Liverpool imports a vast amount of raw material from the United States and from the English colonies. She sends out in return to these places manufactures of cotton, wool, and iron.

"If you children will look on a globe, or on a commercial map of the world, you will notice that Liverpool and England are very centrally situated in reference to the great land masses of the world. This favorable situation, and the enterprise and foresight of its noble men and merchants, have made Great Britain the greatest commercial and industrial nation on the face of the earth. It has been till lately the richest. It is now exceeded only by the United States."

"London," added Mr. French, "keeps a little ahead of Liverpool in commerce, because she is herself so large, and needs so much to support her own population. She has greater commercial advantages also, because the Thames can be ascended so far into the interior of the country by large ocean steamers, and because her position is nearer to the Continent, and to trade through the Suez Canal, or round the Cape of Good Hope."

"Great Britain with her colonies," continued Mr. Cartmell, "owns to-day half the merchant service of the world. There is hardly a nation that does not employ her ships for the transport of their goods. She has just twice as many sailing-vessels and steamships as the United States."

The next day the Cartmells took a ride on the overhead

electric railway for a long distance beside the docks. On the left they passed these great water basins crowded with vessels flying every flag under the sun. The children learned that some docks were for vessels bringing "corn," i.e., all kinds of *grain*, as the word is used in England; another dock received vessels which carried lumber only; another cotton, and many miscellaneous articles.

"Papa, what are those brick buildings on the right?"

"Those are most of them bonded warehouses, in which are stored the goods brought here to be reshipped to another part of the world."

It was a very lively scene upon which they gazed as they moved up and down this great thoroughfare. They saw multitudes of busy men constantly moving in and out of the sheds connected with each dock; great vans and different kinds of wagons and drays went back and forth, carrying all kinds of produce, cotton-bales, ores, piece goods, cases of every size and description, and the thousand and one articles of home, colonial, and foreign produce. They also saw trains of freight-cars being loaded and unloaded.

"George, can you tell us any facts about these docks?" Miss Gray asked.

"Yes. The grain is carried from some of the docks to the huge elevators, or storehouses, one-fourth of a mile distant, by means of endless revolving belts in subways. The names of the docks are interesting. The largest one, covering forty-four acres, is called Alexandra. The lumber is received at the Canadian Dock. Grain is taken to Waterloo Basin. Albert Dock is used by vessels from India. Salisbury Dock has an illuminated clock-tower. Other names are Wellington, Prince, George, Queen, King, Victoria, and Langton.

"These docks extend along the Mersey for about seven miles. There are now more than fifty in number in Liver-

pool. Birkenhead, on the opposite side of the Mersey, has many more docks, and one called 'The Great Float,' which covers 120 acres. In both cities the docks cover about 550 acres, and afford quay accommodations 35 miles long."

Wednesday the Cartmells proceeded to **Chester,** almost directly south of Liverpool. They found the ancient city a pleasant one.

The party first walked through several of the principal streets. In doing this they found evidence that the city was really once a Roman camp, as the name indicates.

"The four chief streets, you notice," said Mr. Cartmell

Chester Cathedral.

"run north, south, east, and west; they all branch out from the same open space, and each street ends in an arched gateway."

But what interested them more than this great regularity

in the streets was the so-called "Rows." These are galleries wherein passers-by can walk safely in all weathers, and enjoy the shop windows without coming out into the streets. These *rows* are made by cutting away the fronts of the first-floor rooms. The floors of these rooms become the sidewalks. Steps lead up to the *rows* from the streets. The Cartmells found that they could walk under shelter by many of the best shops of the city.

"Is this small place a city, Mr. French?" Fred asked.

"Yes. In the English sense and use of the word, because a bishop lives here."

The next place of interest was the ancient walls. Passing up the steps at the east gate, our friends found themselves on an elevated walk from four to six feet wide. From this walk they had a fine view of the cathedral, the bishop's palace, the old castle, and numerous busy streets. They learned that the walls form a rectangle, and are built of red sandstone on the lines made by the Romans when the place was a fortified camp. Towers or turrets are erected at the corners, and gates are opened in the centre of each side.

"Now let us go and see the cathedral," said Mrs. Cartmell.

The others were quite willing, and soon they stood at the south doorway. Entering, they were pleased with the rich, warm color of the stone. They found out from the guide that the cathedral had been recently restored; and they could, in many cases, see by the color the ancient and the modern part.

"Now we will ride," said Mr. Cartmell on the following morning.

"Where are you going, papa?"

"We will first drive over to Eaton Hall."

When they reached the place, about three miles south of Chester, they found that this great estate, belonging to the

Duke of Westminster, was finely situated on the river Dee. The mansion was a magnificent pile of buildings in the Gothic style.

"Can we go inside the house, Mr. Guide?" Miss Gray, asked.

"Yes. The family are away for the summer."

They saw once more how the nobility of England live, surrounded by royal luxuries, in a home adorned with all the resources of modern art, and filled up with lavish expenditure.

"England," said Miss Gray, "has probably more such grand homes than any other country in the world. Just compare these regal rooms with the bare walls and homely ceilings of the White House at Washington, considered good enough for our presidents."

"Who would like to go to Wales?"

Everybody, of course, desired the pleasure.

"Well, driver, how far is it to **Hawarden?**"

"About four miles."

"Can we get a lunch near there?"

"Yes. At the Glynne Arms."

After lunch the Cartmells drove through the fine park owned by Mr. Gladstone, "the Grand Old Man" of England.

A short ride brought them to the ruins of the old castle, which stood upon a lofty eminence, guarded on one side by a steep ravine. Near by is the modern residence, a large castle in the Norman style, surrounded by trees and flower-beds.

"Notice how beautifully the ivy covers certain parts of the castle," said Miss Gray to the children, as they were about to drive on.

"Do you know anything about the interior?" Florence inquired.

"I have read that the library contains 20,000 books.

These are held in shelves which stand out into the room at right angles to the walls. There are three writing-tables in the study. At one Mr. Gladstone sits when busy in political work; the second is used in his literary labors; the third is Mrs. Gladstone's."

Hawarden Castle, Gladstone's Home.

The park was well supplied with noble trees, especially beeches, sycamores, oaks, and chestnuts. Rhododendrons seemed to be favorite shrubs.

Late in the afternoon the Cartmells returned to Chester, and the next day proceeded to **Birmingham**.

"For what is this place noted, papa?"

"It is, my daughter, the chief centre of the manufacture of anything and everything made of metal."

"I remember," added Mr. French, "that Burke spoke of it as 'the toy-shop of Europe.'"

"Birmingham has also been noted as a centre of liberality and freedom of thought."

"Was it not here, Mr. Cartmell," Miss Gray asked, "that the trades unions used all their influence to prevent the introduction of machinery?"

"Yes. And to-day the effect is still seen in the many kinds of business carried on which require a great amount of manual labor."

Mr. French, Mrs. Cartmell, and Miss Gray drove about the city to find and see the best streets and the best buildings. Not far from the hotel they found the Town Hall, which reminded Mr. French in style of Girard College in Philadelphia. In the large hall is a fine organ, and here are given concerts attended by musical people from various parts of England.

Near by they found the Council House, recently erected in the Grecian style, and costing an immense amount of money. Colleges, free libraries, and museums are all located near the Town Hall. They drove through Calmore Row to Snow Hill, past many fine buildings, banks, hotels, and churches.

Mr. Cartmell and the children drove through quite different parts of the city to learn about the industries. First they went to the great establishment of Messrs. Gillott & Son, and watched how the pens are made which they had so often used in the United States. Then they passed a number of great button factories on their way to one of the gun manufactories.

"Birmingham has been long noted for its excellent rifles," said Mr. Cartmell. "In the Civil War they sent to our country nearly 800,000 rifles."

In riding about among the tall chimneys, and talking with people, they learned furthermore that this city makes millions and millions of screws and pins. All kinds of jewelry, from the cheapest to the best grades, are made here. Sewing-

machines, edge-tools, and bicycles are turned out by the thousands. Brass and copper and tin works were frequently seen. The last place visited was where stained glass for church windows is made.

In the evening Mr. Cartmell read to the party Burritt's lively account of the people all over the world using things made in Birmingham.

CHAPTER XVIII

TO LAND'S END THROUGH THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND

The Cartmells spent the winter partly in London and partly in the **southern part of England.** In the various trips back and forth they became very well acquainted with the counties, and many of the towns and places of interest. They rode in their carriage over much of the ground. In these trips Miss Gray often called the attention of the children to the wonderful variety of scenery to be found in different parts of England.

The mountainous parts are not so great as to become monotonous, the plains are not too extensive, the lakes do not remind the observer of seas, the moors are broken up by long valleys, and the downs do not tire the traveller.

One of the first counties visited south of London was Surrey. Artists told Mr. Cartmell to notice here the blue tints of the hills and distances. The country was at first well wooded, and then beyond Kingston came green meadows and tilled fields and pleasant rural homes.

At Dorking Miss Gray reminded the children of Mr. Sam Weller's giving Mr. Stiggins a wetting in the horses' trough where their own horses were drinking. Mr. Cartmell said he once read that there was at one time a real stage-coachman here by the name of Weller, who might have been the original of Dickens's character. In the western part of Surrey they noticed that the hop was largely cultivated. Everywhere in the season may be seen these plants twining round the poles, following the course of the sun from east to west.

They also admired here the most lovely hedges, in which grew many kinds of plants. Mrs. Cartmell observed that England would not be England without its hedges.

In Hampshire County they saw typical English scenery. The landscape was full of soft, restful greens, mingled with grays and russets, browns, oranges, reds, and blues, many changing tints blending with each other. Here they frequently saw the ground covered with gorse. All admired the effect; and Miss Gray told the story that when the great botanist, Linnæus, came unexpectedly upon a field covered with gorse, and observed its golden sea of bloom, he fell on his knees in an ecstasy of delight, exclaiming that in all the world he had never beheld a sight so splendid.

One day was spent in Winchester, a very old town in this county. This city, they learned, is sometimes called "the white city" or "the city of chalk."

It has a curious winding river encircling the suburbs. They found in the city many queer nooks and odd corners, all more or less romantic in appearance.

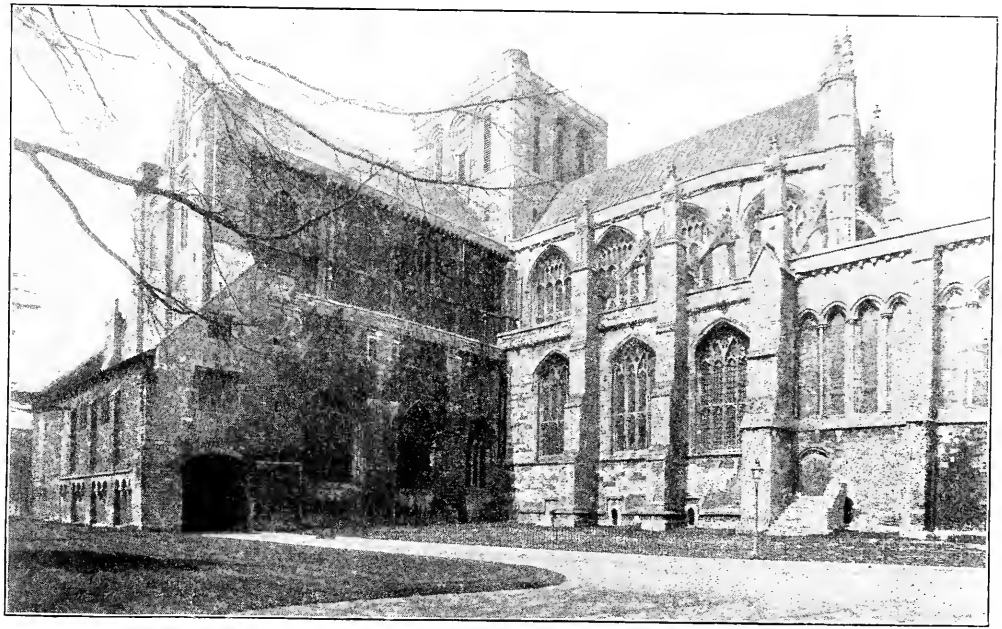
The Cartmells spent a large part of their time in the cathedral, which can be seen from a distance of several miles, standing in the midst of the city.

Before entering, Miss Gray quoted the lines: —

"'Nations and thrones and reverend laws have melted like a dream,
Yet Wykeham's works are green and fresh beside the crystal stream.'"

"Bishop Wykeham," remarked Mr. French, "is said to have invented the Perpendicular style. This cathedral is the largest in size in England. The three points of interest to notice are the nave, transepts, and presbytery."

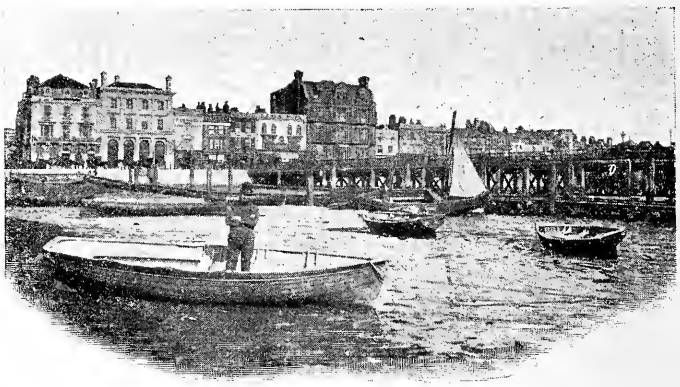
Entering the church through the front portico, they were amazed at the grandeur of the nave. The great pier arches were beautiful, and there seemed to be less barrenness and



Winchester Cathedral.

coldness, owing to the harmonious proportions, than is frequently seen in such large interiors. The transepts were enormous in size; and the choir was placed in the centre of this space, behind which was the presbytery, in Early English style.

Mr. Cartmell called the attention of the children to the many tombs, statues, and banners in this cathedral. One of



Portsmouth Harbor.

the finest is that of the good bishop, the builder, who was a great architect, and statesman besides. The children found buried here Alfred the Great, Queen Boadicea, Egbert, Canute, Rufus, and many nobles.

"Papa, how did it happen that so many kings were buried here?"

"Because Winchester was once the capital."

Fred was delighted to find the tomb of Isaak Walton, the dear old writer and fisherman; and Florence was equally happy to see Jane Austen's last resting-place. She had read a number of her novels.

"What important places are south of us, George?" Mr. Cartmell inquired, as they sat on the porch in the gloaming.

"Southampton and Portsmouth."

"The former is a growing seaport. It has a well-sheltered harbor. You know the American line of steamers from New York sail to this place, and thus land their passengers so much nearer London.

"Neither Southampton nor Portsmouth is a pretty town, but they are places of business. Portsmouth is a strongly fortified seaport, and the chief naval station of England. When we go there we shall see many of England's modern warships. The steel-armored battleship Trafalgar and the Royal Sovereign were built at the Portsmouth dockyard. Perhaps we

Bournemouth, from the Pier.

shall see the Daring, a torpedo-boat destroyer, which can go through the water like a railroad train. Portsmouth is also an important garrison town, and the streets will be full of soldiers."

"Isn't Portsmouth mentioned by Dickens?"

"Yes, in 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" replied Miss Gray.

George wanted to know some more about the English navy; and so his father told him the following facts: —

"Great Britain has the largest and strongest navy in the world. She has over one hundred armored ships, several of which are of 14,000 tons displacement, each nearly 400 feet long, and armed with four sixty-seven ton breech-loading rifle-guns, and twenty-eight quick-firing guns.

"She has also a larger number of unarmored cruisers. Some of these, like the Blake and Blenheim, are very strong and powerful. She needs twice as many warships as any other nation, because her possessions and merchant marine are found in all parts of the world."

Salisbury and its wonderful cathedral, with its graceful central spire, was visited at another time, after which the party rode to Stonehenge, nine miles to the north, across

Stonehenge.

Salisbury Plain. They found that about twenty of these old Druidical stones still stand. Six of the capstones were in place; others had fallen to the ground. The stone standing by itself at the left was called the "Friar's Heel."

"What were the stones for, papa?"

"It is not certainly known. Some believe the Druids

Bournemouth, Invalids' Walk.

worshipped here; some think there was once in this spot a temple to the sun; and others are sure that soldiers were buried here. A few believe that these stones represented a calendar for the measurement of time. Nobody knows."

The Cartmells spent several weeks during the winter months at the Royal Bath Hotel in Bournemouth, a little watering-place on the southern shores of England. Here the children read English history with Miss Gray; and their father took them every week on some excursion, or up to London to attend the many good entertainments always found in the great city. The distance was only two and one half hours in an express-train. Their hotel was situated on a high cliff overlooking the bay. The climate, even in winter, was soft and balmy. The walks about this summer resort were many, and some of them more beautiful than words could express.

In the spring the Cartmells rode through Devonshire and Cornwall. They found the air of the former pure and soft, it not being mixed with smoke, as it is in London. The clear streams abound in trout. The cottages, surrounded by flowers, and roses climbing the walls, were low-roofed and thatched.

Exeter, the principal town, was found to be celebrated largely for its square-tower cathedral. Going beyond this place, they passed through long stretches of woods, by many small villages, and in sight of meadows and streams bathed in the noonday sun. The soil was red, and both orange- and apple-trees flourished.

Coming to Teignmouth, a small watering-place, they learned it was the abode of many retired navy and army officers and their families.

Torquay, a little farther south, was so charming that Mrs. Cartmell insisted on staying there a week. The air was so warm as to be almost languorous, even in spring. The coast

curved about, and presented many fairylike appearances. At night the views always reminded the children of scenes so often painted on drop-curtains in theatres. The very red soil is the foundation of the terra-cotta pottery industry.

While in the three last-mentioned places, Mr. Cartmell often took excursions from the coast back into the interior. This led him into that part of Devonshire known as **Dartmoor,** which is a kind of table-land, — a rough, rugged, rolling, far-

Teignmouth, Southern Coast.

extending granite upland. Wild, coarse grass grew on the thin soil. Winds came from different directions, cold and rain-charged.

Miss Gray soon discovered the great beauty of the moors to be found in the many streams fighting their various ways among great bowlders, white and foaming with rage, making headlong plunges down steep slopes towards the sea. The waters were very clear, and often showed the trout darting in and out of their rocky hiding-places. At one time the party

was caught in a terrible rainstorm, and was thoroughly soaked before shelter could be found. This caused Miss Gray to tell the children about the old legends of many weird inhabitants, such as "spectral dwarfs" and "mischievous pixies," the latter supposed to be children who die unchristened, and are said to haunt the forests everywhere. The old

Tavistock, near Dartmoor Forest, South-west part of England.

lady at whose house they obtained shelter told them story after story of travellers lost or starved to death on this moor. One day they dined at Tavistock, on the western side of Dartmoor, and found it to be a charming place, although in the centre of mining interests, and not far from Cornwall.

Only a short sojourn was spent in Plymouth, even by these Plymouth admirers, because there was little to see beyond arsenals; clanging dockyards; big, floating strongholds or modern warships; and the great encircling chain of forts. The children enjoyed the regular redcoats and rifle regiments,

marching about to the sound of the bugle. In the river were seen torpedo-boats, torpedo-destroyers, and several battleships of the latest type.

Mr. Cartmell told several facts about the British army, which now numbers about 700,000 men, including volunteers, or one soldier to every 183 inhabitants.

"The English army has a grand record for courage and military success. Absurd as the tightly fitting coats and trousers are, and the little cap stuck on the side of the head, the men like to swagger round in them. The officers come from the higher classes, and are educated gentlemen always. They are great lovers of sport and adventure. Many of the best books of travel are written by them."

The Cartmells in all their excursions through **Cornwall** found this western end of England somewhat bleak and bare, but not monotonous. It was a hilly country. The roads climbed up and down, and were ever winding about. There were in some places charming wooded glens and cultivated valleys.

In going from Plymouth to Penryn they saw many dismal, dreary wastes, silent and solitary. Limitless space and boundless air were everywhere. Suddenly they would come upon some queer little village. They passed over several moors bestrewn with bleached bowlders, and by a few sheltered spots where the vegetation was quite dense, and flowers abundant.

A few hours were spent by the travellers in Truro, which they learned was in the centre of the great mining industry of Cornwall.

"Remember, children," said Mr. Cartmell, as they drove about the place, "that if the moors look very barren and poor, there is great wealth beneath the surface in many places. The tin for which this part of the world has been celebrated for two thousand years is held in its granite crust. Tin is

found all the way from Dartmoor Forest to Land's End. It is found in the soil in the valleys, and in the shape of ore in veins, or lodes, in other places. These veins vary in width from one inch to several yards, and usually run from east to west. Wherever they find a good-paying lode, the miners sink a shaft, and open a mine."

"Where are some of the best mines?"

"Near the south side of Cornwall. One of these mines is open to the daylight, and you can see crowds of men and

Old Lizard Head, South-west of England.

horses moving about in the work. This pit looks like an opening into a mountain of silver."

In going on south of Penryn, nearer to the coast, the country became more rough and wild. They had come into the copper-mining district.

"Isn't there a mine here, Mr. Cartmell," inquired Miss Gray, "which runs under the sea?"

"Yes; it is about seven miles from Land's End. It is the Battallock Mine, a copper-mine; and it extends under the sea

four hundred feet. The sound of the waves is heard by the miners above their heads as they work."

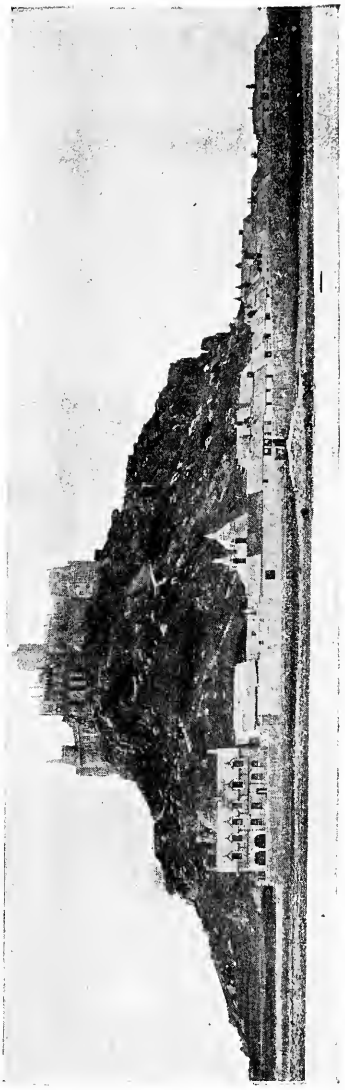
Fred asked why they saw so many buildings in ruins.

"It means, Fred," replied his father, "that this was once a great mining country. Now the mines are closed because unprofitable, and these engine-houses and tall chimneys are falling to pieces. The competition in the United States from the Michigan copper-mines has closed them for the present."

Nearly one day was given to a large, high, jutting promontory, or point, near Land's End, called "Lizard Head."

"This is," said Mr. Cartmell, "the southernmost point of Great Britain. It once was a great resort for smugglers, as there are many caverns in the cliffs."

When they reached the place the children



St. Michael's Mount.

were delighted with the sea views, but surprised to notice how small the ships appeared. Their father explained that this was owing to their own great height above the water. The wind blew so strongly over the cliff that Mrs. Cartmell and Miss Gray were glad to find a temporary shelter. Trees were not seen at all, and very little grass except in sheltered spots. George discovered a new kind of fence. It was made of earth-banks, and the people walked on its top from one place to another. Florence learned that the people, on account of the good air, lived to be very old, sometimes to one hundred and twenty years.

"I have been told," said Mrs. Cartmell, "that although the people here seem very rough and uncultivated, they are very warm-hearted and brave. Many a man has been saved from a watery grave by their actions. They do not consider it anything to risk their lives to save others in peril. A sailor was once asked in a trial, 'How did you know that it was on the English coast your vessel struck?' — 'Because at once a boat put out to us,' he replied.

"These men may be poor and ignorant, but they possess a nobility of nature which reminds me of Kingsley's lines: —

> "'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
> Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
> And thus make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand sweet song.'"

On their way to Penzance they passed by several serpentine cliffs. Some were red and some green. When washed by the sea they were "exceedingly lovely!" as Florence so often exclaimed. They learned that this serpentine rock is often made into ringstands, paper-weights, etc. At the foot of these cliffs the water is usually very blue.

Just before reaching Penzance the Cartmells stopped sev-

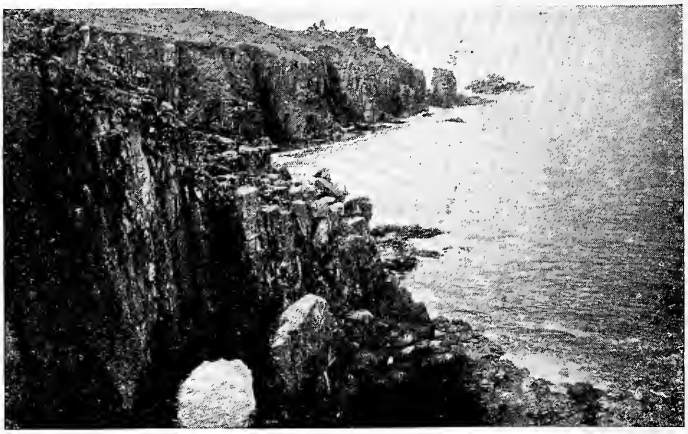
eral hours at St. Michael's Mount and Bay. They had seen it long before reaching the place, — a curious rocky islet rising to the height of 250 feet above the sea. They went to it by a natural causeway, which is uncovered only three hours at low tide. They found on top a very ancient castle containing an interesting hall. The guide related to the children the story of the giant Cormoran, who was killed by Jack the Giant-killer. Mr. Cartmell said hermits were believed to have lived there early in the Christian era, and to them St. Michael appeared, hence the name.

Penzance Parade, Land's End.

Reaching Penzance, the last town in England, Mr. Cartmell drove to the largest hotel, the Queen's, on the esplanade. The ladies and the girls enjoyed here a few days of rest, walking, when the wind was not too strong, on the parade, or along the irregular seacoast. Mr. Cartmell and the boys explored, the next day, a copper-mine not far away. The second day they walked along the beach to Logan Rock and back. The path in many cases was high up, affording grand views of the sea below and the great granite cliffs above. They

found that this Logan Rock, though so large that it weighs seventy tons, can be rocked, or "logged."

On another day they rode to Land's End. The morning was very fine. After reaching Logan Rock Mr. Cartmell and the boys preferred to walk the six miles along the shore, and sent the carriage on by the road, which is inland. They saw in this walk many grand scenes. In some places they stood on the topmost crags, looking down upon vast sea



Land's End.

stretches, ship-dotted, with circling gulls whirling restlessly about. At other parts of the walk they saw, at the foot of lofty cliffs, soft sand stretches, or lonely land-locked nooks.

Standing at last upon that part of the coast which was farthest west, they gazed with emotion towards their far-away home across the turbulent Atlantic, and listened to the white-crested waves breaking in solemn grandeur against the

steadfast cliffs. Each shock was accompanied by a sullen boom and a far-resounding roar. Then, as the waters rushed back, there was a long-drawn hiss, "The cry," said Mr. Cartmell, "of impotent rage."

While standing on the cliff, George espied a little ship far out from land, tossing madly about, its hull now buried in the foaming waters, its white sails gleaming in the burning light of the setting sun.

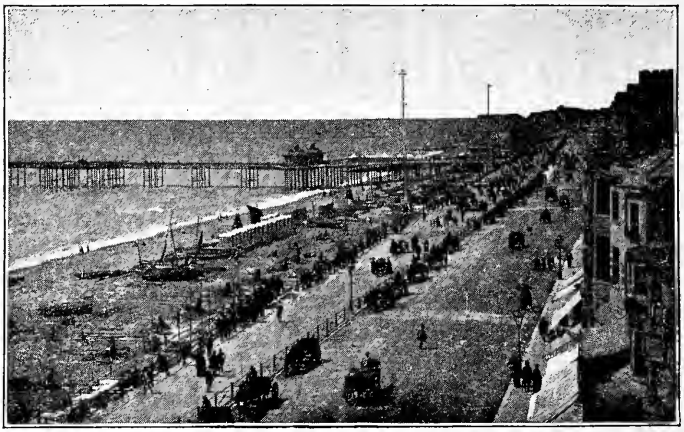
The horizon had hardly risen to give its parting kiss to the sinking sun, when the clouds grew dark and black, the wind began to shriek, and general desolation and gloom pervaded the scene. Rain fell at first in fitful gusts, and then abundantly. Mr. Cartmell hastened to the hotel, and concluded it would be folly to return to Penzance till morning. After going to bed it was a long time before George and Fred could sleep, the storm raged so furiously. The windows rattled, the rain beating against the panes all night long. Above all these sounds could be heard the deep thunder-boom of the breaking billows.

In the morning they rode back to Penzance under a blue sky, and in pleasant sunlight, passing on their way an inn which has still for its sign, "First and Last Hotel in England."

Mrs. Cartmell had worried a little about their absence, but wisely concluded it was owing to the storm. Afterwards the ladies and girls went to Land's End in a *break*, driven by Mr. Cartmell and George in alternation.

Mr. French went to Glasgow in the autumn, and made several long cruises on the Verbena among the islands, and along the coast of the British Isles. He took the Cartmells to the Scilly Islands, west of Land's End; to Southampton, the growing southern seaport; to the Isle of Wight, the home of Tennyson; to the Jersey Islands, and along the eastern coast of England.

The next spring, when they were ready to leave, with great reluctance, the land of their forefathers, Mr. French



King's Road and Pier at Brighton.

met them at Brighton, a very old watering resort, not now so fashionable as it formerly was, and carried them in comfort and luxury across the North Sea to Norway.

CHAPTER XIX

NORWAY,—PLACES AND PEOPLE

They were awakened early one morning by Fred, who had appointed himself watchman to catch the first sight of the Continent. Hurrying on deck, they found that they were entering the harbor of Trondhjem, and a few moments later found them among the many vessels crowding its waters.

"What a busy place," said Miss Gray, "and what a variety in the style of the vessels! See the one we are passing now! It looks like pictures of the old Viking ships."

"It is a fishing-boat, and is built on nearly the same model that has been followed for centuries."

"Are we going ashore right away, papa?" asked Nellie.

"Yes; Mr. French wishes us to go with him to the hotel," responded Mr. Cartmell, "where he expects to meet a friend, Mr. Larssen, who, with his son Gustav, is to travel with us a few weeks."

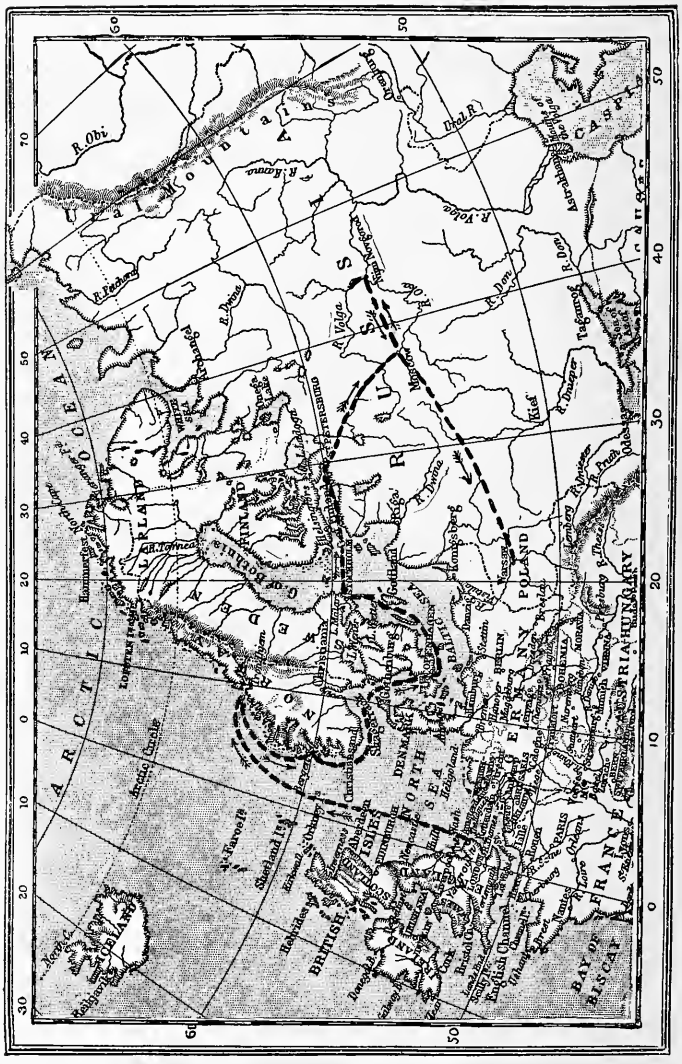
Mr. Larssen was waiting for them as they expected with Gustav, a bright boy about Fred's age. Through the summer he proved to be a most desirable travelling companion.

"I think, Mr. Larssen," said Mr. French, "that as you have been here before, we will leave the plans for the day in your hands, and ask you to show us the places of interest."

"Have you always lived in Norway, Mr. Larssen?" Mrs. Cartmell inquired.

"Yes. I can say with our poet: —

"'Among the cloud-crowned mountains,
High in the mighty North,
Where by the rushing fountains
The giant pines stand forth;



Route in Norway, Sweden, and Russia.

Where stand the ancient rune-stones,
Like old gray-bearded men,
Inspiring every Northern heart
To daring deeds again, —
There first I saw the sunlight,
There grew I, strong and free;
There first my love was kindled,
My Motherland, for thee.' "

"Where do you propose to go first?"

"Let us go first to the cathedral where the coronation takes place."

As they rode along, Mr. Larssen called their attention to paper-mills and other factories, and to the shipyards and the warehouses, which, lining the quays, denoted extensive commerce.

They found the cathedral a beautiful Gothic building nearly nine hundred years old. The carvings, both in wood and stone, were extremely interesting.

After leaving the cathedral, Florence expressed a wish to visit some of the shops, and here they found silver ornaments of quaint native designs.

The boys noticed that on entering a shop all gentlemen removed their hats, and did not replace them until their purchases had been made. They were also surprised to see the shopkeeper, when the business was completed, shake hands with his customers, thanking them for their patronage.

"Do they always do so?" whispered Fred to Gustav.

"Always; and you will see that when our drivers are paid they will do the same. In fact, it is customary all through Scandinavia."

Nellie's attention was attracted by a curious cloak, and she called her mother to examine it. Meanwhile she asked the storekeeper about it.

"That," said the merchant, "is made of down from the

eider-duck, and it is worth a thousand dollars. Here are smaller capes of the same material, and here are some rugs."

"I see," said Mrs. Cartmell, "that even in your country down is high priced."

"There are different grades. This cloak is made from the lining of the first nest, and is the most expensive."

"How many nests do they make?" inquired Fred.

"Three. For the first nest the duck plucks the light brown down from her breast for a lining. This is taken by the hunters, and the nest is rebuilt, the drake furnishing the lining this time. The second lining is white in color, and of a coarser quality. It is used for pillows and quilts, and is much cheaper than the first. Again the poor birds are robbed, and a third time they build. This time they are left in peace; for if they are disturbed now they give up in despair, and seek a different nesting-place."

After making a few purchases they thanked the shopkeeper for his courtesy, and returned to the Verbena. Dinner was served in the cosey little saloon, after which, gathering on deck, they rested, and enjoyed the view of the old city, with the mountains towering in the background.

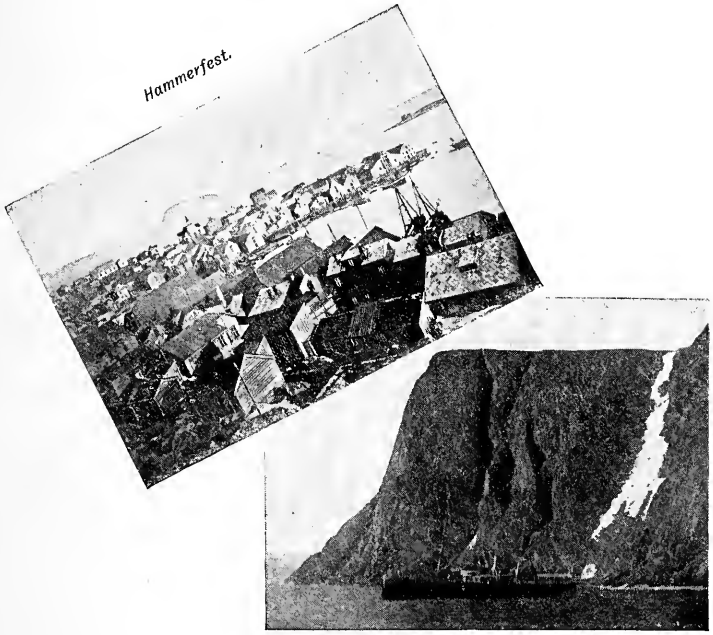
Mr. Larssen and Gustav had just returned from a trip to the North Cape. They brought out photographs and sketch-books to show while they gave an account of their journey.

"We sailed from Bergen, keeping inside the islands, so that we had a fine view all the way. The coast is very rugged, and after the first day we sailed almost in the shadow of the mountains which line the shore.

"The more southerly mountains, as you see here, are heavily wooded, pine and fir predominating; farther north the willow and birch are the most common, and a dwarf birch is the last tree that is found. We gathered quite a variety of wild-flowers at the base of the cape, but the photograph shows you how bare it is of vegetable life."

"Did you go to the top of it?"

"Oh, yes! I wouldn't have missed that for anything," returned Gustav. "We left the steamer at ten in the evening, and were over an hour making the ascent, which is very rough."



North Cape.

"Was the view fine?" queried Mrs. Cartmell.

"Dreary enough," responded Mr. Larssen. "The mountains to the south were barren and forbidding, while north stretched the Arctic Ocean, with no ship in sight except the steamer which had brought us.

"It seemed so strange to watch the sun as it sank, and to think that it was midnight. There were a few light clouds in

the sky, just enough to give brilliancy of coloring. The sun sank until it was only a few degrees from the horizon, then, changing its course, began to rise. It was an impressive sight, and gave one a feeling almost of weirdness."

"What is the white that shows on the side of the cape?" asked Nellie, who was studying the photograph which she held in her hand.

"That is a glacier," replied Mr. Larssen. "We saw a number of them on our journey, and noticed their influence in the formation of the valleys and mountains."

"Did you stop at Hammerfest?" inquired Mr. French.

"Yes; and found it a busy little place, reminding me of fishing-villages that I have seen in New England. On page 273 is a picture showing how closely the houses are built, and giving a good idea of its wharves and warehouses.

"A newspaper is published there, and the schools are good. It is difficult to realize that one is so far north, and to think that but for the Gulf Stream the climate would be like that of central Greenland."

"I liked Tromsöe better than I did Hammerfest, but I don't think father did," said Gustav.

"What did you see there?" asked Florence.

"It is an important fishing-town, and exports a great deal of fish to southern Europe. We saw quantities of split fish hanging on frames to dry, as you see in the photograph.

"The livers of the cod and shark are tried out for the oil, which is so much used in medicine."

"Was that all that was interesting in the place?"

"You would have liked to visit the encampment of Lapps, which is only a short distance from Tromsöe. It didn't seem as if the few huts we saw could accommodate all the people in the encampment; but we were told that except in very severe weather a Lapp lies down to sleep wherever he may happen to be, and is not disturbed by such trifles as stones

for bed or snow for covering. The huts were mound-shaped, and were made of a framework of timber, covered first with skins and then with turf. The door is usually hung so that it swings to of itself; but as it supplies all the light and air which enter this arrangement is not so desirable as you might think."

"Did the people look as you expected?" inquired Miss Gray.

"Not exactly; they are lighter than I had imagined. Blue eyes are quite as common as black ones, and some of the

Fish Drying, Tromsöe.

girls are really blond. They are very short, one five feet in height being rare; and you scarcely ever see one who is well formed. On the next page are two photographs. The faces are heavy and uninteresting, as you see. The dress is picturesque, being made almost entirely of reindeer-skins with

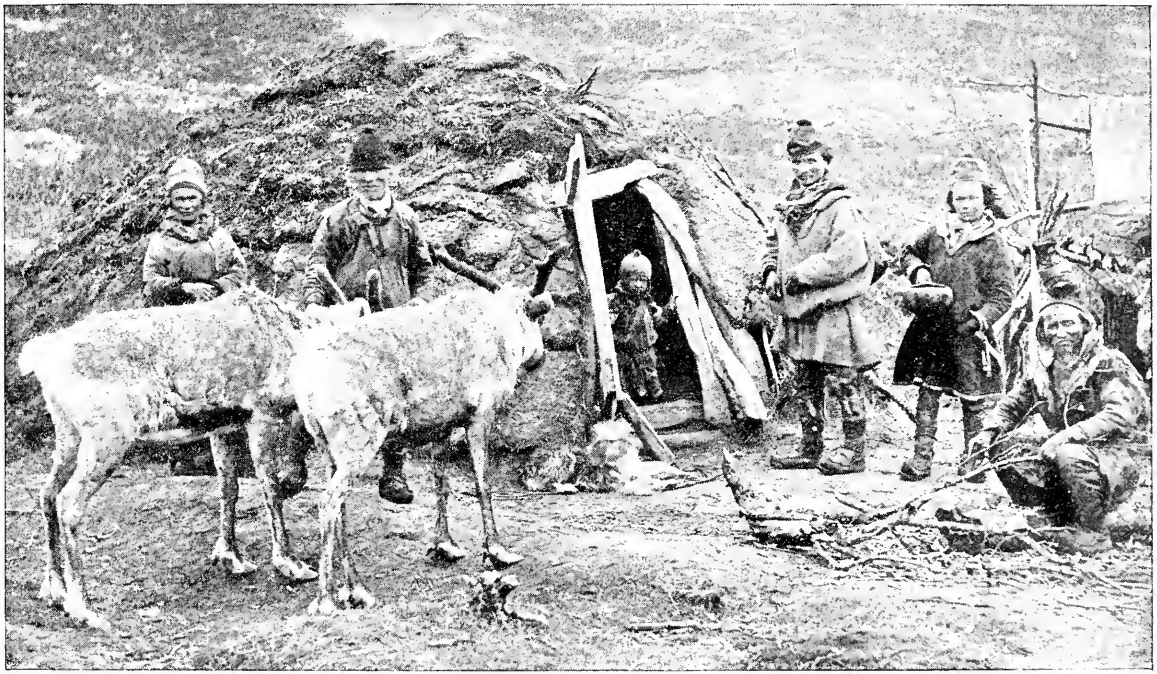
the hair left on. It is warm and comfortable, but untidy to the last degree."

A Laplander.

A Lapp Boy.

"Did they have many reindeer with them?" asked Fred, always anxious to learn all he could in regard to the natural world.

"Oh, yes! They are very eager to show the herds to tourists, and of course every one wishes to see them. A more useful animal does not exist, and the Lapps are abso-



A Laplander's House, near Hammerfest, Norway.

lutely dependent on the creature. It is their beast of burden, its flesh and milk supply food, its skin furnishes clothing, and a covering for the tents. Among the articles offered for sale we saw rugs and slippers made of skins; knives, spoons, and various fancy articles of horn; and thread manufactured from the sinews."

A Group of Lapp Boys.

"I have some of the thread in my pocket-book," continued Gustav; "I think you may like to see it."

The little skein was found to be very fine and even, and stronger than sewing-silk.

"The reindeer is milked but once a week. This is quite an exciting performance, as the creature is never tame enough to stand still, but must be lassoed and held. The milk is very rich, rather like goat's milk in flavor."

"Well, children," observed Mrs. Cartmell, "while we have been so pleasantly entertained, we have forgotten it is growing late, and young folks ought to be sleeping."

"Why, mamma!" said Nellie, "the sun hasn't set yet!"

"Very true, my dear; but you forget how far north we are; my watch says eleven o'clock."

"Eleven o'clock!" repeated Nellie in astonishment. "Isn't it nice to have such long days? I'd like to stay here all the time."

"Ah! you like the daylight," responded her father; "but how would it be when, instead of the sun shining on you for twenty-two hours, it was invisible for that length of time, only peeping above the horizon for two hours each day?"

"How dreadful!" cried Florence; "the midnight sun is delightful, but midday moon and stars are different. Perhaps, after all, I would rather have the days and nights more evenly divided, as they are with us."

"Ah, Miss Florence," said Mr. Larssen, "you should see our glorious *northern lights!* They are beyond description in their coloring and brilliancy, and do much to atone for the lack of daylight. But we must remember that it really is late, and say 'Good-night.'"

It was decided to stop next at Molde, leave the yacht, and drive through the famous Romsdal, which is considered the most beautiful valley in Norway. The situation of Molde is exceptionally fine. Mountains, some of whose peaks are more than six thousand feet high, shut off the cold north winds, and consequently a marked difference was noticed between vegetation here and at Trondhjem.

The fields were gay with blossoms, and almost every house had its garden as well as its windows filled with flowering plants. All through their journey this same love of plants was noticed.

Miss Gray thought that the long winters must be the cause of so much attention being paid to window-gardening.

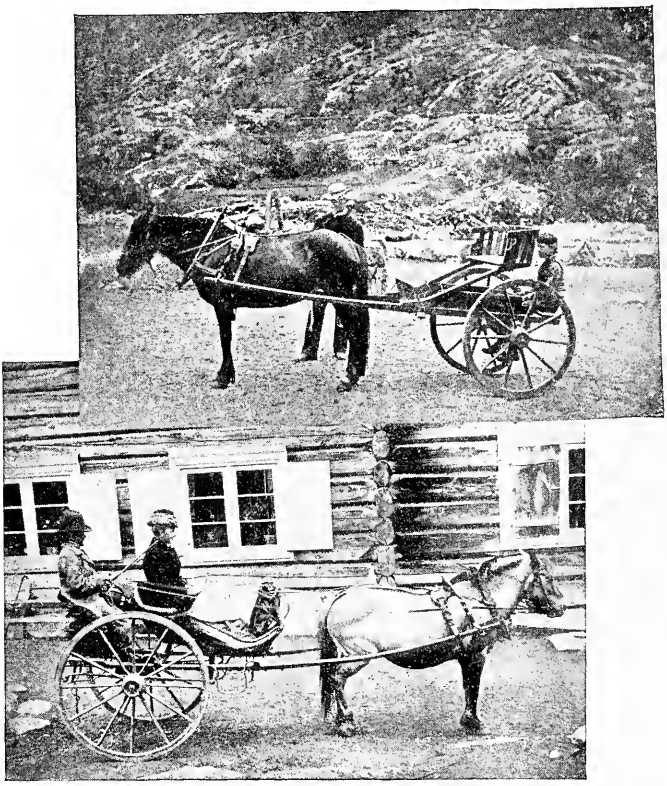
Before the town lay the fiord, looking like a beautiful lake, and beyond rose a grand range of mountains which stretched the entire length of the fiord.

The view from the hotel was so fine that Mrs. Cartmell

expressed her readiness to form her ideas of Norwegian scenery from this one window.

The other members of the party differing with her, how-

The Stolkjaer



The Cariole, Carriage Used in Norway.

ever, it was decided that the Verbena should take them through the fiord to a station from which they could ride

farther up the valley. This plan was carried out, and in due time they found themselves in readiness for the drive.

They were amused by the number and character of the carriages awaiting them. The most comfortable, called a cariole, was a gig-like affair, with very long shafts, on which rested a seat for one person; back of this was a place for baggage, upon which the post-boy was to ride. The ladies were rather surprised when they learned that they were to drive for themselves, but the sturdy little horses were so intelligent and gentle that it proved a very pleasant experience. The boys espied a different vehicle, called a *stolkjaer*, which they decided to engage.

This would accommodate two passengers; but as the seat came directly over the axle, and was made without springs, their journey was rather uncomfortable in spite of the fine roads.

It was past noon when they stopped to change horses and dine at a farm which served as a posting-station. Here they found, as they had noticed all along the way, instead of one large house, two or three small ones, containing not more than three rooms each.

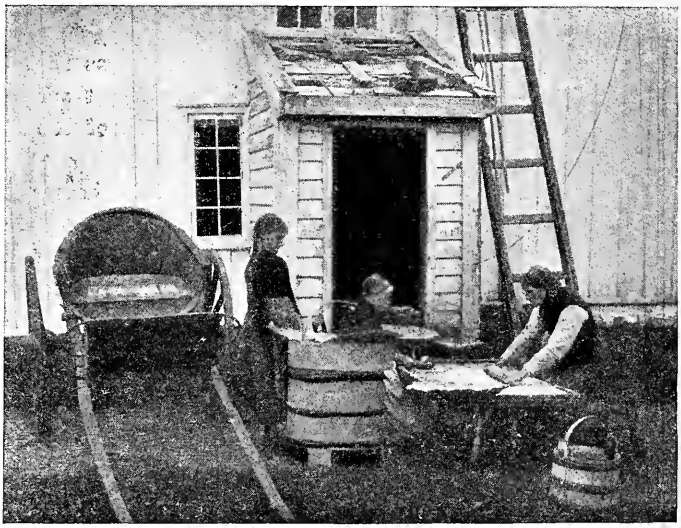
The farmer's wife welcomed them most hospitably, and hastened to prepare their dinner, which Mr. Larssen told them was such a meal as would be served them at any station on the route. "You will have salmon until you are tired of it," he said, "and cheeses of different kinds, sometimes as many as a dozen on the table at once. You can generally obtain eggs and plenty of milk. *Flatbread* you will have everywhere, and will be interested to see it made. It is not particularly nutritious, and is so thin that one can eat almost any number of the cakes and still be unsatisfied."

As they came out of the house after finishing their dinner they saw one of the women seated before the door engaged in the preparation of flatbread. She rolled the dough into

sheets a foot or more in diameter, and in thickness and color resembling coarse strawboard. These she placed over the fire to bake very quickly, and then piled them away until needed.

"How they seem to utilize every inch of land," said Mr. Cartmell, looking off over the fields.

"Indeed they do!" replied Mr. Larssen. "Suppose we take the rest of the day to inspect this farm, and resume our journey to-morrow. That will give you an opportunity to



Making Bread.

observe the home-life in the family of one of the more prosperous farmers."

"I think that would suit us all nicely," said Mr. French; and the others agreed heartily to this proposal.

The hay-field, where they first went, was a busy scene,

women as well as men being employed there, not only in the lighter work, but even in the mowing.

"How very carefully they cut around every tree and rock," remarked Mrs. Cartmell.

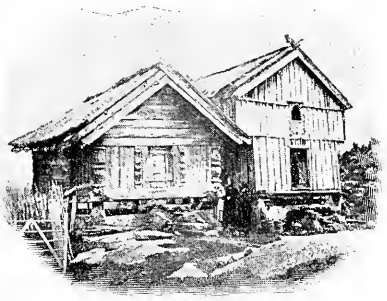
"Yes; and in very rocky fields you may see the mowers use a sickle, and in some places shears, in order to obtain every blade of grass. In many of the mountainous regions you will see wire ropes stretched from the top of a precipice to the ground below. The hay mowed on the high land is done up securely in bales, and slid down the cable to the valley."

"What a funny way to dry it!" exclaimed Nellie, watching the women hang it on long frames. "What do they do that for?"

"So that air may blow through and help in the drying," answered her father. "So much rain falls in Norway that hay must be made as quickly as possible."

"What crops are most frequently cultivated?" asked Mrs. Cartmell.

"Hay is the most important one," replied Mr. Larssen; "barley is the chief grain, as barley bread is the principal article of food among the peasants. You will also see pease, beans, and some hops in the fields.



Farm Buildings.

"It may sound strange to you, still it is a fact, that barley will grow two and a half, and pease three inches in twenty-four hours; but remember there are only about ten weeks from sowing to reaping, and vegetable growth is very rapid."

The barn, which they next inspected, was a large building, with accommodations for a great number of cattle.

"Have you a pasture at a distance?" asked Mr. Cartmell. "I noticed but few cows in the field."

"They have all gone to the hill farm where they are sent every summer," replied the boy who was conducting them about, while Gustav acted as interpreter. "Just as soon as it is warm enough, two of my sisters and a boy go with them up on the mountains, where they stay until cool weather. The boy watches the herd, and the girls make butter and cheese. They are always glad when it is time for them to go. Last year my sisters made more butter and cheese than any other girls in the valley."

"Is that a flagstaff?" asked Nellie, noticing a pole on the roof of the barn.

"No; that is where we hang the birds' sheaf when the harvest is gathered. We always remember them, and they are all very friendly."

"What do you do after your summer work is over?" asked George.

"Sometimes my father goes with the fishermen, or he joins the lumbermen and fells trees, which are floated down to the sawmill when spring comes. It is a very hard life, and we hate to have him go, but the crops fail so often that we can't always depend on the farm. We calculate on losing about one year in five. While he is away, my brothers and I have the farm-work to do; my mother and the girls spin, weave, and knit. Part of the time we go to school; but the schoolmaster divides his time between this place and one farther up the valley, so we do not have as much schooling as we would like. You see, the pastor will not confirm us until we have finished certain studies, and unless we have been confirmed it is very hard to get employment in any of the cities."

"What sports do you have?" asked George.

"We have our sledges, and one of our favorite pastimes is running on skees or snow-shoes. Wait a moment. I'll get mine and show them to you."

The skees proved to be strips of hard wood six feet long, pointed, and curved upward at one end. These are strapped on like skates, and Gustav told them that running on skees is to Norwegian boys what skating is in other countries.

"Sometimes we hire a fiddler and have a dance, and people will come from a long distance; but travelling is so hard that we do not see many people through the winter."

"You won't like your bed," said Gustav to George as they bade each other good-night.

"Why not?" demanded George. "I'm tired enough to sleep anywhere."

"You will think it strange, in the first place, to have to go up two steps to reach it; you will feel shut in by the wooden top and sides; and then it is so short that you will have to double up in order to lie down. They are all alike, and travellers always complain."

CHAPTER XX

NORWAY,—FIORDS AND FALLS

The return to Molde proved to be fully as interesting as the journey from that place.

Miss Gray said there was so much to see that twice traversing the road was scarcely enough. Many things they had overlooked attracted them now, and the more familiar objects took on an added beauty.

"Where do we go now?" inquired Gustav of George after they had reached the yacht.

"I think Mr. French said the Geiranger fiord came next. That is just south of us, isn't it?"

"Yes; and it is one of the grandest. Father was reading a fine description of it the other day. Let me find it for you."

"What is a fiord?" asked Florence, as Gustav disappeared in search of his book.

"It is an inlet of the sea, longer and narrower than a bay, and having bolder shores. They usually send great branches far inland. Sogne, the longest, stretches a hundred miles in shore. Here is Gustav ready to read you what the 'Best Tour in Norway' says."

"'No adjective has yet been coined that could adequately convey an idea of the stupendous magnificence of the Geiranger fiord. Imagine a dark waterway, absolutely placid, and in no place more than a few hundred yards wide, bordered on either side by gigantic walls of gray and black granite from four to five thousand feet high. They shoot up in a line so straight that a stone dropped from the summit must fall direct into the water. And these mighty precipices extend all along the

Geiranger fiord, Norway.

course of the fiord for many miles, until at length both shores circle round and join in a vast amphitheatre. It is one of those rare scenes of nature which overwhelms the mind that contemplates it.'"

A few days later found the Verbena on the wonderful Geiranger fiord. As it sped along in the shadow of the towering cliffs, the voyagers gazed in awe at the wonderful scene before them. The water, which was of exquisite clearness, reflected every detail of the mighty panorama, increasing in this way the apparent height of the mountains, and making the travellers feel as if their little craft were suspended in mid-air.

"One hardly wishes to speak," observed Mr. Cartmell; "there is so much to see, and the beauty is so awful."

"That is what every tourist feels," said Mr. Larssen; "and when the clouds rest on the mountains they shut one in so that it is really oppressive."

"See how ruffled the water is in that one spot," said Mrs. Cartmell, pointing towards the shore.

"It is probably caused by a small waterfall that comes from such a height that it falls in spray, and would not be noticed but for that little disturbance on the surface of the water. There are many such. Even in this land of waterfalls Geiranger fiord is noted for the number it has."

"It seems as if there were more than when we were here three years ago," said Gustav.

"That is very probable; for many of them are dependent on heavy rains or melting snow, and in dry weather would disappear entirely."

"Here is the finest of all!" exclaimed Gustav; and looking ahead they saw a narrow passageway, on the left of which, from a perpendicular cliff, fell four streams of water. "They call it the Seven Sisters, but there never are seven."

"That is Pulpit Rock on the opposite side," said Mr.

French. "Isn't the resemblance to an old-fashioned pulpit perfect?"

"Here is, what seems to me, one of the strangest features of the whole region," said Mr. Larssen, shortly after they had passed the Seven Sisters. "Look far up on your right and see that farmhouse."

"But how do the farmers ever get up there?" exclaimed Mrs. Cartmell. "It looks as if the ascent would be impossible."

"It is sixteen hundred feet above us, and the path, which is almost perpendicular, is guarded by chains and stanchions. Should you like to live there?"

"Just imagine it! What loneliness, and how dreary the winters must be! No; I don't wish even to visit such a spot," replied Mrs. Cartmell.

Seven Sisters.

A few miles farther on they entered the amphitheatre at the head of the fiord, and came to Merok, a pretty little village, where they landed.

"We will spend the night here, and in the morning take a drive over what Mr. Larssen tells me is the finest road in the country," said Mr. Cartmell.

The afternoon was spent in wandering about the village, admiring the magnificent view spread before them, and early the next day they started on their ride.

The road turned and twisted up the mountain in numberless loops, constantly bringing into sight the grandest combinations of hills, cascades, and valleys. Each scene seemed to surpass the preceding in beauty, and the mind was fairly wearied in trying to grasp the glories spread before it.

"What a day this has been!" said Mrs. Cartmell, after their return to the yacht at night. "I can well imagine that this is the grandest of all the fiords."

"Shall we go to the Sogne fiord?" inquired Miss Gray.

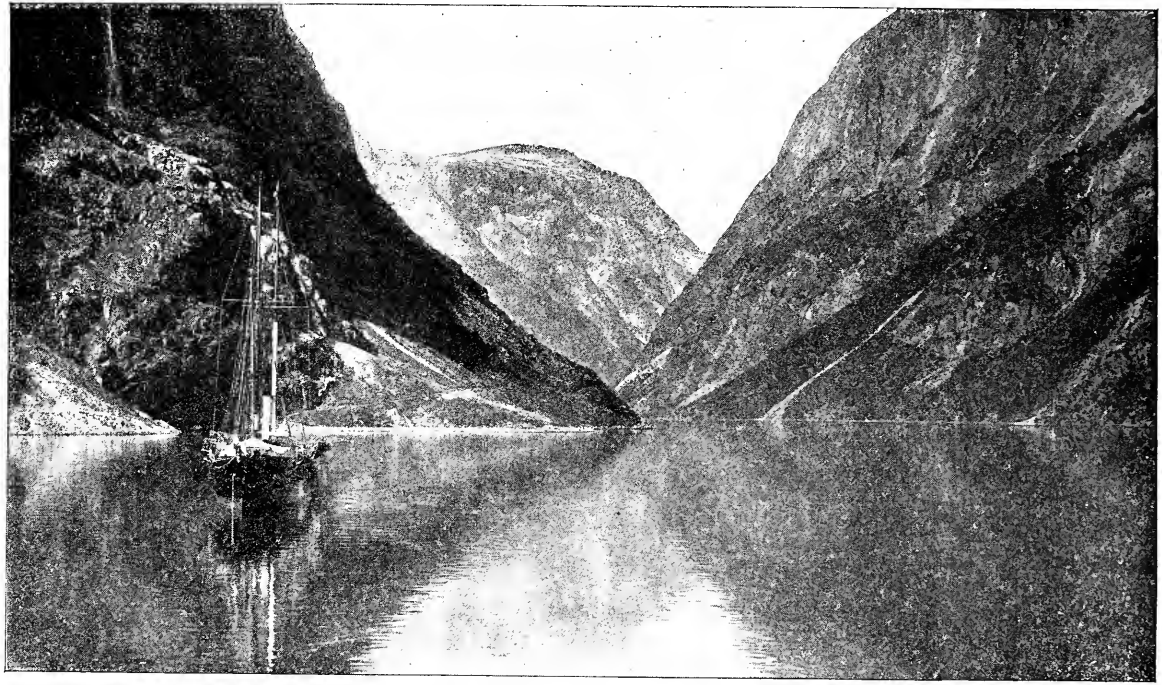
"No," replied Mr. French; "we shall omit that, although it is the longest of the fiords, and grand in its scenery. Its depth is remarkable, measuring in some places four thousand feet, which indicates apparently that these fiords are submerged valleys, although the coast about Norway is now slowly rising."

"You have been there, I presume," said Miss Gray, addressing Mr. Larssen.

"Yes; Gustav and I visited it three years ago, and also spent a few days there this summer. The scenery is wonderfully grand, but rather severe in its character, and Hardanger fiord is more generally pleasing. One of its branches, however, the Nærsfiord, is to my mind quite equal to the Geiranger. As its name indicates, it is very narrow, and the tremendous mountains seem to be almost hanging over one's head."

A day or two later the Verbena entered the harbor of Bergen, and the travellers looked with keen interest at the forest of masts that surrounded them; while from the water's edge rose the city itself, most picturesquely situated, and looking very quaint with its sharp red roofs.

The yacht was soon surrounded by rowboats, whose owners were anxious to secure passengers wishing to land.



Nærsfiord.

Gustav talked to one of the boatmen for a few moments, and then called eagerly, "Papa, Mr. Cartmell, we must all go ashore! This man says that it is fish-market day, and you know the town is at its best then."

"Be sure that you take your waterproofs and umbrellas," called Mr. Larssen, as they went to their staterooms to pre-

Fish Market, Bergen.

pare for the landing. "The weather is threatening, and Bergen is proverbial for the number of its rainy days, five out of seven being unpleasant. The annual rainfall is about seventy inches."

All were quickly in readiness, and taking their places in the rowboats were soon carried to land. A short walk brought them to the Fish Market, a place where the fishing-boats lay all along the shore. The men and women in charge were shouting to passers-by to call attention to the fine quality of what they had to sell, or sometimes holding aloft a live

fish or lobster that all might see how desirable it was. Most of the smaller fish were in tubs of water, being taken out and killed as they were sold.

The streets presented a very lively appearance, and Mr. Larssen told them that they would have a better opportunity here to observe native costumes than anywhere else in the country.

"Are the national costumes worn as much as they were formerly?" queried Mrs. Cartmell.

"No; they are disappearing, especially in the larger cities. Those that you see here are worn by peasants from the outlying districts. Ready-made clothing is for sale in all the towns, and is very generally used; still we shall see many quaint costumes."

"There is one now!" cried Florence. "Look quick! Don't those women look pretty with the black jackets, red skirts and bodices, and white aprons? And see those men with red caps and knee breeches. What a quantity of silver buttons they have on their jackets and vests!"

"What is done with all this fish?" questioned Fred. "I shouldn't think one city could possibly use such a quantity as there is here."

"A great deal of it is dried and sent to different European ports; the English markets obtain their chief supply here; and hundreds of thousands of barrels of pickled herring are sent away every year."

The boys, with Gustav as guide, decided to see a little of the country outside the city; while Mr. French, securing carriages, drove with the rest of the party to places of interest in the town. Miss Gray wished to see the industrial school for girls, of which she had heard, and accordingly their first visit was there.

The pupils, who were from six to eighteen years of age, all looked very happy, and were busily engaged in different

branches of household industries, or under the direction of competent teachers were learning sewing and knitting.

Mr. Cartmell asked one of the teachers about the schools of Norway.

"We have good free schools," she said, "and education is compulsory, children from eight to fourteen being required to attend school. Military drill for boys, gymnastics, and singing are carefully taught. If you see our children on the way to school, you will notice that they carry their books in a knapsack slung on the back, which tends to keep them erect, and to throw out the chest."

Thanking the teacher for her kindness, they left the school, and rode about the city, visiting the suburbs, where they saw some very fine residences, with nicely kept grounds. They also rode to the pretty lake which supplies the city

Norwegian Wedding. Going to Church.

with water, and then to the old burying-ground, where rests the grand old violinist Ole Bull.

Morning found them on Hardanger fiord, and the whole week was spent in exploring this charming bit of Norway.

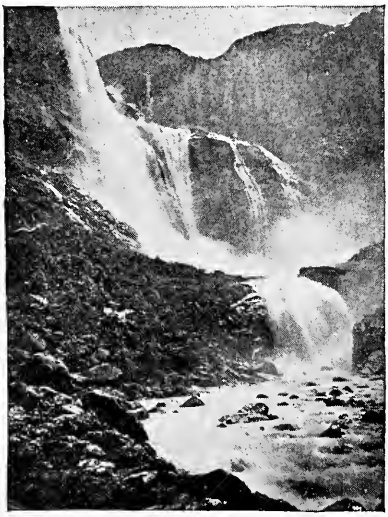
"See! see!" Gustav exclaimed excitedly; "here comes a wedding-procession."

In the boat the bride and groom sat in state, he looking like a picturesque sailor, she like a queen in the gay costume

of the region and her silver bridal crown; while following them came a number of boats with guests and musicians.

"Do brides always dress so?" asked Florence.

"This is the Hardanger costume; but everywhere the peasant girl wears a crown on her wedding-day. If she is wealthy it is of beaten silver, if poor, of brass or tinsel; and in either case it has probably been worn for generations in her family."



Ringdalfos, or the Skyaeggedolspos, Norway.

"They are fine-looking people," observed Mrs. Cartmell.

"The Norwegians generally are tall and well-built, and almost always have light complexions. The national costumes are usually very becoming."

The next day the men, with the three boys, started for the Ringdalfos, or Round Valley Fall, but as there was to be some very hard climbing, the ladies decided to remain at Odde.

Before supper the voices of the excursionists were heard, and they soon entered, the boys impatient to give an account of the day's outing.

"This has been the very best of all!" cried George. "We climbed over heaps of broken rock to the very foot of the cataract. There we could look straight up more than eight hundred feet, and see the water as it shot over the

precipice in one immense volume, and dashed into spray that almost blinded us.

"The noise was deafening; the awful black cliff hung directly over us; and, taken altogether, it was the grandest place we have seen yet. We did so wish you were with us, but it would have been too hard a jaunt for ladies."

"These forests make me wild for a chance to go shooting and fishing," said Fred. "The country is full of game, and salmon are plenty in many of the streams."

It was decided that Mr. Cartmell and the ladies should go from Odde across the country to Christiania, and thence to Stockholm, while the others continued their journey in the yacht, spending a few days in Denmark.

The trip overland was very enjoyable, and so varied as to be extremely interesting. Carioles took them to Hitterdal; then followed a charming sail down the lake to Skien, where they found the larger steamer, which took them to Christiania. Rooms were secured at a comfortable hotel, and after a restful night, our party was ready to visit points of interest in the Norwegian capital. They rode first to the Royal Gardens, in the midst of which is the palace, an unattractive brick building containing little of interest.

They spent but little time there, preferring to go to the University, where they were received by one of the professors.

"What are the terms of admission to the University?" queried Mr. Cartmell.

"The tuition is free to all native Norwegians who can pass the entrance examinations," was the reply. "We believe in educating our people as well as possible. The privilege is appreciated, and our classes are always well filled."

The next day was spent among the stores, observing the customs of the people, and the day following found them on the way to Stockholm.

CHAPTER XXI

DENMARK AND SWEDEN

The yacht, with Mr. Larssen, Mr. French, and the boys on board, sailed down the Hardanger fiord, turned to the south, and shaped its course for Denmark.

"What is to be our route, Captain?" asked Fred, as that officer joined them on deck.

"Come to my stateroom, and I will show you exactly by the chart. You notice that although the coast-line of Denmark is very irregular, the number of good harbors is singularly small, none being found on the west coast. The shore on that side is sandy, and swept by strong currents which are steadily eating away the land. The eastern coast affords better opportunities for anchorage, and here you observe there are several ports. We sail direct for Copenhagen, and make our only stop there."

"Does this country resemble Norway?" inquired George of Mr. Larssen.

"No; it is a low country with an undulating surface. Agriculture is the principal occupation, four-fifths of the land being under cultivation. Grain is raised in large quantities, and much of it is exported. The dairy products are far-famed, and Danish horses and cattle are eagerly sought by other countries. Shipbuilding is an important industry, and at Copenhagen you will see a number of prosperous shipyards. The coast-line is so broken that a great deal of the inland commerce is carried on by water, though most of the larger towns are connected by rail."

The harbor of Copenhagen presented a spectacle of busy

life. Merchantmen were kept busy loading and unloading at the various wharves, and the boys noticed that many different flags were displayed.

"This looks as if the place were entitled to its name," remarked Mr. French.

"What does *Copenhagen* mean?" asked George.

"It signifies 'Merchants' Haven,' and judging from the amount of shipping we see, the term is most applicable. The new canal, which Germany has just opened across the southern part of the peninsula, will, I suppose, materially affect the commerce of Copenhagen. It will divert travel from the long, perilous passage around the north of Denmark, by providing a short, safe route from the mouth of the Elbe to the Baltic."

The city, as they found, is built on two islands, between which lies a safe, commodious harbor.

"We miss the hills we have been seeing so recently," said Mr. French.

"Yes; the highest land on this island is less than six hundred feet above sea level," replied Mr. Larssen.

The boys were much pleased with the appearance of the streets which they traversed. The houses were either of brick or stone, and their appearance denoted comfort and thrift on the part of the occupants. Mr. Larssen told them that nowhere in Copenhagen would they find the overcrowded, filthy tenements which are too common in America.

The excessive politeness which was displayed by everyone rather amused our friends. Men, instead of passing each other with a hasty nod, stopped to shake hands, or even kissed each other in a very affectionate manner.

"Here is the Museum of Northern Antiquities," said Mr. Larssen; "we shall find here a magnificent collection."

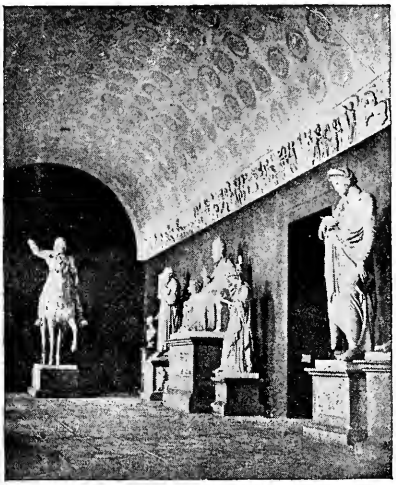
As they entered the door they were met by a guide who conducted them through the rooms. They learned that he

was a professor in one of the schools, and their pleasure was greatly increased by the information he gave.

"There is another museum not far from here which contains the work of one man, — the sculptor Thorwaldsen. We shall find that collection as interesting as this, though in an entirely different way."

"Did Thorwaldsen make all these?" asked Fred as they entered the vestibule.

"Yes, and many more. This building contains six hundred specimens, either original or reproductions of his works. He was possessed of unflagging industry and unequalled genius. Loving his native land devotedly, he bequeathed to the people the contents of this building and the greater part of his fortune."



Thorwaldsen Museum, Copenhagen.

The grave of the sculptor is in an open quadrangle which the building surrounds, and is marked only by a low mound of ivy which grows luxuriantly.

"Wouldn't you like to get a bird's-eye view of the city?" asked Mr. Larssen. "It is not far to the Round Tower, where we will have a fine opportunity."

"Isn't that the famous tower which Peter the Great ascended on horseback?" asked George.

"Yes," responded Mr. Larssen; "and it is said that the

Empress Catherine reached the summit with her coach and horses. The ascent is very gradual."

"Isn't this a charming view!" exclaimed Mr. French as they reached the top. "There is Sweden just across the sound, and north lies Elsinore, where Hamlet lived."

"In Sweden, one misses the dark green of the Norwegian forests," remarked Mr. Larssen. "It is a curious fact that

The Bourse, Copenhagen.

Church of Our Saviour, Copenhagen.

no cone-bearing trees grow in this country. The beech is the most common tree here."

"What is that curious spire which we see yonder?" asked Mr. French.

"That is the Exchange, or Bourse," replied Mr. Larssen. "The tower is formed by the twisted tails of three enormous dragons, whose heads rest on the corners of the tower. In this direction we see the spire of the Church of Our Saviour, with a winding staircase on the outside."

In the latter part of the afternoon it was proposed that

they should go to the Lange Lime, or Long Line. This is the fashionable drive of the city, and stretches along the shores of the sound, affording a charming view. The place was gay with people, walking or riding; and the boys were glad of an opportunity to salute the king, who was riding quietly, attended by only two servants in the scarlet livery of the state.

"Let us spend this forenoon at the Palace of Rosenborg," suggested Mr. Larssen the following morning. "We shall find it a pleasant walk there, and I am sure we shall enjoy the building itself."

The palace is surrounded by extensive grounds, and the travellers were tempted to linger a little as they passed under the fine trees which line the approach to the entrance.

"Isn't it here that a monument has been erected to Hans Christian Andersen?" asked Gustav.

"Yes," replied his father; "there it is yonder. We will walk over to it."

The famous author is represented sitting, and seems to be telling one of those inimitable stories that never fail to charm, whether the listener be child or adult.

"The sculptor has succeeded in getting a wonderfully life-like attitude," said Mr. French; "one almost expects to hear the story which he is telling."

SWEDEN.

While one division of our party had been sight-seeing in Copenhagen, the other had crossed Norway, as described in the previous chapter, and come to the Swedish city of Gothenburg by train. This is an important commercial centre of the country, and is called the Liverpool of Scandinavia.

Its chief interest to most travellers lies in the fact that it is the terminus of the Gotha Canal.

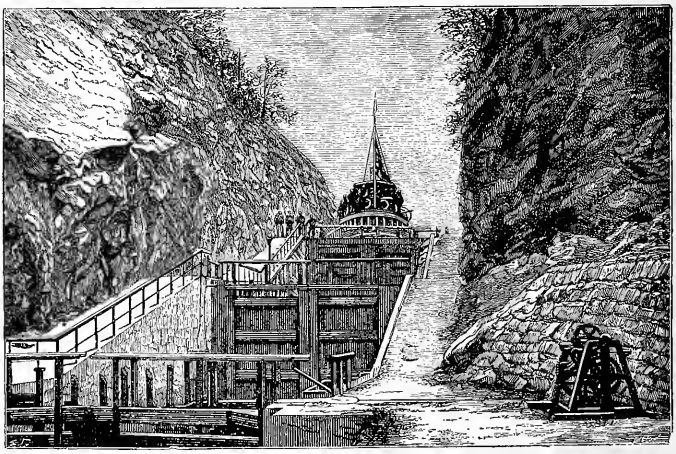
Mr. Cartmell found that they were just in time to take one of the little steamers which ply between Gothenburg and Stockholm; and they drove directly to the pier, where they engaged passage for the trip.

"How long will it take to go by this way?" inquired Miss Gray.

"Sixty hours," replied Mr. Cartmell. "We can go in twelve by rail, but the canal is too remarkable a piece of engineering to be passed."

"Is it very wonderful?" asked Nellie.

"Very wonderful indeed," returned her father; "for instead of cutting through the mountains, as one would suppose, a series of locks has been arranged by which a vessel is



A Lock on the Gotha Canal.

floated to a height of three hundred and eighty feet above sea-level, and then lowered again in the same manner. I will call you in the morning, when we reach the Falls of Trolhätta, so that you may see how a steamer climbs a hill."

When they came on deck, in response to Mr. Cartmell's early summons, they found they were just entering the first lock. The heavy gates closed behind them, the water-basin filled slowly, and as it filled they rose to the level of the next lock. They passed in this manner each of the eleven locks, nearly three hours being occupied in the ascent.

A little later the canal connects with Lake Wener, one of the largest lakes in Europe.

"I had no idea there was such a large lake in Sweden," remarked Mrs. Cartmell as they passed among the pretty islands which dot its surface.

"I think few people realize it," returned Mr. Cartmell; "but we sail a hundred miles on this lake, then enter Lake Vik, and from that go to Lake Wetter, which is seventy miles long. Two hundred miles of our journey are on the natural waterways, which are connected by about sixty miles of canal."

"Why was this canal built?" asked Florence.

"The chief object of the government in undertaking it was to provide a route by which vessels might go from the Baltic to the North Sea, so that in case of war with Denmark communication with the rest of the world should not be shut off by that country."

Much of the journey was in the night, so that the sightseers lost some interesting views; but they all agreed with Mrs. Cartmell, who remarked on reaching Stockholm, "One always thinks of a journey by canal as the most monotonous kind of travelling, but it would hardly be possible to have greater variety than we have had. We have ascended and descended hills by means of numerous locks; on Lake Wener we were out of sight of land; again the trees almost met overhead; we have passed cities and farms, castles and cottages, and seen more of Sweden than we could in travelling four times as far in any other way."

At Stockholm, when the two divisions of the party came together, Mrs. Cartmell laughingly observed that it seemed as if the young folks never would get through telling the different incidents of their journeys, and describing the places they had visited.

The Venice of the North, as Stockholm is called, delighted all with its beauty. It is built partly on the main land and partly on nine islands. As a consequence, much of the traffic and communication is carried on by means of boats, and small steam-ferries and rowboats ply incessantly from one point to another.

"Is education general in Sweden?" asked Mrs. Cartmell.

"It is compulsory, and you will rarely find an adult who is unable to read and write. Your schools have borrowed their system of gymnastics from us, and Sloyd is taught to your pupils as to ours. The net of wires over our streets bears witness to the fact that the telephone is in common use. We have more miles of telegraph wires than most countries of our size."

"Is university education common?" asked Mr. French.

"About one man in six hundred and seventy is a university graduate. The advantages are so great and so easily accessible that they are eagerly sought. We have two fine universities: one at Lund in the southern part of the country; the other at Upsala, some forty miles from here. No one is allowed to enter the ministry, or practise medicine or law, who has not received his degree at one of these two places, even though he may have graduated with high honors at some foreign college."

"It was at Upsala that Linnæus taught, was it not?" queried Miss Gray.

"Yes. One sees there a statue of the great naturalist."

A pleasant ride led to the Mosebacke, a hill where a high iron observatory has been erected. A steam elevator carried

them to the top, where they enjoyed a magnificent view of the city.[1]

"Just look this way!" exclaimed Gustav, proudly pointing towards the Baltic. "Did you ever see a more charming marine view. Then turn to the opposite direction, and look at Lake Maclaren, with all its islands. Could anything be more beautiful?"

A long time was spent in the tower, noting one point of interest after another, as Mr. Larssen or his son indicated them; and the enthusiasm expressed was sufficient to satisfy even Gustav, who remarked that he loved Stockholm so much he wanted everyone else to love it too.

"Not a difficult thing to require when a city is as beautiful as this," returned Miss Gray. "It seems to me that your parks and public gardens are the most beautiful I ever saw."

"Can't we go to the Deer Park to-day, papa?" asked Gustav. "That is my favorite among all the city parks."

"Yes; I think we can scarcely find a pleasanter manner to spend the rest of the day," replied Mr. Larssen.

A little steamer soon carried them all to the island which contained the Djurgarden, the most extensive of the city's pleasure-grounds. A good band was playing near the entrance; and groups of people strolling over the grass, or seated picnic fashion under the trees, gave a gay, holiday aspect to the place.

The next morning Mr. Cartmell, Mr. Larssen, and the three boys left Stockholm for a trip to the copper- and iron-mines which add so much to the wealth of the country.

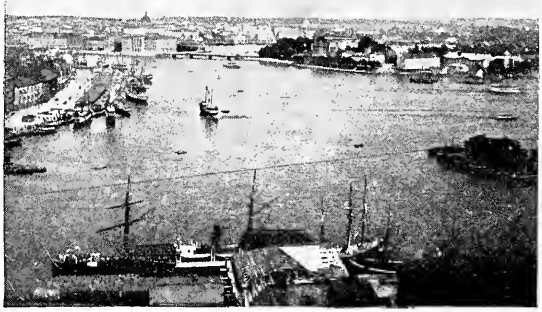
It was not deemed advisable for the ladies to undertake this, but they were quite content to spend their time in the charming Swedish capital while awaiting the return of the excursionists.

[1] See p. 306.

"Tell us all about it," demanded Nellie, as they gathered in the hotel parlor after the boys returned a few days later.

"Oh, we can't!" replied Fred. "We have seen so much!

Gotha Canal.



Stockholm.

Sweden.

From here to Dannemora the journey was uneventful. As we passed through Upsala we caught a glimpse of the students with their black-and-white caps; but we were too impatient to reach the iron-mines to stop to visit universities,

however fine they might be. Gustav says he is to study there by and by. After he enters we shall doubtless feel a greater interest in the place than we do at present."

"Is the district of Dannemora as mountainous as the iron regions of our country?" asked Mrs. Cartmell.

"No," replied her husband. "It is singular, but the surface is lower than the lake which is near by, rendering great precautions necessary to avert serious disaster from flooding."

"Are the mines rich?" queried Miss Gray.

"Exceptionally so," returned Mr. French. "Some of the ore yields seventy per cent, which is considered a very large amount."

"Did you go down very deep?" asked Nellie.

"It seemed a long way down," answered Gustav, "though we didn't visit the deepest ones. There are a number of openings, varying in depth from fifty to five hundred feet."

"How did you go down?"

"We had our choice between being lowered in great baskets operated by pulleys and cables, or going down ladders. We chose the baskets. The ladders were almost vertical, and so muddy that father said he didn't like to have us go over them for fear we might slip."

"Why do Swedish iron and steel rank so high with manufacturers?" asked Miss Gray.

"Partly because of the purity of the ore; also on account of its being smelted with charcoal."

"How can they possibly obtain enough charcoal to smelt all their ore?"

"So much timber is cut for it that the forests are being ruined, and government has placed restrictions on the amount of ore used."

"Did you stay long at Dannemora?"

"No," answered George; "aside from the mines, there is

little that is noteworthy, while Dalecarlia is extremely interesting. We saw more of the ancient dress and customs than we found anywhere else; the language even being so peculiar that Gustav couldn't understand it. You know we have noticed some of the peasants from Dalecarlia carrying passengers in their rowboats among the islands; but there every one, man, woman, or child, used the oars finely. We noticed one boat Sunday which had forty rowers. The journey to and from church was enlivened in a number of instances by races, won as often by women as by men."

"Do you realize, my friends," said Mr. French, re-entering the room at this moment, "that if we are to carry out our plan as we have arranged it for the summer, we can give no more time to this charming peninsula of Scandinavia, but must go on over the rest of our route. I have been talking with Mr. Cartmell, and have sent word to Captain Graham to have the Verbena in readiness to start to-morrow. A few days more and we shall be in the beautiful Russian capital, St. Petersburg."

This announcement was received with some degree of regret. Nellie said, "It doesn't seem as if we should like any other country so well as these first ones we have visited."

Still Russia was attractive, and preparations were quickly made for the next stage of their journey.

CHAPTER XXII

RUSSIA

Once more on board the Verbena, with a voyage of nearly six hundred miles before them, the travellers made good use of their time. There were letters and journals to be written, specimens of ores to be duly labelled with date and name of place, photographs to be looked over, while last, but by no means least, the country to which they were going was the theme of much conversation.

"There is not another country in all Europe of which I am so ignorant," said Miss Gray. "Of course we all know that it covers an immense area, has a large population, and is extremely wealthy in its natural resources; but as to the dress, customs, and homes of the people, our ideas are most vague."

"I think you will find that your experience is common," replied Mr. Larssen. "The annoyances of travelling in Russia are so many, that most tourists prefer to keep to the countries of Western Europe, while the close supervision of the press renders unreliable much that is published here."

"I hope that we shall have no difficulty in traversing the route we have laid out," remarked Mrs. Cartmell; "for I feel that this part of our journey will be extremely interesting to us, not only as sight-seers, but as students of history."

"I anticipate no trouble," returned Mr. French. "We shall leave all books and papers, as well as most of our baggage, on board the yacht. That will be carefully inspected by government officers, but we shall carry very little with us when we go on shore."

"Why will there be any more trouble about travelling in Russia than there was in England or Norway?" inquired Nellie. "We went wherever we chose there."

"The Russian government is very despotic, and allows no one, native or foreign, to be free from supervision. The press is strictly watched, and any article that meets with the disapproval of the censors is quickly suppressed. If newspapers are sent to us from home, they will be examined before they are delivered, and any paragraph that is deemed objectionable will be cut or blocked out."

Nicholas II., Czar of Russia.

"Do Nihilists cause all this trouble?" inquired Miss Gray.

"A great deal of it, perhaps, though suspicion is inborn in every Russian's mind."

"What do the Nihilists want?" asked George.

"That is difficult to say. They have a secret organization, and make vague complaints and demands, seemingly convinced that whatever is, is wrong. The secret police force has numberless members constantly on the lookout, and woe betide the man or woman who is suspected of Nihilism! Imprisonment, fine, and exile to Siberia are almost sure to follow; and from Siberia few ever return.

"An absolute monarchy is always fearful, and inclined to suspect even its friends. The present Czar, Nicholas II., is a liberal man, but all advance in such a country must be slow."

"In a country like this it is not to be supposed that education receives much attention," said Miss Gray.

"No; the degree of illiteracy is terrible. There are schools and universities which are easily entered; but education is not compulsory, and, laziness being a strong trait in the national character, the number of students is small."

"There was a Russian boy coming over on the steamer with us who spoke English beautifully," said Fred. "He said he could speak French and German too, and didn't remember when he learned them."

"They are generally fine linguists, and speak easily when they cannot read or write a language. If the boy you met belonged to a wealthy family, they probably had a German nurse for the little ones, a French tutor for the older children, and employed an English governess part of the time; so that he learned to speak with each of them without an effort."

Conversation was here interrupted by Gustav, who came from the wheel-house to announce that they were in sight of Kronstadt, the great fortification which protects the capital. The cluster of islands upon which this place is built is so low that the fortresses seem to rise directly from the water; and, in fact, some of the foundation work is below the surface of the sea. It is considered an impregnable naval station, and the travellers looked with interest at the great granite-faced walls which frowned down on them. These, with the long line of magnificent docks and the numerous arsenals, formed a picture of war equipment which was depressing to the Americans. They felt a little homesick longing for a glimpse of the dear old Stars and Stripes. Just beyond the forts they could see some of the vessels belonging to the wonderful Russian navy.

"I suppose there are few navies in the world finer than this?" said Mr. French.

"Probably not. Russia spares no expense, and allows no improvement to escape her. Her seamen and soldiers are thoroughly drilled, and there is no nation that cares to come in conflict with her."

The yacht now entered the Neva River, and the twenty-mile sail up that imposing stream was full of excitement and interest. They were surrounded by shipping of all kinds; yachts, merchantmen, passenger-steamers, warships, and row-boats met and passed them. It seemed as if it must be some gala day. Soon the buildings of the splendid city appeared before them, glittering with a dazzling brightness as the sun shone on gilded domes and stately towers.

"What a magnificent city!" exclaimed Mrs. Cartmell; "but how did they ever come to build in such a place? The walls look almost as if their foundations must be under water."

"They are so in many instances. Stockholm looks very low to us as it stands on its islands, but St. Petersburg is built in a genuine morass. The site was selected by Peter the Great, who called it his window looking into Europe. He appreciated such an outlook as none of his predecessors had, and wished for greater power on the sea than Russia had ever possessed. He was a man of immense energy and iron will; and when he had formed a plan it was carried out, cost what it might. Therefore, when he determined to move the capital of Russia from Moscow to a new city on the Neva, the hard conditions of the case didn't hinder him. Thousands of workmen perished that the city might be built, but the emperor never faltered in his plan. In 1703 the first house was built, and nine years later Peter moved his court to the new capital."

"Wasn't Peter the Great the emperor who learned ship-building?" asked Nellie.

"Yes," replied her father. "He was one of the most

remarkable rulers that the world has ever seen. When he ascended the throne, he became convinced that in order to progress, Russia must have intercourse with other countries, and if foreign commerce was carried on, a navy must be organized to protect it. With this in view, he disguised himself, and went to work as a carpenter in a shipyard of Holland. He also made careful study of other arts which he thought would be useful, and then had his people instructed in them."

"Here are the custom-house officers," said Mr. French. "We will have our baggage examined, and make arrangements to go ashore immediately."

This formality was soon over. Mr. French gave directions to Captain Graham in regard to the care of the Verbena, and the travellers left the yacht, not to return to it for some time.

"I have engaged rooms at a good hotel," said Mr. Larssen. "It is on St. Isaac's Square, where we shall be conveniently situated, and where the outlook is pleasant."

During the short ride to the hotel our party realized vividly that they had entered a new country. Oriental influences were shown in the style of the buildings and their decoration.

The young Americans could hardly be persuaded to wait until after dinner before beginning their sight-seeing; but Gustav, who was usually so ready to accompany them, was strangely determined that every one should wait for that important meal. No lunch should be substituted. It must be the regular dinner.

"I have been here before, with papa," he said, "and I know you will enjoy the table."

His anxiety for their comfort was explained when the soup was brought, and his delight was great as he watched them taste the mixture and send it away. It was a remarkable compound; and though Russians are fond of it, foreigners rarely care for it. It is made of cold beer, in which one

finds slices of cucumbers and onions, fragments of meat or raw fish, and bits of ice. The dishes which followed this uninviting first course were similar to what they had found at other hotels of Northern Europe, and the meals were all very satisfactory.

The *samovar*, which was always on the table, or which they often had brought as they sat in the parlor, deserves especial mention.

This is an urn, made of brass, copper, or silver, as the case may be. It has a central cylinder which contains burning charcoal, and a faucet for drawing off the water. This furnishes boiling water for the tea, which the Russians drink at any and all hours, sometimes taking ten or twelve glasses in the course of a day.

Drinking Tea.

Tea is taken without milk. Sugar is used or not, according to taste; but instead of being dissolved in the cup, a lump is either held in the hand, and nibbled after each sip, or held in the mouth. If one likes a little flavor of lemon, a thin slice of that fruit is placed in a cup, and we then have what in America is known as Russian tea.

Dinner being over, Miss Gray proposed that they should visit the grand cathedral which could be seen from the hotel windows, and which gives its name to the square. As they stepped out-of-doors they found themselves almost in the shadow of the immense building, which loomed above them, imposing in its size and the richness of its materials.

Its form is that of a Greek cross, with four equal sides, while over the centre towers the great gilded dome.

"What an immense surface to cover with gold!" observed Miss Gray.

"No attention is paid to expense when a Russian ruler wishes to carry out any plan," replied Mr. Larssen. "I want you to notice the wealth of material used in the construction of this building. It will serve as a sample of many. The

St. Isaac Cathedral.

The Alexander Column.

St. Petersburg.

dome is covered with copper overlaid with gold, two hundred pounds of the latter metal being used. The columns which support the porches, sixty feet high and seven in diameter, are solid shafts of Finland granite highly polished. The doors, as you notice, are massive bronze."

"I should think it would have been difficult to secure a

firm foundation for so immense a structure in this soil," remarked Mrs. Cartmell.

"It was; and though a forest of piles was driven before the foundation was laid, it has already settled so that the walls have had to be propped and repaired."

Service was going on as they entered the cathedral; and the travellers were greatly interested, as this was the first time that they had been in the Greek Church. The women in the congregation were largely outnumbered by the men, an unusual state of affairs, which may be accounted for by the fact that in the Greek Church there are no seats. No musical instruments are allowed, and the fine choir of male voices rendered the responses in an impressive manner.

Hundreds of candles were burning on the different shrines, and were constantly renewed as one worshipper after another handed one to the priest as an offering.

The robes of the priests were gorgeous; but Gustav said that to see a service in its full glory they ought to come to the church on a holy day, when the Metropolitan officiated.

"He wears a mitre," he said, "and his jewels and ornaments are superb."

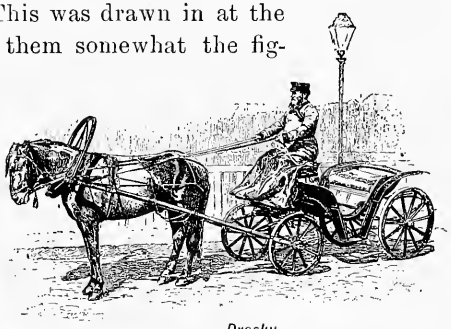
The interior of the church exceeded in its lavish display anything that the tourists had seen. Lapis-lazuli and malachite were used freely, two great columns of the latter, fifty feet in height, attracting especial attention. There were no images to be seen anywhere, their place being taken by pictures, in which the painted drapery is often covered with gems which have been given by devout worshippers.

"Let us ride for a while," said Mr. Cartmell, as they emerged from the cathedral. "We can form some acquaintance with the city, and prepare for more definite sight-seeing to-morrow."

The young folks wishing to try a *drosky*, Mr. Larssen signalled some drivers who were standing in the square.

This vehicle, which is seen in all Russian cities, is a low, one-horse affair with no back to the seat.

The drivers amused them greatly. They wore a low, flat-crowned hat, and a long blue overcoat, which was thickly wadded. This was drawn in at the waist by a belt, giving them somewhat the figure of a pillow with a string tied about it.



Drosky.

Russian Coachman.

Some of the droskies were drawn by one horse wearing a very light harness, most of which was fastened to a wooden bow over the horse's neck. Others had one or two more horses at the side of the first, guided by a single rein, and galloping along rapidly. All the driving is fast; and the horses, most of which have a dash of Tartar blood in their veins, are remarkably fine and spirited animals.

The ride lasted late into the evening, the long golden twilight being the most delightful time for seeing the streets and the people. Here, as in the cathedral, the absence of women and girls was noticeable, and they learned afterwards

that throughout Russia they are kept in half Oriental seclusion.

Mr. Larssen directed his driver to go to the Islands, and the others followed him. This drive led along the handsome stone quays, which proved to be the most substantial structures they saw during their stay in the city. The houses fronting the quays were many of them enormous; but when Mr. Larssen told them that some families kept a hundred and twenty servants, they were willing to acknowledge that great residences were necessary.

The five islands of the Neva, which are laid out as a park, form the favorite pleasure-ground of the people. Mile after mile of carriage-road wound in and out, giving here a view of broad fields, there thick, dark forests; again, a clear little brook rippled by the roadside, or a sudden turn brought to sight the glorious Neva.

It was late before they returned to the hotel to dream of droskies, gilded domes, slender spires, and lavish decorations of all sorts.

"What was your impression of St. Petersburg as you saw it last evening?" asked Mr. Larssen at the breakfast-table.

"It is magnificent," replied Mrs. Cartmell enthusiastically. "One cannot but be struck by the immensity of the plan of the city, the length and width of the streets, and the imposing buildings. Though I must confess to a little feeling of disappointment on seeing such an amount of stucco and paint used where we should look for stone and carving."

"You will notice that feature throughout the city. Buildings are great rather than fine, and quality is often sacrificed to quantity."

"We had great fun making out some of the signs in front of the stores," said Fred. "You noticed them, of course. There were almost none that were letters, but pictures were used instead of words. The tea-houses were very common,

and their signs showed parties sitting around tables and drinking tea; the bakers displayed fancy cakes and bread of all kinds; while the clothing dealers seemed to have represented whole wardrobes."

Russian Store.

"We were very much amused over some jewelry stores," said Nellie. "They were not satisfied to have paintings of different ornaments simply, but had portraits of high officials wearing all possible decorations. The milliners, too, had pictures of the funniest caps and bonnets you ever saw. What makes them have such queer signs?"

"It is owing partly to the frightful ignorance of the people, and partly to the number of languages spoken in the city. Words would appeal to comparatively few, but the pictures are understood by all."

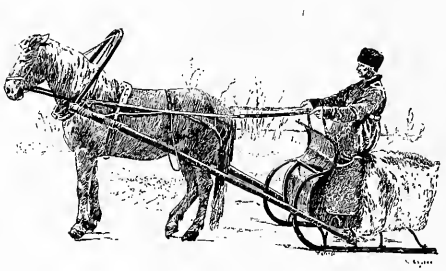
"Did you notice the scarcity of bookstores?" remarked Mr. Cartmell. "I saw very few."

"The press is too closely supervised to make publishing or bookselling a desirable or profitable business. The present Czar is liberal and progressive, and if he lives the censorship of the press will doubtless be lessened."

"What is the Nevskoi Prospekt?" asked Nellie. "I heard you speak of that last night."

"It is the principal street of the city, and a magnificent thoroughfare it is. It extends for nearly three miles in almost a straight line, and is a hundred feet broad. There you see the finest shops, the grandest churches, and some of the most imposing public buildings. There, too, you will see the finest turnouts, and a large number of the fifteen thousand droskies belonging in the city."

"You ought to see it in winter," chimed in Gustav; "it is *fine* then. Russians never walk if they can help it, and in winter everybody rides. You have seen pictures of the Russian sleigh and troyka. The horse has the high arch over his head that you saw on the drosky horse. The sleigh is often gayly decorated, but in the city no bells are used. The drivers shout to give warning of their approach. Peasants from the neighboring country,

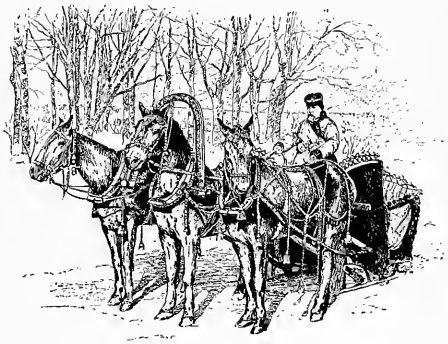


Russian Sleigh.

anxious to earn a little money, come in with their sleighs. Fares are ridiculously low, and sleighing is within the reach of all. The river freezes to a depth of five or six feet, and makes a popular drive. Another favorite sport is coasting; skating isn't very common, as it is too severe exercise."

"Coasting!" echoed Fred. "Where do they get a chance to coast in this level place?"

"They build high stagings that are reached on one side by steps, on the other by an inclined plane, just like the toboggan slides of your country. Water poured over the incline freezes immediately, and there you have a first-class coast."



Troyka.

"I was surprised at the beauty and swiftness of the Neva," said Mrs. Cartmell. "I had expected a sluggish stream. How long a course has it?"

"Only thirty-six miles from Lake Ladoga to the gulf," answered Mr. Larssen; "but coming from the great lake, it brings to St. Petersburg an inexhaustible supply of pure drinking-water. Connecting the city with the lake system, it furnishes a means of communication with a vast inland territory."

"I didn't expect to see any large vessels above Kronstadt," remarked Miss Gray. "Isn't the present arrangement something recent?"

"Yes. Within a few years the channel between that city and this has been improved, until now vessels drawing twenty-two feet of water can ascend the river to this point."

"Tell us more about the winter here," said Fred. "Isn't it fearfully cold? How do people keep warm?"

"It is terribly cold, of course, but preparations are made for such weather. The houses are built with double doors and windows, and are kept very comfortable. The double windows look very pretty, for between the two sashes they place artificial plants, that give the appearance of flourishing window-gardens. The cars are warmed by large stoves, great fires are kept burning in the public squares, and every one dresses in fur or skin. The poorer classes wear sheepskin made wrong side out, while the rich are clad in elegant furs. Society is very gay; the theatres are crowded, and elegant balls are given. At a ball given by the empress last winter, three thousand guests were present, and you can hardly imagine the magnificence of the decorations and costumes. The emperor wore his uniform of colonel of the Horse Guards; every man who was entitled to any decoration displayed it; and the ladies' dresses were superb."

"St. Petersburg has more and larger palaces than any other city, and I think we must see some of the most famous. Let us go to-day to the Winter Palace and the Hermitage," said Mr. French.

The first view of the Winter Palace was imposing, but as the travellers drew nearer they found it was covered with stucco, and profusely ornamented in extremely poor taste. The interior was showy, and they saw room after room gorgeous in decoration and furniture. The throne room of Peter the Great was shown them, hung with velvet of a beautiful soft red, embroidered with golden eagles.

"Does the Czar live here?" asked Fred.

"Yes. This is usually the royal residence, and it is one of the largest in the world. It is said to accommodate six thousand people. Can you imagine it?"

"What is the Hermitage?" inquired Nellie.

"That is a smaller palace connected with this by a covered passage. It contains a museum, and one of the finest picture galleries in the world. It is an exceedingly interesting building."

They found that Mr. Larssen had not prepared them for the pleasures that awaited them in the Hermitage. The boys could hardly be induced to leave the relics of Peter the Great. His horse and dog were shown, having been stuffed and placed in the exhibit; but they were far from being the most attractive souvenirs of the great Czar.

"I don't care so much for those," observed George. "All kings have horses and dogs; but these carvings that he made, and the turning-lathe that he used, make the story of his life so real."

The girls were in raptures over the crown jewels; nor were the others indifferent.

"What diamonds!" ejaculated Florence. "I never saw anything so magnificent."

"That must be the Orloff diamond!" exclaimed George, pointing to the largest of the gems. "Isn't it?"

"You are right," replied Mr. Larssen. "That stone is larger than the Koh-i-noor, but not so perfect, and is said to be worth about eight hundred thousand dollars."

Leaving the Hermitage late in the day, they paused to notice a stately column of red granite that stood opposite.

"Isn't that the Alexander column?"[1] asked Mrs. Cartmell, as they approached it.

"Yes; and its erection was one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill that you will find."

"Why is that?" inquired Fred.

"Examine a little and you will see," returned Mr. Larssen, smiling.

"Why, it is one solid shaft!" replied the boy, after scan-

[1] See p. 315.

ning it carefully for a few moments. "How was it ever placed here?"

"The stone, which is eighty-four feet long, and fourteen feet in diameter, was brought from the quarries in Finland. Then, under the direction of a skilled French architect, it was swung into position, fifty-four minutes only being required to raise it and place it on its pedestal. The bronze of the base and capital is made of Turkish cannon which have been captured in war."

As they were returning to the hotel they stopped at a jeweller's to buy some amber ornaments that were displayed in the window.

"What is amber, Miss Gray?" asked Nellie.

"It is a fossil resin cast up by the waters of the Baltic. Once upon a time great forests of amber-producing pines grew over the area now covered by the waters of the sea. We do not know what convulsion of nature submerged these forests, but we have proof of their existence in this beautiful yellow gum. Bits of cones and bark are found with it, and insects are often found enclosed within it."

They were fortunate enough to find a number of good specimens, and pretty little articles of jewelry both of amber and malachite, and made a number of purchases.

"The men all take off their hats on entering a store here, just as they did in Norway," observed George.

"The reason is different, however," replied Gustav. "Didn't you notice the picture with candles burning before it? That is a picture of the merchant's patron saint, and it is considered extremely rude, as well as irreverent, not to notice it. You will find these little shrines in every house, and gentlemen will always remove their hats or cross themselves on entering the place."

CHAPTER XXIII

MOSCOW AND NIJNI-NOVGOROD

"But what have you done to-day? Did you go anywhere?" inquired Gustav.

"Oh, yes!" replied Florence. "We have had a nice day. You mustn't miss going to the Mineralogical Academy. Of course we have studied about the wealth of Russia, and learned that the Ural Mountains are rich in gems; but it seemed very different to see beautiful rubies, opals, topazes, and diamonds which came from that region. There was one monstrous gold nugget weighing eighty pounds, and fine specimens of other metals."

When Mr. Cartmell came in, later in the evening, he brought a letter to Mr. Larssen, over which the latter looked quite disturbed.

"What is the matter, papa?" asked Gustav, who had been watching him closely.

"It is a business affair which, I fear, will put an end to our pleasant vacation, as my lawyer wishes me to return to Stockholm with all possible speed."

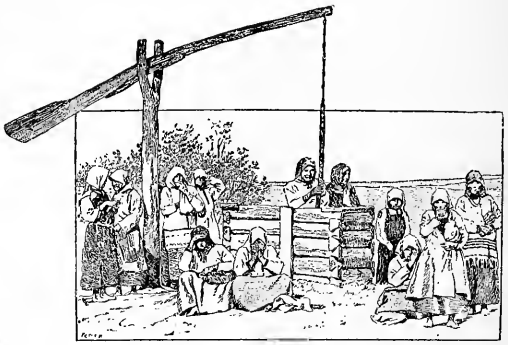
A chorus of exclamations of disappointment and dismay arose from all. It had been such a pleasure for them to be together, and they were anticipating so much in travelling through Russia.

"I am greatly disappointed for Gustav and myself, but I would like to introduce to you a Russian gentleman whom I have known for a long time, — Mr. Skalkovski. I called at his place of business to-day, and found him intending to leave the city soon to visit Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, and Warsaw.

That is your route, and you cannot do better than to make your time agree with his."

Mr. Skalkovski called on them the next day, and proved to be a very agreeable gentleman, very glad to join the American party on their journey. They were much pleased with him, though they could but regret the departure of the genial Swede and his boy, who had been their companions for the Scandinavian trip.

Day after day passed, each bringing to their attention some new feature of interest in the beautiful city of the north, until at last Mr. Cartmell said they must leave much unseen, and go away to the south.



The Village Well.

A journey of four hundred miles brought them to "Mother Moscow," as the Russians call the ancient capital. The railroad was evidently built for the sole purpose of connecting the older city with the more modern one, for it runs between the two in a straight line, regardless of the cities that might have been benefited by it.

Part of the way led through forests which seemed impassable; again, they caught sight of little farming districts, looking poverty-stricken and forlorn.

"Oh, dear! what poor little places!" exclaimed Florence. "Do Russian peasants generally live like this, Mr. Skalkovski?"

Interior of Russian House.

Peasant Home and Farmyard.

Russian Village.

"These are fair specimens of their houses," was the reply, "though you may find better as well as worse.

"The average peasant is very poor and very ignorant. His

farming is carried on in the most primitive manner, and his living is of the simplest description. His dress is sheepskin, made wrong side out, and is rarely changed or washed. Many of the houses have but one room, and if in winter they find it difficult to keep comfortably warm, the cattle are brought in, so that the heat of their bodies may raise the temperature. This emergency seldom arises, however; for generally an enormous brick stove occupies about a quarter of the room, and the heat is dreadful. The top of the stove is flat, and is used as a bed by as many as can find accommodation on its broad surface.

Moujik.

"They are so heavily taxed that it takes almost all they can earn to meet the demands of the government, and it is almost impossible for them to better their condition."

The journey was a tedious one, and all rejoiced when the train rolled into Moscow.

The Kremlin was the place which all wished to visit, as all had read of that, and as soon as possible they arranged to go thither.

"I think we forget that other Russian cities have their Kremlins, or citadels," said Mrs. Cartmell, "and think of the name as applied solely to the Moscow buildings."

"I suppose that this one does overshadow all others," rejoined Mr. Cartmell; "in fact, all travellers in Russia will urge you to go to Moscow, and then will tell you that when you have seen the Kremlin, you have seen the city."

"Is it a large place?" asked Nellie.

The Kremlin, Moscow.

"It measures about two miles in circumference, and is almost a city in itself, with spacious streets on which stand cathedrals and churches, besides numerous state and public buildings."

The ancient fortress was familiar to all from pictures; but

St. Basil's Church, Moscow.

no picture ever did justice to the huge pile as it lies under a clear blue sky, bathed in the rays of the warm summer sun. The walls are white, with green-roofed watch-towers, and

beyond one sees marvellous towers of strange shapes and all colors, red, blue, and gilt, festooned with heavy gilt chains,

Redeemer Gate, or Holy Gate.

all combining to make a picture matchless in outline and color, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

The most remarkable cathedral of Moscow is not in the Kremlin, however, but stands just without the wall. This cathedral of St. Basil is unique. No two of its towers are alike, yet the effect is not unpleasant.

Our friends entered the Kremlin by the Redeemer's Gate, close by St. Basil's. As they approached, Mr. Skalkovski remarked, "The picture which hangs over this gateway is regarded as peculiarly sacred, and whatever one's nationality, creed, or rank, he must walk bareheaded as he passes under."

View from the Kremlin.

Situated in the grand courtyard is the great tower of Ivan, which serves as bell-tower for the three cathedrals.

"Can't we go up?" demanded Fred, looking longingly at the top, more than three hundred feet above his head.

"If you wish," returned his mother; "you will have a fine view."

The boys waited no longer, but made the ascent at once.

"It was much more interesting than any tower we found in St. Petersburg," reported George, on rejoining the other group. "Moscow is so hilly that it is very picturesque, and the river winding through it adds greatly to its beauty."

The Great Bell, Moscow.

"The lowest story of the tower is a chapel, but in each of the others are bells. One immense one is said to weigh sixty tons. I wish that would ring while we are here. It is the largest bell in use in the world. The chime of silver bells in the upper part rings every noon, so we shall probably hear the national hymn in that way to-day, but we would have to be here on a holy day to hear all of them."

At the foot of the tower stands the famous King of Bells, mounted on a pedestal of granite.

"What a monster!" ejaculated Fred, gazing at the metal giant. "Was it ever used? and where did it hang?"

"Accounts of it differ greatly," said Mr. French. "According to some it once hung in a tower which stood just

about where the bell now is. This was destroyed by fire, and the bell, falling from a height, plunged into the earth, where it lay buried for a hundred years, when it was exhumed and placed in its present position. You see it is broken, and can never be made whole. Others deny that it was ever hung, but say that the shed in the shelter of which it was cast took fire, and that the water used to extinguish the flames, falling upon the heated metal, broke it."

"How large is it?" pursued Fred.

"It is twenty-one feet high, and the material used in its construction cost something like half a million of dollars."

The Treasury was a museum of national souvenirs and trophies, and more than one visit was made before the travellers were satisfied with their knowledge of its contents. Crown after crown was seen, representing nations which had been conquered and reduced to mere provinces of Russia.

"Wonderful jewels these are," observed Miss Gray; "but think of the awful cost at which they were brought here; of the plotting and planning, the struggles and defeats, and the numberless lives laid down before a country would yield its crown to another monarch. Here is the crown of Poland, for example" —

Treasury and Great Palace.

"It is just as well not to refer to that in a public place," interrupted Mr. Skalkovski hastily, in a low tone. "Russian officials are very watchful, and may resent anything that seems to them to be a criticism of government. Did you notice these magnificent rubies?"

"Were you here at the coronation of Nicholas II.?" inquired George.

"Yes; I saw that, as well as the coronation of Alexander III., and a more gorgeous ceremony than the latter I never witnessed. The city was crowded with representatives of all nations, the decorations were magnificent, and the brilliant illuminations made the city gorgeous beyond imagination."

"I am surprised to see so many evidences of manufacturing and mercantile industries," observed Mr. French. "I suppose I have read that Moscow had large manufactories, but I didn't realize that I should find over thirty silk factories, and more than twice that number manufacturing woollen goods, while there are over a hundred cotton-mills. The city is so situated that it communicates easily with both Northern and Southern Russia, and with the growth of the railway system it must increase in commercial importance.

"Another thing that surprised me, and will interest you, is the University, where special attention is paid to the studies of jurisprudence, history, medicine, and physics."

"Is the attendance large?" queried Mrs. Cartmell.

"About two thousand students are enrolled at present. It is open to all who can pass the examinations, the expense being merely nominal. The advantages are not confined merely to the students. The library, which is large and valuable, is public."

"We hardly look for that in Russia," rejoined Mr. Cartmell, "and the fact that such advantages are found is a hopeful prophecy for the people."

One of the pleasant features of the city life was the tea-gardens which they found scattered through the outskirts of the town. Here they saw groups of pleasure-seekers who enjoyed the out-of-door life as only inhabitants of high latitudes can.

"How can they drink so much tea?" exclaimed Miss

Gray, as they noticed table after table with the inevitable samovar, and watched the never-failing zest of the tea-drinkers.

"Fortunately for their nerves, it is weak," responded Mr. Skalkovski, "the last cups not being much more than hot water; but there seems to be no limit to the amount a peasant will drink, provided it is scalding hot. Yet tea doesn't take the place of stronger drink, for the peasant, after consuming a prodigious quantity, will end by swallowing a generous allowance of fearfully strong corn brandy."

Cossack

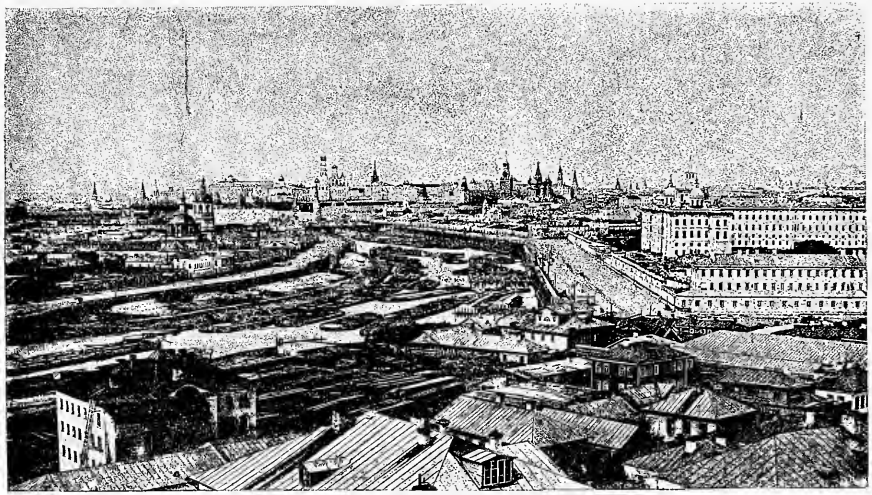
As they were sitting together in the evening, Florence referred to the difference between the people they had seen in the tea-gardens and those in the parks at St. Petersburg.

"That illustrates the variety of Russian types," said her father. "Russia has absorbed so many countries that the empire now has a very mixed population. In the north are the Finns, in various sections are seen Poles, and in Southern Russia are the Cossacks, who almost live in the saddle."

The next day preparations were made to journey farther east, and to attend the great annual Russian Fair at Nijni-Novgorod, in the central part of Russia, on the Volga River.

"Why is this Fair always held on the Volga?"

"Because the Volga is the greatest waterway in the country, and is connected by canals with various great centres of trade."



Bird's-eye View of Nijni-Novgorod, Russia.

When, a few days later, they found themselves in the strange summer city, they quite agreed with Florence, who said, "The cities that we have seen have been growing queerer and queerer ever since we left England, but this is certainly the strangest yet."

Bargains were made with the driver of a drosky, and Mr. Cartmell and his party were soon carried past the line of the fair-grounds, over the bridge of boats, which, crossing the river, brought them to the upper and permanent city.

This portion of the town which surrounds the Kremlin is finely situated on a high bluff, commanding an extensive view, with the rivers and the fair-grounds in the foreground, while away to the horizon stretch great fertile plains.

"How many steamers do you suppose there are in sight?" asked Fred, gazing in astonishment at the swiftly moving vessels.

"I don't know," replied George; "let's see if you can count them."

A few moments of silence followed before the result of the counts was given. There was some difference of opinion, but one hundred and ninety was the lowest number, and most of the party thought that they had counted over two hundred.

"You Americans ought to be very proud of the steamers you see here," observed Mr. Skalkovski.

"Why is that?" asked Mr. Cartmell.

"Because the first one was built in your country, and brought here. It served as a model for others, until the present result has been reached."

"Just look at all those flatboats moored yonder," said George; "what are they doing there?"

"They have probably been towed here by some of the steamers, and having discharged a part of their cargo, are used as storehouses for the remainder. The crews live on

board during the fair, and at the end of the season they will be engaged to carry return cargoes to distant ports on the rivers or on the Caspian."

"How long is this fair open?" asked Miss Gray.

"It opens on the 5th of August, and closes on the 15th of September. Perhaps you can distinguish the governor's house, with two white flags flying in front of it. At the close of the last day those flags are lowered, and their disappearance is a signal for the merchants to pack up their goods and return to their own towns and villages."

"I did not know that Nijni-Novgorod was so much of a place," said Mr. French; "but the Kremlin, with its high walls, its gay, fantastic towers and domes, gives the impression of a good-sized town. How many inhabitants has it?"

"About forty thousand, permanently," returned Mr. Skalkovski; "but at this season of the year it is nearly a quarter of a million."

Their first visit to the fair-grounds was a surprise to them. The crowd was large, but only a few unfamiliar nationalities were noticeable. The most striking of these strangers were the Persians and Armenians, whose long, flowing robes and quaint headdresses formed a strong contrast to the ordinary European, as well as to the national peasant costumes. The Tartars, who acted as workmen and as waiters in the tea-houses, were new to our friends. These had marked Mongolian features, shaved their heads, and wore close-fitting skull-caps.

The low tongue of land which separates the two rivers is regularly laid out with straight streets crossing each other at right angles. Each article of merchandise is assigned to its own street, iron being in one, cotton in another, and so on. In one place our party came upon a row of shops filled with trunks.

"Such trunks!" ejaculated Mrs. Cartmell. "Would you

dare use one in your own country? See that light-green one with yellow decorations, or the red one with bright-blue trimmings. Do people really buy them?"

"Indeed they do, thousands of them; and very happy is the peasant bride who has such a gorgeous receptacle for her wardrobe and wedding finery."

"I should think there would be more buying and selling going on than we see here," remarked George. "Most of the shops are very quiet."

"You will see the reason for that if you remember that most of the dealers have the Oriental disposition to haggle over a bargain. When a customer comes along, the dealer sets a price far above what he expects to receive. The customer, in turn, offers much less than he intends to give. They both protest and demur, and then, Russian fashion, go to a tea-house, where, with a samovar between them, they drink and haggle till the bargain is completed and the samovar empty."

Turning from the section where heavy goods were sold, they found themselves surrounded by dealers in Persian and Turkish textiles. Elegant shawls and rich draperies were displayed which delighted the ladies, while the gentlemen were equally enthusiastic over the thick, soft rugs they saw.

"I would buy one if I dared. Do you think it would be safe?" said Mr. French, appealing to Mr. Skalkovski.

"Better not do it," warned that gentleman. "You would be cheated outrageously, and very likely have your rug stolen before you left town."

A little farther on they were startled by what sounded like pistol-shots fired in quick succession. Turning a corner, they found it was only a Tartar, who, armed with a long willow stick, was vigorously beating furs.

"See all that Astrakhan fur," said Mrs. Cartmell.

"Isn't that what we call Persian lamb, mamma?" queried Nellie.

"Yes; and the latter name is better, for it is the skin of a new-born lamb. The younger the poor little creature is, the greater the value of the fleece. These skins are brought to the chief port on the Caspian, and the fur being shipped from there, has taken the name of the city, rather than of the animal from which it comes."

The gems which were offered for sale were beautiful, and gave a still clearer idea of the immense wealth of the Ural Mountains than the young folks had yet had. Topazes were shown, varying in color; yellow was the most common, but some white ones almost rivalled diamonds in beauty, while some were blue or green. Garnets ranged in hue from a light cinnamon stone to one which looked almost black, but on being held in the sun showed a deep red. Diamonds, amethysts, agates, rubies, and sapphires were also shown from the same mountains, as well as malachite and other copper ores, — gold, lead, and silver.

"We think this display is very rich," said Mr. Cartmell; "yet they say that iron is the most valuable article brought to the fair, and the trade in that is the greatest."

The heat in the streets was so intense that the tourists were obliged to return to their hotel before noon of each day, and not venture out again until near night.

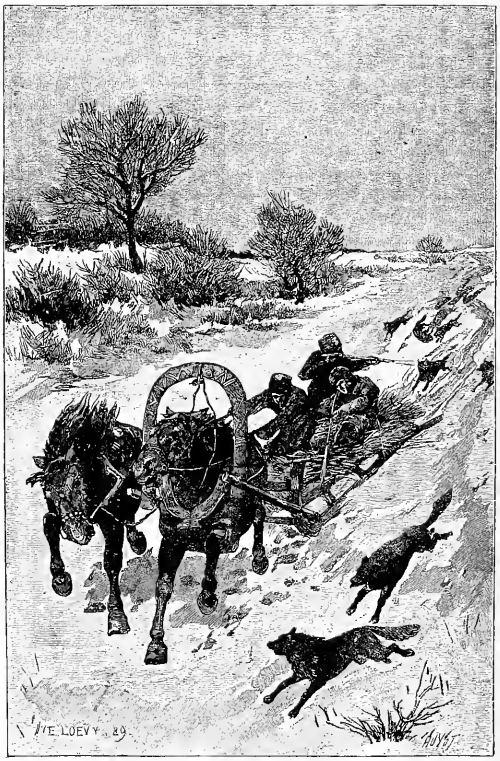
"We don't associate such tropical weather with Russia in our minds," said Miss Gray. "Is this the usual summer temperature?"

"Yes. In Nijni-Novgorod they experience the extremes. Mercury freezes here in winter, and in summer the heat is correspondingly great."

"One of the things that seems to me especially strange," said Mr. Cartmell, after several days had been spent in sight-seeing, "is the silence of the people. In an American crowd, under the same circumstances, there would be constant hurry and bustle, laughter, shouting, and noise of all sorts; but here

they take life seriously, and scarcely seem to speak as they move about in their leisurely fashion."

"The flocks of pigeons have interested us," observed Mrs.



Wolves attacking Travellers.

Cartmell. "They have been noticeable all through Russia, but are particularly so here. Is it a favorite bird in this country?"

"It is an emblem of the Holy Spirit, and is therefore regarded as sacred," replied Mr. Skalkovski. "No one would think of killing one, or harming it in any way."

"You haven't spoken of one thing that we boys have noticed," said Fred. "That is, that instead of eating peanuts, as they do in our country, every one has sunflower seeds, which they eat with as great a relish as as we do our nut."

On their way back to Moscow the conversation naturally turned to hunting. Mr. Skalkovski told Fred that certain parts of Russia were much visited by sportsmen, who came to shoot wolves.

"Are there many of those here?" asked Nellie, looking half fearfully into the dense forests through which they were riding.

"A great many, and they are very troublesome to the farmers. They will kill the smaller animals, but except in winter the villagers are not in great danger from them. During that season they get very hungry, and then make short work of the man or horse that meets a pack of them when travelling."

The Cartmells spent a day or two in Moscow, and then visited Warsaw in Poland, where we must bid them adieu for the present.

A LIST OF POEMS.

GEOGRAPHY and LITERATURE should go hand in hand. The poem often helps the reader to remember the place; the place suggests the poem. Thousands of poems associated with the countries mentioned in this volume have been written by noted poets. Only a small number are given. These and others can be found in "Poems of Places," selected by Longfellow, or in the published works of the great English and American poets.

DENMARK

The King of Denmark's Ride	*Norton.*
Winter at Copenhagen	*Philips.*
The Ghost of Hamlet's Father	*Shakespeare.*
The Battle of the Baltic	*Campbell.*
Kallundborg Church	*Whittier.*
The Dole of Jarl Thorkell	*Whittier.*
King Olaf's War-Horns	*Longfellow.*
Einar Tamberskelver	*Longfellow.*
King Volmer and Elsie	*Winter.*
The Erl-King's Daughter	*Herder.*
King Olaf's Death-Drink	*Longfellow.*

ENGLAND.

America and Great Britain	*Allston.*
The Lighthouse	*Longfellow.*
The Steamship	*Holmes.*
The Atlantic Cable	*Whittier.*
The Ocean	*Byron.*
Boston in Lincolnshire	*Frothingham.*
Trinity College	*Tennyson.*
The Warden of the Cinque Ports	*Longfellow.*
Godiva	*Tennyson.*
The River Dart	*Hodges.*
Dartmoor	*Hemans.*
The Sands of Dee	*Kingsley.*
To the River Derwent	*Wordsworth.*
The Springs of Dover	*Wordsworth.*
John Gilpin	*Cowper.*
Eton College	*Gray.*
Furness Abbey	*S. Longfellow.*

The Wishing Gate, Grasmere	*Wordsworth.*
Wordsworth's Grove	*Payn.*
Hampton	*Shakespeare.*
Hart-Leap Well	*Wordsworth.*
Helvellyn	*Scott.*
Warwick	*Crabbe.*
Lake-Land	*Payn.*
George III.	*Smith.*
In York	*Aitken.*
The Ivy of Kenilworth	*Hemans.*
Keswick	*Southey.*
The High Tide	*Ingelow.*
The Reapers of Lindesfarne	*Preston.*
The Mersey	*Parker.*
London	*Leighton.*
Two Queens in Westminster	*Morford.*
Lodore	*Southey.*
West London	*Arnold.*
Poets' Corner	*Leighton.*
Rotten Row, Hyde Park	*Locker.*
London	*Johnson.*
Temple Bar	*Thornbury.*
Regent Street	*Cochrane.*
The November Fog of London	*Luttrel.*
Naseby	*Macaulay.*
The Spanish Armada	*Macaulay.*
Richmond	*Thomson.*
The Thames	*Pope.*
The Rotha	*Southey.*
Rydal Mount	*Jewsbury.*
Rylstone	*Wordsworth.*
The Well of St. Keyne	*Southey.*
St. Michael's Chair	*Southey.*
The Padstow Lifeboat	*Stokes.*
The Cavalier's Escape	*Thornbury.*
The Countess of Pembroke	*Johnson.*
Robin Hood	*Parker.*
The Lord of the Sea	*Leitner.*
The Loss of the Royal George	*Cowper.*
At Spithead	*Croly.*
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	*Gray.*
A Long Story	*Gray.*
Stratford-on-Avon	*Bell.*
Anne Hathaway	*Shakespeare.*
In Swanage Bay	*Mrs. Craik.*
The Thames	*Butler, Cook, and Knox.*
Up the River	*Parker.*
The Bridge of Sighs	*Hood.*

IRELAND.

The Meeting of the Waters . . . . . *Moore.*
Adair . . . . . *Griffin.*
The Groves of Blarney . . . . . *Milliken.*
The Exile of Erin . . . . . *Campbell.*
Sweet Innisfallen . . . . . *Moore.*
The Bells of Shandon . . . . . *Mahony.*
The Blacksmith of Limerick . . . . . *Joyce.*
The Harp . . . . . *Moore.*
Tipperary . . . . . *Davis.*
A Legend of Antrim . . . . . *McGee.*
Sweet Auburn . . . . . *Goldsmith.*

NORWAY.

A Norwegian Popular Song . . . . . *Brun.*
The Norseman's Ride . . . . . *Taylor.*
Norway . . . . . *Boyesen.*
The Skerry of Shrieks . . . . . *Longfellow.*
St. Olaf's Fountain . . . . . *Boyesen.*
King Olaf's Christmas . . . . . *Longfellow.*
Thoralf and Synnöve . . . . . *Boyesen.*
The Crew of the Long Serpent . . . . . *Longfellow.*
Hardanger fiord . . . . . *Wergeland.*
A Bridal Party . . . . . *Munch.*
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Ramsdal . . . . . *Gilfillan.*
The Discoverer of the North Cape . . . . *Longfellow.*
The Bride of Torresdell . . . . . *Boyesen.*
Bishop Sigurd at Sal.

SCOTLAND.

The Trossachs . . . . . *Scott.*
The Banks of Tay . . . . . *Carmichael.*
Chevy Chase . . . . . *Anon.*
Lochinvar . . . . . *Scott.*
Yarrow Unvisited . . . . . *Wordsworth.*
Yarrow Visited . . . . . *Wordsworth.*
Yarrow Revisited . . . . . *Wordsworth.*
A Wraith in the Scottish Highlands . . . *Morford.*
Glencoe . . . . . *Leighton.*
Inchcape Rock . . . . . *Southey.*
Hawthornden . . . . . *Sigourney.*
Islands of Scotland . . . . . *Scott.*
Loch Correskin . . . . . *Scott.*
Lord Ullin's Daughter . . . . . *Campbell.*
Loch Katrine . . . . . *Scott.*
The Lomond Braes . . . . . *Chalmers.*
The Well of Loch Maree . . . . . *Whittier.*

Loch Na Garr . . . . . *Byron.*
Lass of Logie . . . . . *Laing.*
Melrose Abbey . . . . . *Scott.*
Mossgiel Farm . . . . . *Wordsworth.*
The Banks of Nith . . . . . *Burns.*
The Lovely Lass of Preston Mill . . . . *Cunningham.*
Rosabelle . . . . . *Scott.*
Staffa . . . . . *Sotheby.*
Fingal's Cave . . . . . *Keats.*
King James's Ride . . . . . *Scott.*
Caledonia . . . . . *Scott.*
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton . . . . . *Burns.*
A Farewell to Abbotsford . . . . . *Hemans.*
Abbotsford . . . . . *Smith.*
My Heart 's in the Highlands . . . . . *Burns.*
Barclay of Ury . . . . . *Whittier.*
Birthplace of Robert Burns . . . . . *Parsons.*
Tam O'Shanter . . . . . *Burns.*
Burns . . . . . *Miller, Halleck.*
The Brigs of Ayr . . . . . *Burns.*
Bruar Water . . . . . *Burns.*
The Seven Sisters . . . . . *Wordsworth.*
Branksome Hall . . . . . *Scott.*
Bannockburn . . . . . *Burns.*
Ben Lomond . . . . . *Campbell.*
Banks of Ayr . . . . . *Burns.*
To Edinburgh . . . . . *Burns.*
At the Grave of Scott . . . . . *Sigourney.*
The Old Seaport . . . . . *Moir.*
Castle Gordon . . . . . *Burns.*
Lochiel's Warning . . . . . *Campbell.*
On a Young Lady . . . . . *Burns.*

SWEDEN.

Gothland . . . . . *Huet.*
The Laplanders . . . . . *Thomson.*
The Reindeer . . . . . *Anon.*
The Dial of Flowers . . . . . *Hemans.*
King Erich's Faith . . . . . *Seidl.*
Love Song of a Laplander . . . . . *Kleist.*

RUSSIA.

The Charge of the Light Brigade . . . . *Tennyson.*
The Conquest of Finland . . . . . *Whittier.*
The March to Moscow . . . . . *Southey.*
To Moscow . . . . . *Procter.*
A Song of the Camp . . . . . *Taylor.*

BOOKS CONSULTED

THE AUTHOR has consulted a large number of books in the preparation of this volume. He herewith acknowledges his indebtedness to the following books and authors for many important facts. Travellers or children reading this book are recommended to consult the following writers for fuller information.

Ocean Steamships.
Ireland . . . . . *Hall.*
Three Months in Ireland . . . . . *de Bovet.*
Northern Ireland . . . . . *Mrs. Craig.*
England, Scotland, and Ireland . . . . . *Villars, Mason.*
Scotland . . . . . *Watt.*
Scotland and the Scotch . . . . . *Sinclair.*
Scottish Pictures . . . . . *Greene.*
To Staffa . . . . . *Ferguson.*
Land of Scott . . . . . *Hannay.*
Scottish Loch Scenery . . . . . *Lydon.*
England Within and Without . . . . . *White.*
Forty Shires . . . . . *Mason.*
Notes in England and Italy . . . . . *Mrs. Hawthorne.*
Notes on England . . . . . *Taine.*
Cathedral Days . . . . . *Dodd.*
English Cathedrals . . . . . *Mrs. Van Rensselaer.*
English Education . . . . . *Sharpless.*
The Flower of England's Face . . . . . *Mrs. Dorr.*
Land of Lorna Doone . . . . . *Rideing.*
Shakespeare's England . . . . . *Winter.*
Old Shrines and Ivy . . . . . *Winter.*
Through England . . . . . *Hissey.*
On the Box Seat (To Land's End) . . . . *Hissey.*
On Southern English Roads . . . . . *Hissey.*
From Paddington to Penzance . . . . . *Harper.*
American Four-in-hand in England . . . . *Carnegie.*
England as seen by an American Banker . *Patten.*
English Pictures . . . . . *Manning.*
English Traits . . . . . *Emerson.*
About England with Dickens . . . . . *Rimmer.*
The English Lake District . . . . . *Boadeley.*

Our English Cousins . . . . . *Davis.*
Oxford and Cambridge . . . . . *F. Arnold.*
Walks in London . . . . . *Hare.*
London of To-Day . . . . . *Pascoe.*
How London Lives . . . . . *Gordon.*
London . . . . . *Fry, Hutton.*
London Pictures . . . . . *Lovett.*
The Poor of London . . . . . *Mayhew.*
Curiosities of London . . . . . *Timbs.*
London . . . . . *Baedeker.*
Great Britain . . . . . *Baedeker.*
In Darkest England . . . . . *Booth.*
Stratford-on-Avon . . . . . *Lee.*
A Summer Holiday in Europe . . . . . *Blake.*
Norway . . . . . *Goodman.*
Norway and Its Glaciers . . . . . *Forbes.*
Norway to the North Cape . . . . . *Kent.*
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Glimpses of Norseland . . . . . *Hervey.*
Land of the Lapps . . . . . *Trombolt.*
Land of the Midnight Sun . . . . . *Du Chaillu*
Armies of To-Day . . . . . *Army and Navy Mag.*
To England and Back . . . . . *Knowles.*
West of England . . . . . *Press.*
Sunrise Land . . . . . *Berlyn.*
Holiday Resorts . . . . . *Ballin.*
Old English Homes . . . . . *Thompson.*
Holidays . . . . . *Walford.*
Bicycle Tour . . . . . *Chandler.*
The Pilgrim's Way . . . . . *Cartwright.*
Russian Journey . . . . . *Proctor.*
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